THE

SPECTATOR,

IN

EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

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M.DCC.LXXVI.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN

LORD SOMMERS,

BARON of EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

I SHOULD not act the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged Merit.

None but a Person of a finished Character, can be the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and polish Human life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either Useful or Ornamental to Society.

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as solicitous to shun Applause,

plaufe, as he is affiduous to deferve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular, in which your Prudence will be always difappointed.

While Juftice, Candor, Equanimity, a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the moft perfuafive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Diftinctions, You are not to expect that the Public will fo far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating fuch extraordinary Qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your fhare of Merit, in the many National Services which you have effected. Do what you will, the prefent Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Pofterity alone will do them Juftice.

Other Men pafs through Oppofitions and contending Intereft in the Ways of Ambition; but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it ftrange that this fhould happen to your Lordfhip, who could bring into the Service of your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient *Greece*

and *Rome*; as well as the moſt exact Knowledge of our own Conſtitution in particular, and of the Intereſts of *Europe* in general: to which I muſt alſo add, a certain dignity in Yourſelf, that (to ſay the leaſt of it) has been always equal to thoſe great Honours which have been conferred upon You.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to You in the moſt dangerous day it ever ſaw, that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the Late and Preſent Reign, has been indebted to your Counſels and Wiſdom.

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the Public has received from your Adminiſtration, would be a more proper Work for an Hiſtory than for an Addreſs of this Nature.

Your Lordſhip appears as great in your Private Life, as in the moſt important Offices which You have born. I would therefore rather chooſe to ſpeak of the Pleaſure You afford all who are admitted into your Converſation, of Your Elegant Taſte in all the Polite parts of Learning, of Your great Hu-

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manity and Complacency of Manners, and of the ſurpriſing Influence which is peculiar to You in making every one who converſes with Your Lordſhip prefer You to himſelf, without thinking the leſs meanly of his own Talents. But if I ſhould take notice of all that might be obſerved in your Lordſhip, I ſhould have nothing new to ſay upon any other Character of Diſtinction. I am,

My LORD

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obedient,

moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE

SPECTATOR

No. 1. *Thursday, March* 1, 1710-11.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 143.

One with a Flash begins, and ends in Smoke;
The other out of Smoke brings glorious Light,
And (without raising Expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling Miracles. ROSCOMMON

I HAVE observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with pleasure, 'till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or choleric Disposition, Married or a Bachelor, with other particulars of the like Nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an Author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a Reader, I design this Paper and my next as Prefatory Discourses to my following Writings, and shall give some account in them of the several Persons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief trouble of Compiling, Digesting, and Correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the Work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which, according to the tradition of the Village where it lies,

was bounded by the ſame Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's time that it is at preſent, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire without the loſs or acquiſition of a ſingle Field or Meadow, during the ſpace of ſix hundred Years. There runs a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, ſhe dreamt that ſhe was brought to bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-Suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Juſtice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not ſo vain as to think it preſaged any dignity that I ſhould arrive at in my future Life, though that was the interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very firſt appearance in the World, and all the time that I ſucked, ſeemed to favour my Mother's Dream: For, as ſhe has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make uſe of my Coral 'till they had taken away the Bells from it.

AS for the reſt of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I ſhall paſs it over in ſilence. I find, that, during my Nonage, I had the reputation of a very ſullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my School-maſter, who uſed to ſay, *that my parts were ſolid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the Univerſity, before I diſtinguiſhed myſelf by a moſt profound ſilence; for during the ſpace of eight Years, excepting in the public Exerciſes of the College, I ſcarce utter'd the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever ſpoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilſt I was in this learned Body, I applied myſelf with ſo much diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or the modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

UPON the Death of my Father, I was reſolved

to travel into foreign Countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *Europe*, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my Curiosity raised, that having read the Controversies of some great Men concerning the antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the measure of a Pyramid: And as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native Country with great satisfaction.

I Have passed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select Friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular account. There is no Place of general Resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*, and listning with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a Pipe at *Child's*, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* Nights at St *James's* Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politics in the Inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above these ten Years, and sometimes pass for a *Jew* in the assembly of Stock-Jobbers at *Jonathan's*: In short, wherever I see a Cluster of People, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own Club.

THUS I live in the World rather as a Spectator

of mankind, than of one of the Species, by which Means I have made myſelf a Speculative Stateſman, Soldier, Merchant, and Artiſan, without ever medling with any practical part in Life. I am very well verſed in the Theory of a Huſband or a Father, and can diſcern the errors in the Oeconomy, Buſineſs, and Diverſion of others, better than thoſe who are engaged in them; as ſtanders by diſcover Blots, which are apt to eſcape thoſe who are in the Game. I never eſpouſed any Party with Violence, and am reſolved to obſerve an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unleſs I ſhall be forced to declare myſelf by the hoſtilities of either ſide. In ſhort, I have acted in all the parts of Life as a Looker on, which is the character I intend to preſerve in this Paper.

I have given the Reader juſt ſo much of my Hiſtory and Character, as to let him ſee I am not altogether unqualified for the Buſineſs I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my Life and Adventures, I ſhall inſert them in following Papers, as I ſhall ſee Occaſion. In the mean time, when I conſider how much I have ſeen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and ſince I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the fulneſs of my Heart in Speech, I am reſolved to do it in Writing, and to print myſelf out, if poſſible, before I die. I have been often told by my Friends, that it is pity ſo many uſeful diſcoveries which I have made, ſhould be in the poſſeſſion of a ſilent Man. For this reaſon therefore, I ſhall publiſh a Sheet-full of Thoughts every Morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the Diverſion or improvement of the Country in which I live, I ſhall leave it, when I am ſummoned out of it, with the ſecret ſatisfaction of thinking, that I have not lived in vain.

THERE are three very material Points which I have not ſpoken of in this Paper; and which, for

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ſeveral important reaſons, I muſt keep to myſelf, at leaſt for ſome time: I mean, an account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I muſt confeſs, I would gratify my Reader in any thing that is reaſonable; but as for theſe three Particulars, though I am ſenſible they might tend very much to the Embelliſhment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a reſolution of communicating them to the Public. They would indeed draw me out of that obſcurity which I have enjoy'd for many Years, and expoſe me in public Places to ſeveral Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very diſagreeable to me; for the greateſt pain I can ſuffer, is the being talked to and being ſtared at. It is for this reaſon likewiſe, that I keep my Complexion and Dreſs as very great ſecrets; tho' it is not impoſſible, but I may make Diſcoveries of both in the progreſs of the Work I have undertaken.

AFTER having been thus particular upon myſelf, I ſhall in To-morrow's Paper give an account of thoſe Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to ſtand in the Front, thoſe who have a mind to correſpond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr *Buckley*'s in *Little-Britain.* For I muſt further acquaint the Reader, that tho' our Club meets only on *Tueſdays* and *Thurſdays*, we have appointed a committee to ſit every Night, for the inſpection of all ſuch Papers as may contribute to the advancement of the Public Weal. C

Friday,

No. 2. *Friday, March 2.*

——————*Aſt alii ſex*
Et plures uno conclamant ore————Juv. Sat. 7. v. 167.
Six more at leaſt join their conſenting Voice.

THE firſt of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worceſterſhire*, of ancient Deſcent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. His Great-Grandfather was inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very ſingular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good ſenſe, and are contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourneſs or Obſtinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to pleaſe and oblige all who know him. When he is in Town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is ſaid, he keeps himſelf a Bachelor by reaſon he was croſſed in Love by a perverſe beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this diſappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often ſupped with my Lord *Rocheſter* and Sir *George Etherege*, fought a Duel upon his firſt coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawſon* in a publie Coffee-houſe for calling him Youngſter. But being ill uſed by the above mentioned Widow, he was very ſerious for a year and a half; and though, his Temper being naturally jovial, he at laſt got over it, he grew careleſs of himſelf, and never dreſſed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet

of

of the ſame cut that were in faſhion at the time of his repulſe, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times ſince he firſt wore it. It is ſaid Sir ROGER grew humble in his Deſires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, inſomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of Chaſtity with Beggars and Gipſies: But this is looked upon by his Friends rather as matter of Rallery than Truth. He is now in his fifty-ſixth Year, chearful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good houſe both in town and country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is ſuch a mirthful caſt in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than eſteemed. His Tenants grow rich, his ſervants look ſatisfied, all the young Women profeſs Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a houſe he calls the ſervants by their Names, and talks all the way up ſtairs to a viſit. I muſt not omit, that Sir ROGER is a Juſtice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the chair at a Quarter-ſeſſion with great abilities, and three Months ago gained univerſal applauſe by explaining a paſſage in the Game-Act.

THE Gentleman next in eſteem and authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a Member of the *Inner Temple*; a man of great Probity, Wit, and Underſtanding; but he has choſen his place of reſidence rather to obey the direction of an old humourſome Father, than in purſuit of his own Inclinations. He was placed there to ſtudy the Laws of the Land, and is the moſt learned of any of the Houſe in thoſe of the Stage. *Ariſtotle* and *Longinus* are much better underſtood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The father ſends up every Poſt queſtions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leaſes, and Tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which queſtions he agrees with an Attorney to anſwer and take care of in the lump. He is ſtudying the paſſions themſelves, when he ſhould be inquiring into the debates among men which ariſe

from

from them. He knows the argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one case in the reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critic, and the time of the Play is his hour of Business; exactly at five he passes thro' *New-Inn*, crosses thro' *Russel-court*, and takes a turn at *Will*'s till the Play begins: he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the good of the Audience when he is at a play, for the Actors have an ambition to please him.

THE person of next Consideration, is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *London*. A person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend Dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that Diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that Sloth has ruin'd more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest Favourite is,

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'A Penny saved is a Penny got.' A general Trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse, gives the same pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a Point in the Compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

NEXT to Sir ANDREW in the Club Room sits Captain SENTREY, a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir *Roger*, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a Commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: For, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a Figure, especially in a Military Way

Way, muſt get over all falſe modeſty, and aſſiſt his Patron againſt the importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper aſſurance in his own vindication. He ſays it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in aſſerting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be ſlow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this candour does the Gentleman ſpeak of himſelf and others. The ſame frankneſs runs through all his converſation. The military part of his Life has furniſhed him with many Adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accuſtomed to command Men in the utmoſt Degree below him; nor ever too obſequious from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

BUT that our Society may not appear a ſet of Humouriſts unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleaſures of the Age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a Gentleman, who, according to his Years ſhould be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his perſon, and always had a very eaſy Fortune, time has made but a very little impreſſion, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Perſon is well turn'd, of a good height. He is very ready at that ſort of Diſcourſe with which Men uſually entertain Women. He has all his Life dreſſed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can ſmile when one ſpeaks to him, and laughs eaſily. He knows the Hiſtory of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the *French* King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whoſe frailty was covered by ſuch a ſort of petticoat, and whoſe vanity to ſhew her foot, made that part of the dreſs ſo ſhort in ſuch a Year. In a word, all his converſation and knowledge have been in the female world; as other men of his age will take notice to you what ſuch a miniſter ſaid upon ſuch and ſuch an occaſion, he will tell you when the

the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, ſuch a woman was then ſmitten, another was taken at the head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all theſe important Relations, he has ever about the ſame time received a kind Glance, or a Blow of a Fan from ſome celebrated beauty, Mother of the preſent Lord ſuch a one. If you ſpeak of a young Commoner that ſaid a lively thing in the Houſe, he ſtarts up, 'He has good blood 'in his veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him, the rogue 'cheated me in that affair, that young Fellow's Mo- 'ther uſed me more like a Dog than any Woman I 'ever made advances to.' This way of talking of his very much enlivens the Converſation among us of a more ſedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myſelf, who rarely ſpeak at all, but ſpeaks of him as of that ſort of man who is uſually called a well bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honeſt worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to ſpeak of, as one of our Company; for he viſits us but ſeldom, but when he does it adds to every man elſe a new Enjoyment of himſelf. He is a Clergyman, a very Philoſophic Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the moſt exact good Breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak Conſtitution, and conſequently cannot accept of ſuch cares and buſineſs as preferments in his Function would oblige him to: he is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counſellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He ſeldom introduces the Subject he ſpeaks upon; but we are ſo far gone in Years, that he obſerves when he is among us, an earneſtneſs to have him fall on ſome divine Topic, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no intereſts in this world, as one who is haſtening to the Object of all his wiſhes, and conceives hope from his De-

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cays and Infirmities. Theſe are my ordinary Companions.

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No. 3. *Saturday, March 3.*

Et quoi quiſque fere ſtudio divinctus adhaeret,
Aut quibus in rebus multum ſumus ante morati,
Atque in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens,
In ſomnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

Lucr. l. 4. v. 959.

———What Studies pleaſe, what moſt delight,
And fill Mens Thoughts, they dream them o'er at Night.

Creech.

IN one of my late Rambles, or rather Speculations, I looked into the great Hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleaſed to ſee the Directors, Secretaries, and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their ſeveral ſtations, according to the parts they act in that juſt and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my memory the many Diſcourſes which I had both read and heard concerning the Decay of public Credit, with the methods of reſtoring it, and which in my opinion have always been defective, becauſe they have always been made with an eye to ſeparate Intereſts, and Party principles.

THE Thoughts of the Day gave my Mind Employment for the whole Night, ſo that I fell inſenſibly into a kind of Methodical Dream, which diſpoſed all my Contemplations into a Viſion or Allegory, or what elſe the Reader ſhall pleaſe to call it.

METHOUGHT I returned to the Great Hall, where I had been the Morning before, but, to my ſurpriſe, inſtead of the company that I left there, I ſaw towards the upper end of the hall, a beautiful Virgin, ſeated on a Throne of Gold. Her name

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(as they told me) was *Public Credit.* The Walls, instead of being adorned with Pictures and Maps, were hung with many acts of Parliament written in Golden Letters. At the upper end of the hall was the *Magna Charta,* with the act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the Hall was the act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the Virgin that sat upon the Throne. Both the sides of the Hall were covered with such acts of Parliament as had been made for the establishment of Public Funds. The Lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of Furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her Eye with them, and often smiled with a secret pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her Behaviour: And, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her Well-wishers, she changed Colour, and startled at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own sex, and subject to such momentary consumptions, that in the twinkling of an Eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion, and the most healthful state of Body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her Decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting Distemper into a habit of the highest Health and Vigour.

I had very soon an Opportunity of observing these quick turns and Changes in her Constitution. There sat at her feet a Couple of Secretaries, who received every Hour Letters from all parts of the World which the one or the other of them was perpetually

reading to her; and, according to the News ſhe heard, to which ſhe was exceedingly attentive, ſhe changed Colour, and diſcovered many ſymptoms of health or ſickneſs.

BEHIND the Throne was a prodigious heap of Bags of Money, which were piled upon one another ſo high that they touched the Cieling. The Floor, on her right hand, and on her left was covered with vaſt Sums of Gold that roſe up in Pyramids on either ſide of her: But this I did not ſo much wonder at, when I heard, upon inquiry, that ſhe had the ſame Virtue in her touch, which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly poſſeſs'd of: and that ſhe could convert whatever ſhe pleas'd into that precious Metal.

AFTER a little Dizzineſs, and confuſed hurry of thought, which a Man often meets with in a Dream, methought the hall was alarmed, the Doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the moſt hideous Phantoms that I had ever ſeen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the moſt diſſociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of Dance. It would be tedious to deſcribe their habits and Perſons, for which reaſon I ſhall only inform my Reader, that the firſt couple was Tyranny and Anarchy, the ſecond were Bigotry and Atheiſm, the third the Genius of a Commonwealth, and a young Man of about twenty two Years of Age, whoſe name I could not learn. He had a Sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandiſhed at the act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who ſtood by me, whiſpered in my ear, that he ſaw a ſpunge in his left hand. The dance of ſo many jarring natures put me in mind of the Sun Moon and Earth, in the *Rehearſal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipſe one another.

THE Reader will eaſily ſuppoſe, by what has been before ſaid, that the Lady on the Throne would have been almoſt frighted to Diſtraction, had ſhe

ſeen

ſeen but any one of theſe ſpectres; what then muſt have been her condition when ſhe ſaw them all in a Body? She fainted and died away at the ſight.

Et neque jam color eſt miſto candore rubori;
Nec Vigor, & vires, & quæ modo viſa placebant,
Nec Corpus remanet—— Ovid. Met. l. 3. v. 491.

————————Her Spirits faint,
Her blooming Cheeks aſſume a pallid Teint,
And ſcarce her Form remains.

THERE was as great a Change in the hill of money Bags, and the Heaps of Money, the former ſhrinking, and falling into ſo many empty Bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with Money. The reſt that took up the ſame ſpace and made the ſame figure as the Bags that were really filled with Money, had been blown up with Air, and called into my memory the Bags full of Wind, which *Homer* tells us his hero received as a preſent from *Æolus*. The great heaps of Gold on either ſide the Throne, now appeared to be only heaps of Paper, or little piles of notched ſticks, bound up together in Bundles, like *Bath*-Faggots.

WHILST I was lamenting this ſudden Deſolation that had been made before me, the whole ſcene vaniſhed: In the room of the frightful ſpectres, there now entred a ſecond dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The firſt pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand: The ſecond was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a perſon whom I had never ſeen, with the Genius of *Great-Britain*. At the firſt entrance the Lady revived; the Bags ſwelled to their former Bulk, the Piles of Faggots and heaps of Paper changed into Pyramids of Guineas: And for my own part I was ſo tranſported with joy, that I awaked, though I muſt con-

fess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my Vision, if I could have done it, C

No. 4. *Monday, March* 5.

——*Egregii Mortalem alt que silenti?*
Hor. Sat. 6. l. 2. v. 58.

One of uncommon Silence and Reserve.

AN Author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good share of this vanity in my Heart, I made it my business these three Days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with Circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the Species to be what mere Blanks they are when they first come abroad in the Morning, how utterly they are at a stand till they are set a going by some Paragraph in a News-Paper: Such persons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new to be agreeable. If I found Consolation among such I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are Mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of Reflexion, and perused my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves, (it being the worst way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the Design of my Actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

IT

IT is an endless and frivolous Pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a silent Man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this misfortune that to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected Crowds. He who comes into Assemblies only to gratify his Curiosity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree, than he possibly could in his Closet; the Lover, the Ambitious, and the Miser, are follow'd thither by a worse Crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient Sage, *I am never less alone than when alone.* As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew myself; I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dress'd Gentlemen and Ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his Audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did the other day, without the least Displeasure, overhear one say of me, *That strange Fellow;* and another answer, *I have known the Fellow's Face these twelve Years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.* There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no farther trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr *What d' ye call him.*

TO make up for these trivial Disadvantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all Nature

 with

with an unprejudiced Eye; and having nothing to do with mens Paſſions or Intereſts, I can with the greater Sagacity conſider their Talents, Manners, Failings and Merits.

IT is remarkable, that thoſe who want any one Senſe, poſſeſs the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather Reſignation of Speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in Seeing; and flatter myſelf that I have looked into the Higheſt and Loweſt of Mankind, and make ſhrewd gueſſes, without being admitted to their converſation, at the inmoſt Thoughts and Reflexions of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I ſee Men flouriſhing in Courts, and languiſhing in Jails, without being prejudiced from their circumſtances to their favour or diſadvantage; but from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the Proſperous, and admire the Unhappy.

THOSE who converſe with the Dumb, know from the turn of their Eyes, and the changes of their Countenance, their ſentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulged my ſilence to ſuch an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, anſwer my ſmiles with concurrent ſentences, and argue to the very point I ſhaked my head at, without my ſpeaking. Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other Night at a Play, to a Gentleman who ſat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The Gentleman believed Will was talking to himſelf, when upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a Box before us, he ſaid, 'I 'am quite of another Opinion. She has, I will al'low, a very pleaſing Aſpect, but methinks that 'ſimplicity in her Countenance is rather childiſh 'than innocent.' When I obſerved her a ſecond time, he ſaid, 'I grant her dreſs is very becoming,

'but

'but perhaps the merit of that Choice is owing to 'her Mother; for though, continued he, I allow a 'Beauty to be as much to be commended for the e-'legance of her drefs, as a wit for that of his Lan-'guage; yet if fhe has ftolen the Colour of her Rib-'bands from another, or had advice about her 'Trimmings, I fhall not allow her the Praife of 'Drefs, any more than I would call a Plagiary an 'Author.' When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, WILL fpoke what I looked, according to his Romantic Imagination, in the following manner.

'BEHOLD, you who dare, that charming Vir-'gin; behold the Beauty of her Perfon chaftifed by 'the innocence of her Thoughts. Chaftity, Good-'nature, and Affability, are the Graces that play 'in her Countenance; fhe knows fhe is handfome, 'but fhe knows fhe is good. Confcious Beauty a-'dorned with confcious Virtue! what a Spirit is 'there in thofe Eyes! what a Bloom in that Per-'fon! how is the whole woman expreffed in her ap-'pearance! her air has the beauty of motion, and 'her look the force of Language.

IT was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this Object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtlefs Creatures who make up the lump of that Sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the Portraitures of infignificant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures of Pictures.

THUS the working of my own Mind is the general Entertainment of my Life; I never enter into the Commerce of Difcourfe with any but my particular friends, and not in Public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raifed in me uncommon Reflections; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my Pleafures are almoft wholly confined to thofe of the Sight, I take it for a peculiar happinefs that I have always had an eafy and familiar admittance to the fair fex. If I never

praised or flattered, I never believed or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just Complaisance and Gallantry of our Nation, the more powerful part of our People, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my Speculations to their service, and shall lead the Young thro' all the becoming duties of Virginity, Marriage, and Widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a Stile and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A Man may appear learned without talking sentences, as in his ordinary Gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut Capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest Glory of my Work, if among reasonable women this Paper may furnish *Tea-Table Talk*. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to Females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever skill I may have in Speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of Lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged, by this promise, to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by Glances in public assemblies; but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, Love, during the time of my Speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affairs of less consideration. As this is the greatest Concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falshood in Love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect, than Infidelity in Friendship, or villany in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of Society, shall be severe-

ly

ly examined. But this and all other Matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former Papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses: The present writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle but a busy Spectator. R

No. 5. *Tuesday*, March 6.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?——

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 5.

Admitted to the sight, wou'd you not laugh?

AN Opera may be allow'd to be extravagantly lavish in its Decorations, as its only Design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention to the Audience. Common Sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles*'s time have laughed to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a tempest in Robes of Ermine, and sailing in an open boat upon a Sea of Pasteboard? What a Field of Rallery would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted Dragons spitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and real Cascades in artificial Landskips? A little skill in Criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the Scenes which are designed as the representation of Nature, should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide Champian Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to croud several parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen.

Oxen. This is joining together inconſiſtencies, and making the Decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have ſaid here, to the Directors, as well as to the admirers of our Modern Opera.

AS I was walking in the ſtreets about a Fortnight ago, I ſaw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little Birds upon his ſhoulder; and, as I was wondering with myſelf what uſe he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the ſame curioſity. Upon his aſking him what he had upon his ſhoulder, he told him that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, ſays his friend, licking his lips, what, are they to be roaſted? No, no, ſays the other, they are to enter towards the End of the firſt Act, and to fly about the Stage.

THIS ſtrange Dialogue awakened my curioſity ſo far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived that the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing-birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the Sparrows put the ſame trick upon the Audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all* practiſed upon his miſtreſs; for though they flew in ſight, the muſic proceeded from a conſort of flagelets and bird-calls which were planted behind the Scenes. At the ſame time I made this diſcovery, I found by the diſcourſe of the Actors, that there were great deſigns on foot for the improvement of the Opera; that it had been propoſed to break down a part of the Wall, and to ſurpriſe the audience with a party of an hundred horſe, and that there was actually a project of bringing the *New-river* into the houſe, to be employed in Jetteaus and Water-works. This project, as I have ſince heard, is poſtponed till the Summer-ſeaſon; when it is thought the coolneſs that proceeds from fountains and caſcades will be more acceptable and refreſhing to people of Quality. In the mean-time, to find out

a more agreeable entertainment for the Winter-Season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations and Fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this Theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his House before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

IT is no wonder, that those Scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raised by two Magicians of different Sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Signior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *persons represented)* a Christian-Conjurer *(Mago Christiano)*. I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black Art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the Magician, should deal with the Devil.

TO consider the Poet after the Conjurer, I shall give you a taste of the *Italian* from the first lines of his Preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non e pero aborto de Tenebre, ma si fara conoscere Figlio d Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasso. Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the Night, is not the Abortive of Darkness, but will make itself known to be the Son of* Apollo, *with a certain ray of* Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer *Handel* the *Orpheus* of our Age, and to acquaint us, in the same Sublimity of Stile, that he composed this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits, to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest Writers among the modern *Italian* express themselves in such a florid form

of

of words, and ſuch tedious circumlocutions, as are uſed by none but Pedants in our own Country; and at the ſame time fill their writings with ſuch poor imaginations and conceits, as our Youths are aſhamed of before they have been two years at the Univerſity. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of Genius which produces this difference in the works of the two Nations; but to ſhew there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *Italians*, ſuch as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we ſhall find that the *Engliſh* Writers, in their way of thinking and expreſſing themſelves, reſemble thoſe Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himſelf, from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I muſt intirely agree with Monſieur *Boileau*, that one verſe in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clincant* or Tinſel of *Taſſo*.

BUT to return to the Sparrows; there have been ſo many flights of them let looſe in this Opera, that it is feared the houſe will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, ſo as to be ſeen flying in a Lady's bed-chamber, or pearching upon a King's throne; beſides the inconveniencies which the heads of the audience may ſometimes ſuffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a deſign of caſting into an Opera the ſtory of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of Mice; but Mr *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Play-houſe, very prudently conſider'd that it would be impoſſible for the Cat to kill them all, and that conſequently the Princes of the Stage might be as much infeſted with Mice, as the Prince of the Iſland was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which reaſon he would not permit it to be acted in his houſe. And indeed I cannot blame him: For, as he ſaid very well upon that occaſion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper,

who

who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany*, follow his musick, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

BEFORE I dismiss this Paper, I must inform my Reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with *London* and *Wise* (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-house) to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an Orange Grove: and that the next time it is acted, the Singing-Birds will be personated by Tom-Tits: The Undertakers being resolved to spare neither Pains nor Money for the Gratification of the Audience. C.

No. 6. *Wednesday, March 7.*

Credebant hoc grande Nefas, & Morte piandum,
Si juvenis Vetulo non assurrexerat——

Juv. Sat. 13. l. 54.

'Twas impious then (so much was Age rever'd)
For Youth to keep their Seat, when an old man appear'd.

I KNOW no Evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natur'd, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned Writings of Men of Wit, and the aukward imitation of the rest of mankind.

FOR this reason Sir ROGER was saying last night, That he was of opinion none but Men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men

are ſo delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they ſhould be expoſed to more than ordinary infamy and puniſhment for offending againſt ſuch quick admonitions as their own ſouls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their Minds in ſuch a manner, that they are no more ſhocked at Vice and Folly, than men of ſlower capacities. There is no greater Monſter in Being, than a very ill man of great parts: He lives like a man in a palſy, with one ſide of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the ſatisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has loſt the taſte of Goodwill, of Friendſhip, of Innocence. *Scarecrow*, the Beggar in *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, who diſabled himſelf in his Right Leg, and aſks alms all day to get himſelf a warm ſupper and a trull at night, is not half ſo deſpicable a Wretch as ſuch a man of ſenſe. The Beggar has no reliſh above ſenſations; he finds reſt more agreeable than Motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deſerves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his ſatisfactions and enjoyments within the ſupply of his own neceſſities and paſſions, is ſays Sir ROGER, in my eye, as poor a rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the loſs of public and private Virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forſooth; it is with them no matter what is done, ſo it be done with an air. But to me, who am ſo whimſical in a corrupt Age as to act according to Nature and Reaſon, a ſelfiſh man, in the moſt ſhining circumſtance and equipage, appears in the ſame condition with the fellow abovementioned, but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, That the whole Man is to move together; that every action of any importance, is to have a proſpect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions, ought to be agreeable to the dictates of Reaſon, of Religion, and good breeding;

breeding; without this, a man, as I before have hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his intire and proper motion.

WHILE the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. What I aim at, says he, is to represent, That I am of opinion, to polish our understandings and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern Passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular persons, but at some times of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting Wit and Learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false Beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true Taste. *Sir Richard Blackmore* says, with as much good sense as virtue, *It is a mighty Dishonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit to humour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelic Faculties, is the most odious Being in the whole Creation.* He goes on soon after to say very generously, That he undertook the writing of his Poem *to rescue the Muses out of the Hands of Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity.* This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation, injures his Country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When Modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one Sex, and integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judg-

ment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reaſon direct one thing, Paſſion and Humour another: To follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endleſs and intricate; when we purſue the other, our paſſage is delightful, and what we aim at eaſily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at preſent as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any man who thinks can eaſily ſee, that the affectation of being gay and in faſhion, has very near eaten up our good Senſe and our Religion. Is there any thing ſo juſt, as that Mode and Gallantry ſhould be built upon exerting ourſelves in what is proper and agreeable to the inſtitutions of Juſtice and Piety among us? and yet is there any thing more common than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? all which is ſupported by no other Pretenſion, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

NOTHING ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature itſelf ſhould prompt us to think ſo. Reſpect to all kind of Superiors is founded, methinks, upon inſtinct; and yet what is ſo ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt tranſition to the mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty inſtance that the moſt polite Age is in danger of being the moſt vicious.

'IT happened at *Athens*, during a public Repre-'ſentation of ſome Play exhibited in honour of the 'Commonwealth, that an old Gentleman came too 'late for a place ſuitable to his Age and Quality. 'Many of the young Gentlemen who obſerved the 'difficulty and confuſion he was in, made ſigns to 'him that they would accommodate him if he came 'where they ſat: The good man buſtled through 'the Crowd accordingly; but when he came to the 'ſeats to which he was invited, the jeſt was to ſit 'cloſe, and expoſe him, as he ſtood out of counte-'nance, to the whole Audience. The Frolic went

round

'round all the *Athenian* benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: when the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the *Lacedemonians*, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The *Athenians* being suddenly touched with a sense of the *Spartan* Virtue and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applause; and the old man cried out, *The* Athenians *understand what is good, but the* Lacedemonians *practise it.* R

No. 7. *Tuesday, March* 8.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?

Hor. Ep. 2. v. 208.

Visions and magic Spells, can you despise,
And laugh at Witches, Ghosts, and Prodigies?

GOING Yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a strange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended some Misfortune to themselves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room I observed a settled melancholy in her Countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My Dear*, (says she, turning to her Husband) *you may now see the Stranger that was in the Candle last Night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower end of the Table, told her, that he was to go into Join-hand on *Thursday*.

Thurſday? (ſays ſhe) *No, Child, if it pleaſe God, you ſhall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your Writing-maſter that* Friday *will be ſoon enough.* I was reflecting with myſelf on the oddneſs of her fancy, and wondering that any body would eſtabliſh it as a rule to loſe a day in every Week. In the midſt of theſe my muſings, ſhe deſired me to reach her a little Salt upon the point of my Knife, which I did in ſuch a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which ſhe immediately ſtartled, and ſaid it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, obſerving the concern of the whole table, began to conſider myſelf, with ſome confuſion, as a perſon that had brought a Diſaſter upon the Family. The Lady however recovering herſelf after a little ſpace, ſaid to her Huſband with a ſigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come ſingle.* My Friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more Good nature than Underſtanding, thinks himſelf obliged to fall in with all the paſſions and humours of his Yoke-Fellow: *Do not you remember, Child,* (ſays ſhe) *that the Pigeon-houſe fell the very Afternoon that our careleſs Wench ſpilt the Salt upon the Table? Yes,* (ſays he) *My Dear, and the next Poſt brought us an account of the battle of* Almanza. The Reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner as ſoon as I could, with my uſual taciturnity; when, to my utter confuſion, the Lady ſeeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my Plate, deſired me that I would humour her ſo far as to take them out of that figure, and place them ſide by ſide. What the abſurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary Superſtition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the houſe, I diſpoſed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel lines, which is the Figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, tho' I do not know any reaſon for it.

IT

IT is not difficult for a Man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious Follies of Mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into Misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a Night's Rest; and have seen a man in Love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family more than a band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath struck more terror than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognostics. A rusty Nail, or a crooked Pin, shoot up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in Company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the Omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very Night.

AN

AN Old Maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt, of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated *Sybils*, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing Apparitions, Death-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted out of her wits by the great houſe-dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in ſupernumerary duties of Life; and ariſes from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of Death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief concern of Wiſe men to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of Philoſophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the ſentiments of ſuperſtition.

FOR my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this Divining quality, tho' it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any Happineſs, nor feel the weight of any Miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul againſt theſe gloomy preſages and terrors of mind, and that is, by ſecuring to myſelf the Friendſhip and Protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs Futurity. He ſees, at one view, the whole thread of my Exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his Care; when I awake, I give myſelf up to his Directions.

rections. Amidst all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all sollicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them. C

No. 8. *Friday, March* 9.

At Venus *obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,*
Et multo Nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos——— Virg. Aen. 1. v. 415.

They march obscure, for Venus *kindly shrouds*
With Mists their Persons, and involves in Clouds. Dryden.

I Shall here communicate to the World a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an Entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no Apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, *&c.*

SIR,

'I AM one of the Directors of the Society for the 'Reformation of Manners, and therefore think 'myself a proper person for your Correspondence. I 'have thoroughly examined the present state of Re'ligion in *Great-Britain*, and am able to acquaint 'you with the predominant Vice of every Market'Town in the whole Island. I can tell you the Pro'gress that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Bo'roughs and Corporations; and know as well the 'evil practices that are committed in *Berwic* or *Ex-*
' *eter*

'*eter*, as what is done in my own Family. In a 'word, Sir, I have my Correfpondents in the re- 'moteft parts of the Nation, who fend me up punc- 'tual accounts from time to time of all the little ir- 'regularities that fall under their notice in their fe- 'veral Diftricts and Divifions.

'I am no lefs acquainted with the particular 'Quarters and Regions of this great Town, than 'with the different parts and diftributions of the 'whole Nation. I can defcribe every Parifh by its 'impieties, and can tell you in which of our Streets 'Lewdnefs prevails, which Gaming has taken the 'poffeffion of, and where Drunkennefs has got the 'better of them both. When I am difpofed to raife 'a Fine for the poor, I know the Lanes and Alleys 'that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I 'would encourage the Hofpital of *Bridewell*, and 'improve the Hempen Manufacture, I am very well 'acquainted with all the haunts and reforts of Fe- 'male Night-walkers.

'AFTER this fhort account of myfelf, I muft let 'you know that the defign of this Paper is to give 'you information of a certain irregular Affembly, 'which I think falls very properly under your ob- 'fervation, efpecially fince the perfons it is compo- 'fed of are Criminals too confiderable for the ani- 'madverfions of our Society, I mean, Sir, the Mid- 'night Mafk, which has of late been very frequent- 'ly held in one of the moft confpicuous parts of the 'Town, and which I hear will be continued with 'additions and improvements. As all the perfons 'who compofe this lawlefs Affembly are mafked, we 'dare not attack any of them in *our Way*, left we 'fhould fend a Woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or 'a Peer of *Great-Britain* to the *Counter*: Befides 'that their numbers are fo very great, that I am a- 'fraid they would be able to rout our whole frater- 'nity, though we were accompanied with all our 'Guard of Conftables. Both thefe reafons, which

'fecure

'secure them from our Authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both their disguise and their Numbers will give no particular person reason to think himself affronted by you.

'IF we are righly informed, the Rules that are observed by this new Society are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of Cuckoldom. The Women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends who are obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of any body that addresses himself to them. There are several Rooms where the Parties may retire, and, if they please, shew their faces by consent. Whispers, Squeezes, Nods, and Embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous Assembly, seems to terminate in Assignations, and Intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual methods by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous multitude of both Sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a manner. I am

Your humble Servant,

and Fellow-Labourer,

T. B.

Not long after the perusal of this Letter, I received another upon the same Subject; which by the Date and Stile of it, I take to be written by some young Templar.

SIR, *Middle-Temple*, 1710-11.

'WHEN a Man has been guilty of any Vice or Folly, I think the best atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time in *February* last I went to the *Tuesday*'s Masquerade. Upon my first going in I was at-

'tacked by half a dozen female Quakers who seem'ed willing to adopt me for a brother; but upon a 'nearer examination I found they were a sisterhood 'of Coquettes disguised in that precise habit. I 'was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fan'cied, by a Woman of the first Quality, for she was 'very tall and moved gracefully. As soon as the 'Minuet was over, we ogled one another through 'our Masques; and as I am very well read in *Wal'ler*, I repeated to her the four following Verses 'out of his Poem to *Vandike*.

The heedless Lover does not know
Whose Eyes they are that wound him so:
But confounded with thy Art,
Enquires her Name that has his Heart.

'I pronounced these Words with such a languishing 'air that I had some reason to conclude I had made 'a conquest. She told me that she hoped my Face 'was not akin to my tongue, and looking upon her 'Watch, I accidentally discovered the Figure of a 'Coronet on the back part of it. I was so trans'ported with the thought of such an Amour, that I 'plied her from one room to another with all the 'Gallantries I could invent; and at length brought 'things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a pri'vate meeting the next Day, without Page or Foot'man, Coach or Equipage. My heart danced in 'Raptures, but I had not lived in this golden dream 'above three days, before I found good reason to 'wish that I had continued true to my Laundress. 'I have since heard, by a very great accident, that 'this fine Lady does not live far from *Covent-Garden*, 'and that I am not the first Cully whom she has 'passed herself upon for a Countess.

'THUS, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a '*Cloud* for a *Juno*; and if you can make any use of

'this

'this adver[ture], for the benefit of thoſe who may 'poſſibly [b]e as vain young Coxcombs as myſelf, I 'do moſt [h]eartily give you leave. I am,

SIR, Your moſt humble Admirer,

B. L.

I deſign to viſit the next Maſquerade myſelf, in the ſame habit I wore at *Grand Cairo*; and till then ſhall ſuſpend my Judgment of this Midnight Entertainment. C

No. 9. *Saturday, March* 10.

——Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, ſaevis inter ſe convenit urſis.

Juv. Sat. 15. v. 163.

Tiger with Tiger, Bear with Bear, you'll find
In leagues offenſive and defenſive join'd.

TATE.

MAN is ſaid to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Inſtance of it, we may obſerve, that we take all occaſions and pretences of forming ourſelves into thoſe little Nocturnal Aſſemblies, which are commonly known by the Name of *Clubs*. When a ſet of men find themſelves agree in any particular, tho' never ſo trivial, they eſtabliſh themſelves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the account of ſuch a fantaſtick reſemblance. I know a conſiderable Market-Town, in which there was a Club of fat men, that did no[t] come together (as you may well ſuppoſe) to ent[er]tain one another with Sprightlineſs and Wit, [b]ut to keep one another in countenance: the R[oom] where the Club met was ſomething of the la[r]geſt, and had two entrances, the

the one by a door of a moderate ſize, and the other by a pair of folding-doors. If a Candidate for this corpulent Club could make his entrance through the firſt, he was looked upon as unqualified: but if he ſtuck in the paſſage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was ſaluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, tho' it conſiſted but of fifteen perſons, weighed above three Tun.

IN oppoſition to this Society, there Sprung up another compoſed of Scarecrows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the deſigns of their bulky brethren, whom they repreſented as men of dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and conſequently out of the Magiſtracy. Theſe factions tore the Corporation in pieces for ſeveral Years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the too Bailiffs of the Town ſhould be annually choſen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magiſtrates are at this day coupled like rabbets, one fat and one lean.

EVERY one has heard of the Club, or rather the confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and profeſſions, provided they agreed in the Sirname of *King*, which, as they imagined, ſufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical principles.

A Chriſtian Name has likewiſe been often uſed as a badge of diſtinction, and made the occaſion of a Club. That of the *George's*, which uſed to meet at the ſign of the *George* on St *George's* day, and ſwear *Before George*, is ſtill freſh in every one's Memory.

THERE are at preſent in ſeveral parts of this City what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief inhabitants of the Street converſe together every

Night.

Night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in *Ormond-ſtreet*, the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he alſo told me, upon farther diſcourſe with him, that two or three noiſy Country Squires, who were ſettled there the Year before, had conſiderably ſunk the price of houſe-rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every houſe that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a ſociable Nature and good Converſation.

THE *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honeſt Gentlemen, of peaceable diſpoſitions, that uſed to ſit together, ſmoke their pipes, and ſay nothing till midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an inſtitution of the ſame nature, and as great an enemy to noiſe.

AFTER theſe two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very miſchievous one, that was erected in the reign of King *Charles* the Second; I mean the *Club of Duelliſts*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The Preſident of it was ſaid to have killed half a dozen in ſingle combat; and as for the other members, they took their ſeats according to the number of their ſlain. There was likewiſe a Side-Table, for ſuch as had only drawn Blood, and ſhewn a laudable ambition of taking the firſt opportunity to qualify themſelves for the firſt table. This Club conſiſting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, moſt of the members of it being put to the ſword, or hanged, a little after its inſtitution.

OUR modern celebrated Clubs are Founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein moſt men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philoſopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The *Kit-Cat* it-

ſelf is ſaid to have taken its original from a a Mutton-pye. The *Beef-Steak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averſe to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their reſpective titles.

WHEN men are thus knit together, by a love of Society, not a ſpirit of faction, and don't meet to cenſure or annoy thoſe that are abſent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at leaſt to relax themſelves from the buſineſs of the Day, by an innocent and chearful converſation, there may be ſomething very uſeful in theſe little Inſtitutions and Eſtabliſhments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a ſcheme of Laws that I met with upon a wall in a little Ale-houſe: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. Theſe laws were enacted by a knot of Artiſans and Mehanics, who uſed to meet every night, and as there is ſomething in them which gives us a pretty picture of low Life, I ſhall tranſcribe them Word for Word.

RULES *to be obſerved in the* Two-Penny *Club, erected in this Place, for the Preſervation of Friendſhip and good Neighbourhood.*

I. EVERY Member at his firſt coming in ſhall lay down his Two-pence.

II. EVERY Member ſhall fill his Pipe out of his own box.

III. IF any Member abſents himſelf he ſhall forfeit a Penny for the uſe of the Club, unleſs in caſe of ſickneſs or impriſonment.

IV. IF any Member ſwears or curſes, his Neighbour may give him a kick upon the ſhins.

V. IF any Member tells ſtories in the Club that are not true, he ſhall forfeit for every third lye an halfpenny.

VI. IF

VI. IF any Member ſtrikes another wrongfully, he ſhall pay his Club for him.

VII. IF any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he ſhall pay for whatever ſhe drinks or ſmokes.

VIII. IF any Member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, ſhe ſhall ſpeak to him without the door.

IX. IF any Member calls another Cuckold, he ſhall be turned out of the Club.

X. NONE ſhall be admitted into the Club that is of the ſame Trade with any Member of it.

XI. NONE of the Club ſhall have his cloathes or ſhoes made or mended, but by a brother-member.

XII. NO Non-juror ſhall be capable of being a Member.

THE Morality of this little Club is guarded by ſuch wholeſome laws and penalties, that I queſtion not but my Reader will be as well pleaſed with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of *Ben Johnſon*, the regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by *Lipſius*, or the rules of a *Sympoſium* in an ancient *Greek* Author.

C

No. 10. *Monday, March* 12.

Non aliter quam qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit: ſi brachia forte remiſit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

Virg. Geog. 1. v. 201.

So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing, ſtruggle with the Stream;
But if they ſlack their Hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the Flood with headlong haſte they drive.

Dryden.

IT is with much ſatisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after theſe my Papers,

 and

and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming ſerioufneſs and attention. My Publiſher tells me, that there are already three Thouſand of them diſtributed every day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modeſt computation, I may reckon about Threeſcore Thouſand Diſciples in *London* and *Weſtminſter*, who I hope will take care to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the thoughtleſs herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raiſed to myſelf ſo great an audience, I ſhall ſpare no pains to make their inſtruction agreeable, and their diverſion uſeful. For which reaſons I ſhall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if poſſible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the end that their Virtue and diſcretion may not be ſhort tranſient intermitting ſtarts of thought, I have reſolved to refreſh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that deſperate ſtate of Vice and Folly into which the Age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a ſingle day, ſprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a conſtant and aſſiduous Culture. It was ſaid of *Socrates*, that he brought Philoſophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of me, that I have brought Philoſophy out of Cloſets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Aſſemblies, at Tea-Tables and in Coffee houſes.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend theſe my Speculations to all well regulated families that ſet apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earneſtly adviſe them for their good to order this Paper to be punctually ſerved up, and to be looked upon as a part of the Tea-Equipage.

SIR *Francis Bacon* obſerves, that a well written Book, compared with its rivals and antagoniſts, is like *Moſes*'s Serpent, that immediately ſwallowed up and

and dev[illegible] those of the *Egyptians*. I ſhall not be ſo vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other public Prints will vaniſh; but ſhall leave it to my Reader's conſideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the Knowledge of one's-ſelf, than to hear what paſſes in *Moſcovy* or *Poland*; and to amuſe ourſelves with ſuch Writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, paſſion, and prejudice, than ſuch as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable.

IN the next place I would recommend this Paper to the daily peruſal of thoſe Gentlemen whom I cannot but conſider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or lazineſs of their diſpoſitions, have no other buſineſs with the reſt of Mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Claſs of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradeſmen, titular Phyſicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and Stateſmen that are out of buſineſs; in ſhort, every one that conſiders the World as a Theatre, and deſires to form a right Judgment of thoſe who are the Actors on it.

THERE is another Set of Men that I muſt likewiſe lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of ſociety, as being altogether unfurniſhed with ideas, till the buſineſs and converſation of the Day has ſupplied them. I have often conſidered theſe poor ſouls with an eye of great commiſeration, when I have heard them aſking the firſt Man they have met with, whether there was any News ſtirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. Theſe needy perſons do not know what to talk of, till about Twelve o' clock in the Morning; for by that time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which way the wind ſits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lye

at

at the mercy of the firſt man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earneſtly intreat them not to ſtir out of their chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promiſe them that I will daily inſtil into them ſuch ſound and wholſom ſentiments, as ſhall have a good effect on their converſation for the enſuing twelve Hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more uſeful, than to the Female World. I have often thought there has not been ſufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diverſions for the Fair-ones. Their amuſements ſeem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are reaſonable creatures; and are more adapted to the ſex than to the ſpecies. The Toilet is their great ſcene of buſineſs, and the right adjuſting of their Hair the principal employment of their lives. The ſorting of a ſuit of Ribbons is reckon'd a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an excurſion to a Mercer's or a Toy-ſhop, ſo great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing elſe all the day after. Their more ſerious occupations are Sewing and Embroidery, and their greateſt drudgery the preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I ſay, is the ſtate of ordinary women; tho' I know there are multitudes of thoſe of a more elevated Life and Converſation, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dreſs, and inſpire a kind of awe and reſpect as well as love, into their Male-Beholders. I hope to increaſe the number of theſe by Publiſhing this daily Paper, which I ſhall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at leaſt divert the minds of my Female Readers from greater trifles. At the ſame time, I would fain give ſome finiſhing touches to thoſe which are already the

moſt

moſt beautiful pieces in Human Nature, I ſhall endeavour to point out all thoſe imperfections that are the blemiſhes, as well as thoſe Virtues which are the embelliſhments of the Sex. In the mean while I hope theſe my gentle Readers, who have ſo much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a Quarter of an hour in a Day, on this Paper, ſince they may do it without any hindrance to buſineſs.

I know ſeveral of my Friends and Well-wiſhers are in great pain for me, leſt I ſhould not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige myſelf to furniſh every day: But to make them eaſy in this particular, I will promiſe them faithfully to give it over as ſoon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great Rallery to the Small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promiſe, deſire me to keep my Word, aſſure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little Pleaſantries of the like nature, which men of a little ſmart Genius cannot forbear throwing out againſt their beſt Friends, when they have ſuch a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my Caveat againſt this piece of Rallery. C

No. 11. *Tueſday, March* 13.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat cenſura columbas.

Juv. Sat. 2. l. 53.

The Doves are cenſur'd, while the Crows are ſpared.

ARIETTA is viſited by all Perſons of both Sexes, who have any pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of Youth, or infirmities of Age; and her converſation is ſo mixed with gaiety and prudence, that ſhe is agreeable both to the Young and the

the Old. Her behaviour is very frank without being in the least blameable; and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance, by my friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who has prevail'd upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her acccompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then turning to *Arietta*, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in Love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of insignificant Laughs and Gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general levity of Women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a Woman of *Arietta*'s Taste and Understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity till the larum ceased of itself; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian* Matron.

ARIETTA seemed to regard this Piece of Rallery as an outrage done to her Sex; as indeed I have always observed that Women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their Sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

WHEN she had a little recovered herself from the serious Anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

SIR

SIR, if when I conſider how perfectly new all you have ſaid on this ſubject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two thouſand Years old, I cannot but think it a piece of preſumption to diſpute with you: But your Quotations put me in mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The man walking with that noble animal, ſhewed him, in the oſtentation of human ſuperiority, a ſign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion ſaid very juſtly, *We Lions are none of us Painters, elſe we could ſhew a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man.* You men are Writers, and can repreſent us women as unbecoming as you pleaſe in your Works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice obſerved in your Diſcourſe, that Hypocriſy is the very foundation of our Education; and that an ability to diſſemble our affections is a profeſſed part of our breeding. Theſe, and ſuch other reflexions, as ſprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages, by Authors, who leave behind them memorials of their reſentment againſt the ſcorn of particular women, in invectives againſt the whole ſex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleaſant aggravations of the frailty of the *Epheſian* Lady? but when we conſider this queſtion between the ſexes, which has been either a point of diſpute or rallery ever ſince there were Men and Women, let us take facts from plain people, and from ſuch as have not either ambition or capacity to embelliſh their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amuſing myſelf with *Ligon's* account of *Barbadoes*; and, in anſwer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honeſt Traveller, in his fifty-fifth Page, the Hiſtory of *Inkle* and *Yarico*

Mr *Thomas Inkle*, of *London*, aged twenty years, embarked in the *Downs* on the good Ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the *Weſt-Indies*, on the 16th of *June*,

June, 1674, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our adventurer was the third ſon of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular care to inſtil into his mind an early love of Gain, by making him a perfect Maſter of Numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick view of loſs and advantage, and preventing the natural impulſes of his paſſions, by prepoſſeſſion towards his intereſt. With a mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, ſtrength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair looſely flowing on his ſhoulders. It happened, in the courſe of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in ſome diſtreſs, put into a creek on the Main of *America*, in ſearch of proviſions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my ſtory, among others went aſhore on this occaſion. From their firſt landing they were obſerved by a party of *Indians*, who hid themſelves in the Woods for that purpoſe. The *Engliſh* unadviſedly marched a great diſtance from the ſhore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who ſlew the greateſt number of them. Our Adventurer eſcaped among others, by flying into a Foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs part of the wood, he threw himſelf, tired, and breathleſs, on a little hillock, when an *Indian* Maid, ruſhed from a Thicket behind him. After the firſt ſurpriſe, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no leſs taken with the Dreſs, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from head to foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſolicitous for his preſervation. She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious repaſt of fruit, and led him to a ſtream to ſlake his thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the oppoſition of its colour

to

to that of her Fingers: Then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different Dress, of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Bredes. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her, so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of Beasts, and most party coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of Waters, and melody of Nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her Countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the Lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his wastecoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these Lovers lived for several Months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her Lover, discovered a vessel on the Coast to which she made signals; and in the night with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's-crew of his Countrymen, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Vessel from the Main arrives in that Island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the *Indians* and other slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

TO be short, Mr *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* Territories, began seriously to reflect upon

 his

his loſs of time, and to weigh with himſelf how many days intereſt of his Money he had loſt during his ſtay with *Yarico.* This thought made the young man very penſive, and careful what account he ſhould be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which conſideration, the prudent and frugal young man ſold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiſerate her condition, told him that ſhe was with Child by him: But he only made uſe of that information, to riſe in his demands upon the purchaſer.

I was ſo touch'd with this ſtory (which I think ſhould be always a Counterpart to the *Epheſian* Matron) that I left the room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta*'s good ſenſe, did, I am ſure, take for greater Applauſe, than any Compliments I could make her. R

No. 12. *Wedneſday*, March 14.

——Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
Perſ. Sat. 5. v. 92.

I root th' old Woman from thy trembling Heart.

AT my coming to *London*, it was ſometime before I could ſettle myſelf in a Houſe to my liking. I was forced to quit my firſt Lodgings, by reaſon of an officious Landlady, that would be aſking me every Morning how I had ſlept. I then fell into an honeſt Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was

was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very Night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I ſaid before, was an honeſt hearty man, had put me into an Advertiſement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following Words, *Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on* Thurſday *laſt in the Afternoon, and was afterwards ſeen going towards* Iſlington; *if any one can give notice of him to* R. B. *Fiſhmonger in the* Strand, *he ſhall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the beſt man in the world to keep my own Counſel, and my landlord the Fiſhmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never diſcovered to this very day.

I am now ſettled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a Word together theſe five Years; my Coffee comes into my chamber every morning without aſking for it? if I want fire I point to my Chimney, if Water to my baſon: Upon which my Landlady nods, as much as to ſay ſhe takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my ſignals. She has likewiſe model'd her Family ſo well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldeſt Siſter immediately calls him off, and bids him not diſturb the Gentleman. At my firſt entring into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their riſing up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady obſerving that upon theſe occaſions I always cried Piſh, and went out again, has forbidden any ſuch ceremony to be uſed in the houſe; ſo that at preſent I walk into the Kitchen or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the buſineſs or Diſcourſe of the Family. The maid will aſk her Miſtreſs (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the miſtreſs (who is indeed an excellent

 Houſewife)

Housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a Cat or any other Domestic Animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my Landlady's Daughters, and telling Stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the Door, the young women broke off their discourse, but my Landlady's Daughters telling them that it was nobody but the Gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of Ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a Church-yard by Moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the Red-Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight, with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every Story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this Twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and, I am sure, will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber,

ber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakneſs in reaſonable Creatures, that they ſhould love to aſtoniſh and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I ſhould take a particular care to preſerve my Children from theſe little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they are in years. I have known a Soldier that has entred a breach affrighted at his own ſhadow; and look pale upon a little ſcratching at his door, who the day before had marched up againſt a Battery of Cannon. There are inſtances of perſons, who have been terrified even to diſtraction, at the Figure of a Tree, or the ſhaking of a Bull-ruſh. The truth of it is, I look upon a ſound Imagination as the greateſt bleſſing of life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conſcience. In the mean time, ſince there are very few whoſe minds are not more or leſs ſubject to theſe dreadful thoughts and apprehenſions, we ought to arm ourſelves againſt them by the dictates of Reaſon and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts* (as *Perſius* expreſſes it in the Motto of my Paper) and extinguiſh thoſe impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their abſurdity. Or if we believe, as many good and wiſe men have done, that there are ſuch Phantoms and Apparitions as thoſe I have been ſpeaking of, let us endeavour to eſtabliſh to ourſelves an intereſt in him who holds the reins of the whole Creation in his Hand, and moderates them after ſuch a manner, that it is impoſſible for one Being to break looſe upon another without his Knowledge and Permiſſion.

FOR my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with thoſe who believe that all the Regions of Nature ſwarm with Spirits; and that we have multitudes of ſpectators on all our actions, when we think ourſelves moſt alone: But inſtead of terrifying myſelf with ſuch a notion, I am wonderfully pleaſed to think that I am always engaged with ſuch an innumerable Soci-

ety, in searching out the wonders of the Creation, and joining in the same Consort of Praise and Adoration.

MILTON has finely described this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his Eye upon a verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost word for word the same with his third Line in the following passage:

——Nor think, though Men were none,
That Heav'n would want Spectators, God want Praise.
Millions of Spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless Praise his Works behold
Both Day and Night. How often from the Steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial Voices to the Midnight Air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's Note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep Watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly Touch of instrumental Sounds,
In full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs
Divide the Night and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n. C

No. 13. *Thursday, March* 15.

Dic mihi, si fueris tu Leo, qualis eris? Mart.

Were you a Lion, how wou'd you behave?

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded Matter of greater amusement to the Town than Signior *Nicolini*'s Combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*. Upon the first rumour of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed

affirmed and is ſtill believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a tame lion ſent from the *Tower* every Opera night, in order to be killed by *Hydaſpes*; this report, though altogether groundleſs, ſo univerſally prevailed in the upper regions of the Playhouſe, that ſome of the moſt refined Politicians in thoſe parts of the Audience gave it out in whiſper, that the Lion was a Couſin-German of the Tiger who made his appearance in King *William*'s Days, and that the Stage would be ſupplied with Lions at the public expence, during the whole Seſſion. Many likewiſe were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior *Nicolini*; ſome ſuppoſed that he was to ſubdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* uſed to ſerve the wild beaſts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; ſome fancied that the lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by reaſon of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a Virgin: Several, who pretended to have ſeen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their friends, that the lion was to act a part in *High Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough-Baſe*, before he fell at the feet of *Hydaſpes*. To clear up a matter that was ſo variouſly reported, I have made it my buſineſs to examine whether this pretended lion is really the ſavage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

BUT before I communicate my diſcoveries, I muſt acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes laſt Winter, as I was thinking on ſomething elſe, I accidentally juſtled againſt a monſtrous Animal that extremely ſtartled me, and upon my nearer ſurvey of it, appeared to be a Lion Rampant. The lion, ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleaſed: *For*, (ſays he) *I do not intend to hurt any Body*. I thanked him very kindly, and paſſed by him: and in a little time after ſaw him leap upon the Stage, and act his part with very great applauſe. It has been obſerved

ferved by feveral, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice fince his firft appearance; which will not feem ftrange, when I acquaint my Reader that the lion has been changed upon the Audience three feveral times. The firft lion was a Candle-fnuffer, who being a fellow of a tefty cholerie Temper over-did his part, and would not fuffer himfelf to be killed fo eafily as he ought to have done; befides, it was obferved of him, that he grew more furly every time he came out of the lion; and having dropt fome words in ordinary converfation, as if he had not fought his beft, and that he fuffered himfelf to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wreftle with Mr *Nicolini* for what he pleafed, out of his lion's fkin, it was thought proper to difcard him: and it is verily believed, to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done mifchief. Befides, it was objected againft the firft lion, that he reared himfelf fo high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in fo erect a Pofture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

THE fecond lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the play-houfe, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable man in his profeffion. If the former was too furious, this was too fheepifh, for his part: infomuch, that after a fhort modeft walk upon the ftage, he would fall at the firft touch of *Hydafpes*, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of fhewing his variety of *Italian* Trips: It is faid indeed, that he once gave him a rip in the flefh colour doublet, but this was only to make Work to himfelf, in his private Character of a Tailor. I muft not omit that it was this fecond lion who treated me with fo much Humanity behind the Scenes.

THE Acting Lion at prefent is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman who does it for his diverfion, but defires his name may be concealed. He fays very handfomly, in his own excufe, that he

does

does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleaſure in it; and that it is better to paſs away an Evening in this manner, than in Gaming and Drinking: but at the ſame time ſays, with a very agreeable Rallery upon himſelf, That if his name ſhould be known, the ill-natured World might call him, *The Aſs in the Lion's Skin.* This Gentleman's temper is made out of ſuch a happy mixture of the mild and the cholerick, that he outdoes both his predeceſſors, and has drawn together greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I muſt not conclude my Narrative, without taking notice of a groundleſs report that has been raiſed, to a Gentleman's diſadvantage, of whom I muſt declare myſelf an admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the lion have been ſeen ſitting peaceably by one another, and ſmoking a pipe together behind the Scenes; by which their common enemies would inſinuate, that it is but a ſham combat which they repreſent upon the Stage: but upon inquiry I find, that if any ſuch Correſpondence has paſſed between them, it was not 'till the combat was over, when the lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the *Drama.* Beſides, this is what is practiſed every Day in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where nothing is more uſual than to ſee a Couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as ſoon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched Taſte of his Audience; he knows very well, that the lion has many more admirers than himſelf; as they ſay of the famous *Equeſtrian* Statue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris*, that more people go to ſee the Horſe, than the King who ſits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a juſt indignation to ſee a perſon whoſe action gives new Majeſty to Kings, Reſolution to Heroes,

roes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his Behaviour, and degraded into the character of *the* London *Prentice*. I have often wished, that our Tragedians would copy after this great master in action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great-Britain*.

AUDIENCES have often been reproached by Writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the Want of a good Taste, but of Common Sense. C

No. 14. *Friday, March* 16.

——*Teque his, Infelix, exue monstris.*

Ovid. Met. l. 4. v. 590.

Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous shape.

I WAS reflecting this morning upon the Spirit and humour of the public Diversions five and twenty Years ago, and those of the present time; and lamented to myself, that, though in those days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Sense; but that the *beau Monde*, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent than the former. While I was in this train of thought, an odd Fellow, whose face I have often seen at the Playhouse, gave me the following Letter with these words, *Sir, the Lion presents his humble Service to you, and desired me to give you this into your own Hands.*

From

From my Den in the Hay-Market, March 15.

SIR,

'I Have read all your Papers, and have ſtifled my 'Reſentment againſt your Reflections upon Operas, till that of this day, wherein you plainly inſinuate, that Signior *Grimaldi* and myſelf have a 'correſpondence more friendly than is conſiſtent 'with the valour of his character, or the fierceneſs 'of mine. I deſire you would for your own ſake 'forbear ſuch intimations for the future; and muſt 'ſay it is a great piece of ill-nature in you, to ſhew 'ſo great an eſteem for a Foreigner, and to diſcourage a *Lion*, that is your own Countryman.

'I take notice of your Fable of the Lion and 'Man, but am ſo equally concerned in that matter, 'that I ſhall not be offended to whichſoever of the 'Animals the ſuperiority is given. You have miſrepreſented me, in ſaying that I am a Country-'Gentleman, who act only for my diverſion; whereas had I ſtill the ſame Woods to range in which I 'once had when I was a Fox-hunter, I ſhould not 'reſign my manhood for a maintenance; and aſſure 'you, as low as my circumſtances are at preſent, I 'am ſo much a Man of Honour, that I would ſcorn 'to be any Beaſt for Bread but a Lion.

Yours, &c.

I had no ſooner ended this, than one of my Landlady's Children brought me in ſeveral others, with ſome of which I ſhall make up my preſent Paper, they all having a tendency to the ſame ſubject, *viz.* the Elegance of our preſent Diverſions.

SIR, *Covent-Garden, March* 13.

'I Have been for twenty Years Under-Sexton of 'this Pariſh of St *Paul's Covent-Garden*, and 'have

'have not missed tolling in to Prayers six times in 'all those years; which office I have performed to 'my great satisfaction, till this fortnight last past, 'during which time I find my Congregation take 'the warning of my Bell, Morning and Evening, 'to go to a puppet-show set forth by one *Powell* un-'der the *Piazzas*. By this means I have not only 'lost my two customers, whom I used to place for 'sixpence a piece over-against Mrs *Rachel Eyebright* 'but Mrs *Rachel* herself is gone thither also. There 'now appear among us none but a few ordinary 'people, who come to Church only to say their 'Prayers, so that I have no work worth speaking of 'but on *Sundays*. I have placed my son at the *Pi-'azzas*, to acquaint the Ladies that the bell rings 'for Church, and that it stands on the other side of 'the *Garden*; but they only laugh at the child.

'I desire you would lay this before all the World, 'that I may not be made such a tool for the future, 'and that Punchinello may choose hours less canoni-'cal. As things are now, Mr *Powell* has a full 'Congregation, while we have a very thin house; 'which if you can remedy, you will very much o-'blige,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

THE following Epistle I find is from the Undertaker of the Masquerade.

SIR,

'I Have observed the Rules of my Masque so care-'fully, (in not inquiring into persons) that I can-'not tell whether you were one of the company or 'not last *Tuesday*; but if you were not, and still de-'sign to come, I desire you would, for your own 'entertainment, please to admonish the Town, that 'all persons indifferently are not fit for this sort of

'diversion.

‘ diverſion. I could wiſh, Sir, you could make
‘ them underſtand, that it is a kind of acting to go
‘ in Maſquerade, and a man ſhould be able to ſay or do
‘ things proper for the Dreſs, in which he appears.
‘ We have now and then Rakes in the habit of *Roman*
‘ Senators, and grave Politicians in the dreſs of
‘ Rakes. The misfortune of the thing is, that peo-
‘ ple dreſs themſelves in what they have a mind to
‘ be, and not what they are fit for. There is not a
‘ Girl in the Town, but let her have her will in go-
‘ ing to a Maſque, and ſhe ſhall dreſs as a Shepherd-
‘ eſs. But let me beg of them to read the *Arcadia*,
‘ or ſome other good Romance, before they appear
‘ in any ſuch character at my houſe. The laſt Day
‘ we preſented, every body was ſo raſhly habited,
‘ that when they came to ſpeak to each other, a
‘ Nymph with a Crook had not a Word to ſay, but
‘ in the pert ſtile of the Pit Baudry; and a man in
‘ the habit of a Philoſopher was ſpeechleſs, till an
‘ occaſion offered of expreſſing himſelf in the refuſe
‘ of the Tyring-Rooms. We had a Judge that
‘ danced a minuet, with a Quaker for his partner,
‘ while half a dozen Harlequins ſtood by as Specta-
‘ tors: A *Turk* drank me off two bottles of Wine,
‘ and a *Jew* eat me up half a Ham of Bacon. If I
‘ can bring my deſign to bear, and make the Maſkers
‘ preſerve their characters in my Aſſemblies, I hope
‘ you will allow there is a Foundation laid for more
‘ elegant and improving Gallantries than any the
‘ Town at preſent affords; and conſequently, that
‘ you will give your Approbation to the Endeavours
‘ of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

I am very glad the following Epiſtle obliges me to mention Mr *Powell* a ſecond time in the ſame Paper; for indeed there cannot be too great Encouragement

 given

given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper reſtrictions.

SIR,

‘ THE Opera at the *Hay-Market*, and that under
‘ the little *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, being at
‘ preſent the two leading Diverſions of the Town,
‘ and Mr *Powell* profeſſing in his Advertiſements to
‘ ſet up *Whittington and his Cat* againſt *Rinaldo and*
‘ *Armida*, my curioſity led me the beginning of laſt
‘ Week to view both theſe performances, and make
‘ my obſervations upon them.

‘ FIRST therefore, I cannot but obſerve that Mr
‘ *Powell* wiſely forbearing to give his company a bill
‘ of fare beforehand, every Scene is new and unex-
‘ pected; whereas it is certain, that the Undertakers
‘ of the *Hay-market*, having raiſed too great an ex-
‘ pectation in their printed Opera, very much diſap-
‘ point their audience on the Stage.

‘ THE King of *Jeruſalem* is obliged to come from
‘ the City on foot, inſtead of being drawn in a
‘ triumphant chariot by white Horſes, as my Ope-
‘ ra-book had promiſed me; and thus while I ex-
‘ pected *Armida*'s Dragons ſhould ruſh forward to-
‘ wards *Argantes*, I found the Hero was obliged to
‘ go to *Armida*, and hand her out of her coach.
‘ We had alſo but a very ſhort allowance of thunder
‘ and lightning; tho' I cannot in this place omit
‘ doing juſtice to the Boy who had the direction of
‘ the two painted Dragons, and made them ſpit
‘ fire and ſmoke: he flaſh'd out his roſin in ſuch juſt
‘ proportions and in ſuch due time, that I could not
‘ forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a
‘ moſt excellent Player. I ſaw indeed but two things
‘ wanting to render his whole action complete, I
‘ mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hid-
‘ ing his candle.

‘ I obſerve that Mr *Powell* and the Undertakers

‘ had

'had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time of introducing Animals on their several stages, tho' indeed with very different success. The Sparrows and Chaffinches at the *Hay-Market*, fly as yet very irregular over the stage; and instead of perching on the Trees, and performing their parts, these young Actors either get into the galleries, or put out the Candles, whereas Mr *Powell* has so well disciplined his Pig, that in the first Scene he and Punch dance a Minuet together. I am informed however, that Mr *Powell* resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way; and introduce Larks in his next Opera of *Susanna*, or *Innocence betrayed*, which will be exhibited next Week with a Pair of new Elders.

'THE Moral of Mr *Powell*'s Drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national Reflexions on the *French*, and King *Harry*'s laying his leg upon the Queen's lap in too ludicrous a manner before so great an assembly.

'AS to the Mechanism and Scenery, every thing indeed was uniform and of a piece, and the Scenes were managed very dextrously; which calls on me to take notice, that at the *Hay-market*, the Undertakers forgetting to change their Side-Scenes, we were presented with a prospect of the Ocean in the midst of a delightful Grove; and tho' the gentlemen on the Stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the Grove, by walking up and down between the Trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow, in a full-bottomed Wig appear in the midst of the Sea and without any visible concern taking Snuff.

'I shall only observe one thing farther, in which both Dramas agree; which is, that by the squeak of their voices the Heroes of each are Eunuchs; and as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the Performance of Mr *Powel*, because it is in our own Language.

I am, &c.

No. 15. *Saturday, March* 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos——

Ovid. Ars. Am. l. 1. v. 159.

Light Minds are pleas'd with Trifles.

WHEN I was in *France*, I used to gaze with great Astonishment at the Splendid Equipages, and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantastic Nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a Lady, that sat in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaden behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful Pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

THE Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several Years, received the Addresses of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate Acquaintance she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of Great Riches, but a Crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two Months after she was carried to her grave with the same Pomp and Magnificence: being sent thither partly by the loss of one Lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I Have

I Have often reflected with myſelf on this unaccountable humour in Womankind, of being ſmitten with every thing that is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and on the numberleſs evils that befal the Sex, from this light fantaſtical diſpoſition. I myſelf remember a young Lady, that was very warmly ſolicited by a Couple of importunate rivals, who, for ſeveral months together, did all they could to recommend themſelves, by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableneſs of Converſation. At length when the competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himſelf of adding a ſupernumerary lace to his liveries, which had ſo good an effect, that he married her the very Week after.

THE uſual converſation of ordinary Women very much cheriſhes this natural weakneſs of being taken with outſide and Appearance. Talk of a new married Couple and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and ſix, or eat in Plate: Mention the name of an abſent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn ſomething of her Gown and Petticoat: A ball is a great help to diſcourſe, and a birth-day furniſhes converſation for a twelve-month after. A Furbelow of precious ſtones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waſtecoat or Petticoat, are ſtanding topics. In ſhort, they conſider only the Drapery of the Species, and never caſt away a thought, on thoſe Ornaments of the Mind that make perſons Illuſtrious in themſelves, and uſeful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the ſuperficial parts of life than the ſolid and ſubſtantial bleſſings of it. A Girl who has been trained up in this kind of converſation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed Gloves may be her ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons,

Silver and Gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are ſo many lures to Women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially diſplayed, are able to fetch down the moſt airy coquette from the wildeſt of her flights and rambles.

TRUE Happineſs is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to pomp and noiſe; it ariſes, in the firſt Place, from the enjoyment of one's ſelf; and in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect Companions: It loves ſhade and ſolitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In ſhort, it feels every thing it wants within itſelf, and receives no addition from multitudes of Witneſſes and Spectators. On the contrary, falſe Happineſs loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any ſatisfaction from the applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Aſſemblies, and has no Exiſtence but when ſhe is looked upon.

AURELIA, though a Woman of great Quality, delights in the privacy of a Country Life, and paſſes away a great part of her time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Huſband, who is her Boſom Friend and Companion in her ſolitudes, has been in Love with her ever ſince he knew her. They both abound with good ſenſe, conſummate virtue, and a mutual eſteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under ſo regular an oeconomy, in its hours of Devotion and Repaſt, Employment and Diverſion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within itſelf. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and ſometimes live in Town, not to enjoy it ſo properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themſelves the reliſh of a Country Life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by

their

their Servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

HOW different to this is the Life of *Fulvia!* fhe confiders her Hufband as her Steward, and looks upon difcretion and good Houfewifery as little domeftic Virtues unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks life loft in her own family, and fancies herfelf out of the World when fhe is not in the Ring, the Play-houfe, or the Drawing room: She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and reftlefnefs of thought, and is never eafy in any one place, when fhe thinks there is more company in another. The miffing of an Opera the firft Night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own Sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modeft and retired life, a poor-fpirited unpolifhed Creature. What a mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if fhe knew that her fetting herfelf to View is but expofing herfelf, and that fhe grows Contemptible by being Confpicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without obferving that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Paffion for Drefs and Show, in the character of *Camilla*; who, though fhe feems to have fhaken off all the other weakneffes of her fex, is ftill defcribed as a woman in this particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great flaughter of the enemy, fhe unfortunately caft her eye on a *Trojan*, who wore an embroidered Tunic, a beautiful coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the fineft Purple. *A Golden Bow*, fays he, *hung upon his Shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a Golden Clafp, and his Head was covered with an Helmet of the fame fhining Metal*. The *Amazon* immediately fingled out this well-dreffed Warriour, being feized with a Woman's longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with:

———Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ & fpoliorum ardebat amore.

Æn. 11. v. 782

This heedleſs purſuit after theſe glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) repreſents to have been the Deſtruction of his Female Hero. C

No. 16. *Monday, March* 19.

Quod verum atque decens curo & rogo et omnis in hoc ſum.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 11.

What right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my Care—for this is all. POPE.

I HAVE received a Letter, deſiring me to be very ſatyrical upon the little Muff that is now in faſhion; another informs me of a Pair of ſilver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately ſeen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-houſe in *Fleetſtreet*; a third ſends me an heavy complaint againſt fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is ſcarce an ornament of either Sex, which one or other of my Correſpondents has not inveigh'd againſt with ſome bitterneſs, and recommended to my Obſervation. I muſt therefore, once for all, inform my Readers, that it is not my intention to ſink the dignity of this my Paper with reflexions upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the Paſſions of Mankind, and to correct thoſe depraved ſentiments that give birth to all thoſe little extravagancies which appear in their outward Dreſs and Behaviour. Foppiſh and fantaſtic ornaments are only indications of Vice, not criminal in themſelves. Extinguiſh Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little ſuperfluities of garniture and equipage. The bloſſoms will fall of themſelves, when the root that nouriſhes them is deſtroyed.

I SHALL therefore, as I have ſaid apply my Remedies to the firſt Seeds and Principles of an affected dreſs, without deſcending to the dreſs itſelf; though at the

the ſame time I muſt own, that I have thoughts of creating an Officer under me to be entitled, *The Cenſor of ſmall Wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of ſuch his office. An Operator of this Nature might act under me, with the ſame regard as a Surgeon to a Phyſician; the one might be employed in healing thoſe blotches and tumours which break out in the body, while the other is ſweetning the blood and rectifying the conſtitution. If I ſpeak truly, the young people of both Sexes are ſo wonderfully apt to ſhoot out into long Swords or ſweeping Trains, buſhy Head-dreſſes or full-bottom'd Periwigs, with ſeveral other incumbrances of dreſs, that they ſtand in need of being pruned very frequently, leſt they ſhould be oppreſſed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriance of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I ſhould give the preference to a Quaker that is trimmed cloſe and almoſt cut to the quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with ſuch a redundance of excreſcences. I muſt therefore deſire my Correſpondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of ſuch a petty Cenſorſhip may not turn to the emolument of the Public; for I would not do any thing of this Nature raſhly and without advice.

THERE is another Set of Correſpondents to whom I muſt addreſs myſelf in the ſecond place; I mean ſuch as fill their letters with private ſcandal and black accounts of particular Perſons and Families. The World is ſo full of ill-nature, that I have Lampoons ſent me by people who cannot ſpell, and Satires compoſed by thoſe who ſcarce know how to write. By the laſt Poſt in particular I received a packet of ſcandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of Letters in womens hands that are full of blots and calumnies, inſomuch, that when I ſee the Name *Cælia*, *Phillis*, *Paſtora*, or the like, at the bottom of a ſcrawl, I conclude on courſe that it brings me

me some account of a fallen Virgin, a faithless Wife, or an amorous Widow. I must therefore inform these my Correspondents, that it is not my Design to be a Publisher of Intrigues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their present lurking-holes into broad day-light. If I attack the Vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular Criminal. In short, I have so much of a *Drawcansir* in me, that I shall pass over a single Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* nor *Silenus*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a Species not as it is circumstanced in an Individual. I think it was *Caligula*, who wished the whole City of *Rome* had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of Humanity, what that Emperor would have done in the cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective Body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

IN the next Place I must apply myself to my Party Correspondents, who are continually teazing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the Party which is opposite to him that writes the Letter. About two days since I was reproached with an old *Grecian* Law, that forbids any man to stand as a neuter or a Looker-on in the divisions of his Country. However, as I am very sensible my Paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a Party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks that way. If I can any way asswage private Inflammations,

Inflammations, or allay public Ferments, I ſhall apply myſelf to it with my utmoſt endeavours; but will never let my Heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards increaſing thoſe feuds and animoſities that extinguiſh Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miſerable.

WHAT I have ſaid under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my Correſpondents: I ſhall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has ſtarted any hint which he is not able to purſue, if he has met with any ſurpriſing Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has diſcovered any Epidemical Vice which has eſcaped my obſervation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would deſire to publiſh; in ſhort, if he has any materials that can furniſh out an innocent diverſion, I ſhall promiſe him my beſt Aſſiſtance in the working of them up for a public Entertainment.

THIS Paper my Reader will find was intended for an anſwer to a multitude of Correſpondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I ſingle out one of them in particular, who has made me ſo very humble a requeſt, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

S I R, *March* 15, 1710-11.

'I AM at preſent ſo unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind my own buſineſs; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleaſed to put me into ſome ſmall Poſt under you. I obſerve that you have appointed your Printer and Publiſher to receive letters and Advertiſements for the city of *London*; and ſhall think myſelf very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in Letters and Advertiſements for the City of *Weſtminſter* and the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*. Though

'I can-

'I cannot promiſe to fill ſuch an employment with 'ſufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up 'with Induſtry and Fidelity what I want in Parts 'and Genius. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

CHARLES LILLIE.

No. 17. *Tueſday, March 20.*

———*Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.*
Juv. Sat. 10. l. 191.

———*A viſage rough,*
Dform'd, unfeatur'd. Dryden.

SINCE our Perſons are not of our own making, when they are ſuch as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, an honeſt and laudable Fortitude to dare to be Ugly; at leaſt to keep ourſelves from being abaſhed with a conſciouſneſs of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend an haggard Beau, for paſſing away much time at a glaſs, and giving Softneſſes and languiſhing Graces to deformity. All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and ſhape, ſo far as never to give ourſelves an uneaſy Reflection on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People who are not accuſtomed to make very proper remarks on any occaſion, matter of great jeſt, if a man enters with a prominent pair of Shoulders into an Aſſembly, or is diſtinguiſhed by an expanſion of Mouth, or obliquity of Aſpect. It is happy for a man, that has any of theſe oddneſſes about him, if he can be as merry upon himſelf, as others are apt to be upon that occaſion: When he can poſſeſs himſelf with ſuch a chearfulneſs, Women and Children, who

are

are at firſt frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleaſed with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural Defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jeſt upon himſelf for them.

MADAM *Maintenon*'s firſt Huſband was an Hero in this kind, and has drawn many pleaſantries from the irregularity of his ſhape, which he deſcribes as very much reſembling the letter Z. He diverts himſelf likewiſe by repreſenting to his Reader the make of an Engine and Pully, with which he uſed to pull off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Viſage, and the owner of it thinks it an aſpect of dignity, he muſt be of very great quality to be exempt from rallery: The beſt expedient therefore is to be pleaſant upon himſelf. Prince *Harry*, and *Falſtaff*, in *Shakeſpear*, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. *Falſtaff* is humourouſly called *Woolſack*, *Bed-preſſer*, and *Hill of fleſh*; *Harry*, a *Starveling*, an *Elf-ſkin*, a *Sheath* a *Bow-caſe*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in ſeveral incidents of the converſation between them, the jeſt ſtill kept up upon the perſon. Great Tenderneſs and Senſibility in this point is one of the greateſt weakneſſes of Self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my face, which is not quite ſo long as it is broad: whether this might not partly ariſe from my opening my Mouth much ſeldomer than other people, and by conſequence not ſo much lengthening the Fibres of my Viſage, I am not at leiſure to determine. However it be, I have often been put out of countenance by the Shortneſs of my Face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a Periwig with an high Foretop, and letting my Beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented with a much ſhorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an account of. I have received it from *Oxford*, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and Good-humour, which is natural

to that place, I ſhall ſet it down Word for Word as it came to me.

Moſt profound Sir,

' HAVING been very well entertained, in the laſt
' of your Speculations that I have yet ſeen, by
' your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope
' you will continue, I ſhall take the liberty to furniſh
' you with a brief account of ſuch a one as perhaps
' you have not ſeen in all your Travels, unleſs it was
' your Fortune to touch upon ſome of the woody parts
' of the *African* Continent, in your Voyage to or from
' *Grand Cairo*. There have aroſe in this Univerſity
' (long ſince you left us without ſaying any thing)
' ſeveral of theſe inferior Hebdomadal Societies, as
' *the Punning Club*, *the Witty Club*, and amongſt the
' reſt, *the Handſom Club*; as a burleſque upon which,
' a certain merry Species that ſeem to have come in-
' to the world in maſquerade, for ſome years laſt paſt
' have aſſociated themſelves together, and aſſumed the
' name of *the Ugly Club*: This ill-favour'd fraternity
' conſiſts of a Preſident and twelve Fellows; the
' choice of which is not confined by Patent to any
' particular foundation, (as St *John*'s men would have
' the world believe, and have therefore erected a ſe-
' parate ſociety within themſelves) but liberty is left
' to elect from any School in *Great Britain*, provided
' the Candidates be within the rules of the Club, as
' ſet forth in a table, intituled, *The Act of Deformity*.
' A clauſe or two of which I ſhall tranſmit to you.

' I. THAT no Perſon whatſoever ſhall be admit-
' ted without a viſible Quearity in his Aſpect, or pe-
' culiar caſt of countenance; of which the Preſident
' and Officers for the time being are to determine,
' and the Preſident to have the caſting Voice.

' II. THAT a ſingular Regard be had, upon ex-
' amination, to the Gibboſity of the Gentlemen that
' offer themſelves, as Founders Kinſmen; or to the
' Obliquity of their Figure, in what ſort ſoever.

' III.

'III. THAT if the Quantity of any Man's Nose 'be eminently miscalculated, whether as to Length 'or Breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elec-'ted.

'*Lastly*, THAT if there shall be two or more 'Competitors for the same Vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, 'he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

'EVERY fresh Member upon his first Night, is 'to entertain the company with a Dish of Cod-fish, 'and a speech in praise of *Æsop*; whose portraiture 'they have in full proportion, or rather dispropor-'tion, over their chimney; and their design is, as 'soon as their Funds are sufficient, to purchase the 'heads of *Thersites*, *Duns Scotus*, *Scarron*, *Hudibras*, 'and the old Gentleman in *Oldham*, with all the ce-'lebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the 'Club-Room.

'AS they have always been professed admirers of 'the other Sex, so they unanimously declare that they 'will give all possible encouragement to such as will 'take the benefit of the Statute, though none yet 'have appeared to do it.

'THE worthy President, who is their most de-'voted Champion, has lately shewn me two Copies 'of verses composed by a Gentleman of this Society; 'the first a congratulatory Ode inscribed to Mrs '*Touchwood*, upon the loss of her two fore-teeth; 'the other, a panegyric upon Mrs *Andiron*'s left 'Shoulder. Mrs *Vizard*, (he says) since the small-'pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top Toast in 'the Club; but I never heard him so lavish of his 'fine things, as upon old *Nell Trot*, who constantly 'officiates at their table; her he even adores and 'extolls as the very counterpart of Mother *Shipton*; 'in short, *Nell* (says he) is one of the Extraordinary 'Works of Nature; but as for Complexion, Shape, 'and Features, so valued by others, they are all 'mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. 'Give me leave to add, that the President is a faceti-

'ous pleaſant Gentleman, and never more ſo, than 'when he has got (as he calls 'em) his dear mummers 'about him; and he often proteſts it does him good 'to meet a fellow with a right genuine Grimace in 'his Air, (which is ſo agreeable in the generality 'of the *French* Nation;) and as an inſtance of his 'ſincerity in this particular, he gave me a ſight of 'a liſt in his pocket-book of all of his Claſs, who 'for theſe five Years have fallen under his obſerva-'tion, with himſelf at the head of 'em, and in the 'Rear, (as one of a promiſing and improving aſ-'pect)

SIR,

Oxford, *Your obliged and,*
March 12, 1710. *Humble Servant,*
R Alexander Carbuncle.

No. 18. *Wedneſday, March* 21.

——Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos ocul s & gaudia vana.

Hor. Ep. I. l. 2. v. 187

But now our Nobles too are Fops and vain,
Neglect the Senſe, but love the painted Scene.

CREECH.

IT is my Deſign in this Paper to deliver down to poſterity a faithful account of the *Italian* Opera, and of the gradual progreſs which it has made upon the *Engliſh* Stage; for there is no queſtion but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the reaſon why their Forefathers uſed to ſit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not underſtand.

ARSINOE was the firſt Opera that gave us a

Taſte

Taſte of *Italian* Muſic. The great ſucceſs this Opera met with, produced ſome attempts of forming pieces upon *Italian* Plans, which ſhould give a more natural and reaſonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that Nation. This alarmed the Poetaſters and Fidlers of the Town, who were uſed to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an eſtabliſhed rule, which is received as ſuch to this Day, *That nothing is capable of being well ſet to Muſic, that is not Nonſenſe.*

THIS Maxim was no ſooner received, but we immediately fell to tranſlating the *Italian* Operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the ſenſe of thoſe extraordinary pieces, our Authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the Paſſages they pretended to tranſlate; their chief care being to make the Numbers of the *Engliſh* Verſe anſwer to thoſe of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the ſame Tune. Thus the famous Song in *Camilla*,

Barbara ſi t' intendo, &c.

Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expreſſes the reſentments of an angry Lover, was tranſlated into that *Engliſh* Lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's hopes, &c.

And it was pleaſant enough to ſee the moſt refined perſons of the *Britiſh* Nation dying away and languiſhing to notes that were filled with a ſpirit of rage and indignation. It happened alſo very frequently, where the ſenſe was rightly tranſlated, the neceſſary tranſpoſition of Words, which were drawn out of the phraſe of one Tongue into that of another, made the Muſic appear very abſurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* verſe that ran thus Word for Word,

And turn'd my Rage into Pity;

 which

which the *English* for Rhyme ſake tranſlated,

And into Pity turn'd my Rage.

By this means the ſoft notes that were adapted to *Pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the word *Rage* in the *Engliſh*; and the angry ſounds that were turned to *Rage* in the Original, were made to expreſs *Pity* in the Tranſlation. It oftentimes happened likewiſe, that the fineſt Notes in the Air fell upon the moſt inſignificant words in the ſentence. I have known the word *And* purſued through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the moſt beautiful graces, Quavers and Diviſions beſtowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal honour of our *Engliſh* Particles.

THE next Step to our Refinement, was the introducing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who ſung their parts in their own Language, at the ſame time that our Countrymen performed theirs in our Native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally ſpoke in *Italian*, and his ſlaves anſwered him in *Engliſh*; the Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the heart of his Princeſs, in a language which he did not underſtand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the perſons that converſed together; but this was the ſtate of the *Engliſh* Stage for about three years.

AT length the Audience grew tired of underſtanding half the Opera; and therefore to eaſe themſelves intirely of the fatigue of thinking, have ſo ordered it at preſent, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer underſtand the Language of our own Stage; inſomuch, that I have often been afraid, when I have ſeen our *Italian* performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abuſing us among themſelves; but I hope, ſince we

do

do put ſuch an intire confidence in them, they will not talk againſt us before our faces, though they may do it with the ſame ſafety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Hiſtorian who writes two or three hundred Years hence, and does not know the taſte of his wiſe Forefathers, will make the following reflexion, *In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century the* Italian *Tongue was ſo well underſtood in* England, *that Operas were acted on the public Stage in that Language.*

ONE ſcarce knows how to be ſerious in the Confutation of an Abſurdity that ſhews itſelf at the firſt ſight. It does not want any great meaſure of ſenſe to ſee the ridicule of this monſtrous practice; but what makes it the more aſtoniſhing, it is not the taſte of the rabble, but of perſons of the greateſt politeneſs, which has eſtabliſhed it.

If the *Italians* have a Genius for Muſic above the *Engliſh*, the *Engliſh* have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler Entertainment. Would one think it was poſſible (at a time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be ſo ſtupidly fond of the *Italian* Opera, as ſcarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Muſic is certainly a very agreeable entertainment: but if it would take the intire poſſeſſion of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing ſenſe, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of Human Nature; I muſt confeſs I would allow it no better Quarter than *Plato* has done, who baniſhes it out of his Commonwealth.

AT preſent, our Notions of Muſic are ſo very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are tranſported with any thing thing that is not *Engliſh*: So it be of a foreign growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High-Dutch*, it is the

ſame

fame thing. In fhort, our *Englifh* Mufic is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its ftead.

WHEN a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every man is at liberty to prefent his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnifh feveral hints that may be of ufe to a good Architect. I fhall take the fame liberty in a following Paper, of giving my opinion upon the fubject of Mufic; which I fhall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be confidered by thofe who are Mafters in the Art.

No. 19. *Thurfday, March* 22.

Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pufilli
Finxerunt animi, raro & perpauca loquentis.
Hor. Sat. 4. l. 1. v. 17.

Thank Heav'n that made me of an humble Mind;
To action little, lefs to Words inclin'd!

OBSERVING one Perfon behold another, who was an utter ftranger to him, with a caft of his Eye, which, methought, expreffed an emotion of Heart very different from what could be raifed by an object fo agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began to confider, not without fome fecret forrow, the condition of an Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their fafcination blafted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* fays, Some have been fo curious as to remark the times and feafons when the ftroke of an envious Eye is moft effectually pernicious, and have obferved that it has been when the Perfon envied has been in any Circumftance of Glory and Triumph. At fuch a time the mind of the profperous man goes,

as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more expoſed to the malignity. But I ſhall not dwell upon Speculations ſo abſtracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miſerable affection; but keeping in the road of common life, conſider the envious man with relation to theſe three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happineſs.

THE Envious Man is in pain upon all occaſions which ought to give him pleaſure. The reliſh of his Life is inverted; and the objects which adminiſter the higheſt ſatisfaction to thoſe who are exempt from this paſſion, give the quickeſt pangs to Perſons who are ſubject to it. All the perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: Youth, Beauty, Valour, and Wiſdom are provocations of their diſpleaſure. What a Wretched and Apoſtate ſtate is this! To be offended with excellence and to hate a man becauſe we approve him? The condition of the Envious Man is the moſt emphatically miſerable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or ſucceſs, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot againſt his quiet, by ſtudying their own Happineſs and Advantage. *Will Proſper* is an honeſt talebearer, he makes it his buſineſs to join in converſation with Envious Men. He points to ſuch an handſome young fellow, and whiſpers that he is ſecretly married to a great Fortune: when they doubt, he adds circumſtances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their diſtreſs, by aſſuring 'em, that, to his Knowledge, he has an Uncle will leave him ſome Thouſands. *Will* has many arts of this kind to torture this ſort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and ſay faintly they wiſh ſuch a piece of news is true, he has the malice to ſpeak ſome good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

THE reliefs of the Envious Man are thoſe little blemiſhes and imperfections that diſcover themſelves

in

in an illuſtrious Character. It is matter of grat conſolation to an Envious Perſon, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himſelf; Or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears ſo altered in its circumſtances, that the fame of it is divided among many, inſtead of being attributed to one. This is a ſecret ſatisfaction to theſe Malignants; for the perſon whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as ſoon as his merit is ſhared among others. I remember ſome Years ago there came out an excellent Poem without the name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of writing it began to pull in pieces the ſuppoſed Writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to ſuppreſs the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to ſay it was overlooked by one man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honeſt Fellow who ſat among a Cluſter of them in debate on this ſubject, cried out, *Gentlemen, if you are ſure none of you yourſelves had an Hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.* But the moſt uſual ſuccour to the Envious, in caſes of nameleſs Merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if poſſible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Perſon. You ſee an Envious Man clear up his countenance, if in the relation of any Man's Great Happineſs in one point, you mention his uneaſineſs in another. When he hears ſuch a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a word, the only ſure way to an Envious Man's favour, is not to deſerve it.

BUT if we conſider the Envious Man in delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his Houſe conſiſts in the many limbs of men whom he has ſlain. If any who promiſed themſelves ſucceſs in any uncommon underta-

king

king miſcarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been Uſeful and Laudable, meets with contempt and deriſion, the Envious Man, under the colour of hating vain-glory, can ſmile with an inward wantonneſs of heart at the ill effect it may have upon an honeſt ambition for the future.

HAVING throughly conſidered the Nature of this paſſion, I have made it my Study to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from theſe my Speculations; and if I am not miſtaken in myſelf, I think I have a Genius to eſcape it. Upon hearing in a Coffee-houſe one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would ſpring from that applauſe; and therefore gave a deſcription of my Face the next Day; being reſolved, as I grow in reputation for Wit, to reſign my pretenſions to beauty. This, I hope, may give ſome eaſe to theſe unhappy Gentlemen, who do me the honour to torment themſelves upon the account of this my Paper. As their caſe is very deplorable, and deſerves compaſſion, I ſhall ſometimes be dull, in pity to them and will from time to time adminiſter Conſolations to them by further Diſcoveries of my Perſon. In the mean while, if any one ſays the SPECTATOR has Wit, it may be ſome relief to them, to think that he does not ſhew it in company. And if any one praiſes his Morality, they may comfort themſelves by conſidering that his Face is none of the longeſt.

R

No. 20. *Friday, March* 23.

——Κύνος ὄμματ' ἔχων—— Hom. Il. 1. l. 225.

Thou Dog in Forehead—— POPE.

AMONG the other hardy Undertakings which I have propoſed to myſelf, that of the Correction of

of Impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an offence committed by the Eyes, and that againſt ſuch as the Offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring any other way. The following Letter is a complaint of a young Lady, who ſets forth a treſpaſs of this kind, with that command of herſelf as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with ſo much ſpirit as ſufficiently expreſſes her indignation. The whole tranſaction is performed with the Eyes; and the crime is no leſs then employing them in ſuch a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the beſt uſe they can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

SIR,

'THERE never was (I believe) an acceptable 'Man but had ſome aukward imitators. Ever 'ſince the SPECTATOR appeared, have I remarked 'a kind of men, whom I chooſe to call *Starers;* 'that without any regard to Time, Place, or Mo'deſty, diſturb large company with their impertinent 'Eyes. Spectators make up a proper Aſſembly for 'a Puppet-Show or a Bear-garden; but devout 'ſupplicants and attentive hearers, are the audience 'one ought to expect in Churches. I am, Sir, mem'ber of a ſmall pious Congregation near one of the 'North Gates of this City: much the greater part 'of us indeed are Females, and uſed to behave our'ſelves in a regular attentive manner, till very late'ly one whole Iſle has been diſturbed with one of 'theſe monſtrous Starers; he's the head taller than 'any one in the Church; but for the greater advan'tage of expoſing himſelf, ſtands upon a Haſſock, 'and commands the whole Congregation, to the 'great annoyance of the devouteſt part of the au'ditory; for what with bluſhing, confuſion and vex'ation, we can neither mind the Prayers nor Ser-

'mon.

'mon. Your animadverfion upon this infolence
'would be a great favour to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

S. C.

I have frequently feen of this fort of Fellows, and do not think there can be a greater Aggravation of an offence, that that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the Sacrednefs of the place which he violates. Many Reflexions of this fort might be very juftly made upon this kind of behaviour, but a *Starer* is not ufually a perfon to be convinced by the reafon of the thing, and a fellow that is capable of fhewing an impudent front before a whole Congregation, and can bear being a public Spectacle, is not fo eafily rebuked as to amend by Admonitions. If therefore my Correfpondent does not inform me, that within feven Days after this Date the Barbarian does not at leaft ftand upon his own Legs only, without an eminence, my friend *Will Profper* has promifed to take an Haffock oppofite to him, and ftare againft him in defence of the Ladies. I have given him directions, according to the moft exact rules of Optics, to place himfelf in fuch a manner that he fhall meet his Eyes wherever he throws them: I have hopes that when *Will* confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whofe behalf he engages him, caft kind looks and wifhes of fuccefs at their Champion, he will have fome fhame, and feel a little of the pain he has fo often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has indeed been Time out of Mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infefted public affemblies: And I know no other way to obviate fo great an evil, except, in the cafe of fixing their Eyes upon Women,

ſome male friend will take the part of ſuch as are under the oppreſſion of impudence, and encounter the Eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we ſuffer our Women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to caſt yielding glances at the ſtarers: And in this caſe, a man who has no ſenſe of ſhame has the ſame advantage over his Miſtreſs, as he who has no regard for his own Life has over his Adverſary. While the Generality of the World are fettered by rules and move by proper and juſt methods; he who has no reſpect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that Propriety of Behaviour, with no other Merit, but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent Fellow to be a ſort of Outlaw in Good breeding, and therefore what is ſaid of him no Nation or Perſon can be concerned for. For this reaſon, one may be free upon him. I have put myſelf to great pains in conſidering this prevailing Quality which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itſelf in a different manner according to the different ſoils wherein ſuch ſubjects of theſe Dominions, as are maſters of it, were born. Impudence in an *Engliſhman* is ſullen and inſolent; in a *Scotchman* it is untractable and rapacious; in an *Iriſhman* abſurd and fawning: As the courſe of the World now runs, the impudent *Engliſhman* behaves like a ſurly Landlord, the *Scot* like an ill received Gueſt, and the *Iriſhman* like a Stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is ſeldom any thing entertaining either in the Impudence of a *South* or *North-Britain*; but that of an *Iriſhman* is always Comic: A true and genuine Impudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the leaſt ſenſe it: The beſt and moſt ſucceſsful ſtarers now in this Town, are of that Nation; they have uſually the advantage of the ſtature mentioned in the above Letter of my Correſpondent, and generally take their ſtands in the eye of Women of Fortune: Inſomuch that I have known

known one of them, three months after he came from Plough, with a tolerable good air lead out a Woman from a Play, which one of our own breed, after four years at *Oxford*, and two at the *Temple*, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these People have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of Womankind. Perhaps it is that an *English* Coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an *Irish* one; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way toward it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflexion that they are such, are more to be tolerated, that a set of Fellows among us who profess Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the World, with no other Apology than saying in a gay tone, *I put an Impudent Face upon the Matter.* No; no man shall be allowed the advantages of Impudence, who is conscious that he is such: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the Want of Modesty; without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit detestable. R

No. 21. *Saturday, March* 24.

————————*Locus est & pluribus Umbris.*
Hor. Ep. 5. l. 1. v. 28.

There's room enough, and each may bring his Friend. Creech.

I AM sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic; how they are each of them over-

burdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

WE may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear scarves. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first class, our Constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late Years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into Scarf-Officers; insomuch that within my memory the price of lutestring is raised above two pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in *England*.

THE Body of the Law is no less incumbered with superfluous members, that are like *Virgil*'s Army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their Weapons. This prodigious Society of men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to *Westminster-Hall*, every Morning in Term-time. *Martial*'s description of this species of Lawyers is full of Humour:

Iras & verba locant.

Men that hire out their Words and Anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him.

I must

I must however observe to the Reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

THE peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a Ruler than a Pleader. These men live peaceably in their Habitations, eating once a Day, and dancing once a Year, for the honour of their respective societies.

ANOTHER numberless Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-house more than *Westminster-Hall*, and are seen in all public Assemblies, except in a court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within Doors in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber-practice.

IF, in the third place, we look into the Profession of Physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men: The sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a Nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that excellent Author observed that there were no Students in Physic among

the ſubjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this Science very much flouriſhes in the North at preſent, he might have found a better ſolution for this difficulty than any of thoſe he has made uſe of. This Body of Men in our own Country, may be deſcribed like the *British* Army in *Cæſar*'s time: Some of them ſlay in Chariots, and ſome on Foot. If the Infantry do leſs execution than the charioteers, it is becauſe they cannot be carried ſo ſoon into all quarters of the Town, and diſpatch ſo much buſineſs in ſo ſhort a time. Beſides this body of Regular Troops, there are ſtragglers, who without being duly liſted and enrolled, do infinite miſchief to thoſe who are ſo unlucky as to fall into their hands.

THERE are, beſides the abovementioned, innumerable retainers to Phyſic, who for want of other patients, amuſe themſelves with the ſtifling of Cats in an Air-Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of inſects upon the point of a Needle for Microſcopical Obſervations; beſides thoſe that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chaſe of Butterflies; not to mention the Cockleſhell-Merchants and Spider-catchers.

WHEN I conſider how each of theſe Profeſſions are crowded with multitudes that ſeek their livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather ſaid to be of the Science, than the Profeſſion; I very much wonder at the humour of Parents, who will not rather chooſe to place their ſons in a way of life where an honeſt induſtry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greateſt Probity, Learning, and good Senſe may miſcarry. How many men are Country-Curates, that might have made themſelves Aldermen of *London*, by a right improvement of a ſmaller Sum of Money than what is uſually laid out upon a learned Education? A ſober frugal perſon, of ſlender parts and a ſlow apprehenſion, might have thrived in Trade, though he ſtarves upon Phyſick; as a man would be well enough
pleaſed

pleaſed to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulſe. *Vagellius* is careful, ſtudious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-ſkull'd; he has not a ſingle Client, but might have had abundance of Cuſtomers. The misfortune is, that Parents take a liking to a particular Profeſſion, and therefore deſire their ſons may be of it: Whereas, in ſo great an affair of life, they ſhould conſider the genius and abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

IT is the great advantage of a trading Nation, that there are few in it ſo dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like Law, Phyſick, or Divinity, to be overſtocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flouriſhes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its Profeſſors. Fleets of Merchant-men are ſo many ſquadrons of floating ſhops, that Vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropics.

C

No. 22. *Monday, March* 26.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 188.

—— Whatever condradicts my Senſe
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.

Roſcommon.

THE word SPECTATOR being moſt uſually underſtood as one of the Audience at public repreſentations in our Theatres, I ſeldom fail of many Letters relating to Plays and Operas. But indeed there are ſuch monſtrous things done in both, that if one had not been an eye-witneſs of them, one could not believe

believe that ſuch matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human Life, or is a Picture of Nature, that is regarded by the greater part of the company. The Underſtanding is diſmiſſed from our entertainments. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Admiration the Wonder of Idiots; elſe ſuch improbable, monſtrous, and incoherent dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmoſt ſcorn and contempt, but even with the loudeſt applauſe and approbation. But the Letters of my Correſpondents will repreſent this affair in a more lively manner than any Diſcourſe of my own; I ſhall therefore give them to my Reader with only this preparation, that they all come from Players, and that the buſineſs of playing is now ſo managed, that you are not to be ſurpriſed when I ſay one or two of them are rational, others ſenſitive and vegetable Actors, and others wholly inanimate. I ſhall not place theſe as I have named them, but as they have Precedence in the Opinion of their Audience.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOUR having been ſo humble as to take notice of the Epiſtles of other Animals, emboldens me who am the wild Boar that was killed by Mrs *Toſts*, to repreſent to you, That I think I was hardly uſed in not having the part of the Lion in *Hydaſpes* given to me. It would have been but a natural ſtep for me to have perſonated that noble Creature, after having behaved myſelf to ſatisfaction in the part above-mentioned: But that of a Lion is too great a Character for one that never trod the Stage before but upon two legs. As for the little reſiſtance which I made, I hope it may be excuſed, when it is conſidered that the Dart was thrown at me by ſo fair an hand. I muſt confeſs I had but juſt put on my brutality; and *Camilla*'s Charms were ſuch, that beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming Voice, and aſtoniſhed with

'her graceful Motion, I could not keep up to my af-'sumed Fierceneſs, but died like a Man.

I am SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

THOMAS PRONE.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THIS is to let you underſtand, that the Play-'houſe is a repreſentation of the World in no-'thing ſo much as in this particular, that no one ri-'ſes in it according to his merit. I have acted ſeve-'ral parts of Houſehold ſtuff with great Applauſe for 'many years: I am one of the men in the Hangings 'in the *Emperor of the Moon*; I have twice perform-'ed the third chair in an *Engliſh* Opera; and have 'rehearſed the pump in the *Fortune-Hunters*. I am 'now grown old, and hope you will recommend me 'ſo effectually, as that I may ſay ſomething before I 'go off the Stage: In which you will do a great act 'of Charity to

Your moſt humble Servant,

WILLIAM SCRENE.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'UNDERSTANDING that Mr *Screne* has writ 'to you, and deſired to be raiſed from dumb 'and ſtill parts; I deſire, if you give him Motion or 'Speech, that you would advance me in my way, and 'let me keep on in what I humbly preſume I am 'a Maſter, to wit, in repreſenting human and ſtill 'life together. I have ſeveral times acted one of the 'fineſt Flower-pots in the ſame Opera wherein Mr '*Screne* is a Chair; therefore upon his promotion, 'requeſt that I may ſucceed him in the Hangings, 'with my Hand in the Orange-Trees.

Your humble Servant,

RALPH SIMPLE.

SIR,

SIR, *Drury-Lane, March* 24, 1710-11.

'I Saw your Friend the Templar this Evening in
' the Pit, and thought he looked very little pleased
' with the representation of the mad Scene of the
' *Pilgrim.* I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour
' to animadvert frequently upon the false taste the
' Town is in, with relation to Plays as well as Operas.
' It certainly requires a degree of understanding
' to play justly; but such is our condition, that
' we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts.
' As to Scenes of Madness, you know, Sir, there are
' noble instances of this kind in *Shakespear*; but then
' it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous
' and humane resentments. It is like that grief which
' we have for the decease of our friends; it is no diminution,
' but a recommendation of human Nature,
' that in such incidents Passion gets the better of Reason;
' and all we can think to comfort ourselves, is
' impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention
' that we had an Idiot in the Scene, and all the
' sense it is represented to have, is that of Lust. As
' for myself, who have long taken pains in personating
' the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite.
' The part I play'd is Thirst, but it is represented as
' written rather by a Dray-man than a Poet. I come
' in with a Tub about me, that Tub hung with Quart-Pots,
' with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed
' to tell you that I pleased very much, and
' this was introduced as a Madness; but sure it was
' not human Madness, for a Mule or an Ass may
' be as dry as ever I was in my life.

I am SIR,

Your most obedient and humble Servant.

Mr SPECTATOR, *From the* Savoy *in the* Strand.

'IF you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you
' this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate

'fortunate King *Latinus*, and believe I am the first 'Prince that dated from this Palace since *John of 'Gaunt*. Such is the Uncertainty of all human 'Greatness, that I who lately never moved without 'a Guard, am now pressed as a common Soldier, 'and am to sail with the first fair wind against my 'Brother *Lewis of France*. It is a very hard thing 'to put off a character which one has appeared in 'with applause: This I experienced since the loss 'of my Diadem; for upon quarrelling with another 'Recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my Part in '*Recitativo*;

————Most audacious Slave,
Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave?

'The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when 'a Serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I 'had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody 'understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy circum-'stances; and if by your mediation you can pro-'cure a Subsidy for a Prince (who never failed to 'make all that beheld him merry at his appearance) 'you will merit the Thanks of

Your Friend,
The King of *Latium*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Good of the Public.

WITHIN two Doors of the Masquerade lives an emi-nent Italian *Chirurgeon, arrived from the Carnival at* Venice, *of great Experience in private Cures. Accom-modations are provided, and Persons admitted in their Masquing Habits.*

HE has cured since his coming thither, in less than a Fortnight, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkish *Bassas, Three Nuns, and a Morris-Dan-cer.*

Venienti

Venienti occurite Morbo.

N. B. *ANY Person may agree by the Great; and be kept in Repair by the Year. The Doctor draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask.*

No. 23. *Tuesday, March 27.*

Saevit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immittere possit.
Virg. Aen. 9 v. 420.

Fierce Volscens *foams with Rage, and gazing round*
Descry'd not him, who gave the fatal Wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge.—— Dryden.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satires, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned darts; which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of Humour and Ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a Civil Society. His Satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is praise-worthy, will be made the subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in

in the dark, and I know no other excuſe that is to be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a ſecret Shame or Sorrow in the mind of the ſuffering Perſon. It muſt indeed be confeſs'd, that a Lampoon or Satire do not carry in them Robbery or Murder; but at the ſame time, how many are there that would not rather loſe a conſiderable ſum of Money, or even Life itſelf, than be ſet up as a mark of Infamy and Deriſion? and in this caſe a man ſhould conſider, that an injury is not to be meaſured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

THOSE who can put the beſt Countenance upon the outrages of this Nature which are offered them, are not without their ſecret anguiſh. I have often obſerved a paſſage in *Socrates*'s Behaviour at his Death, in a light wherein none of the Critics have conſidered it. That excellent Man, entertaining his Friends, a little before he drank the Bowl of Poiſon, with a Diſcourſe on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entring upon it, ſays, that he does not believe any the moſt Comic Genius can cenſure him for talking upon ſuch a ſubject at ſuch a time. This Paſſage, I think evidently glances upon *Ariſtophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpoſe to ridicule the diſcourſes of that Divine Philoſopher. It has been obſerved by many Writers, that *Socrates* was ſo little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was ſeveral times preſent at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expreſſed the leaſt reſentment of it. But with ſubmiſſion, I think the remark here made ſhews us, that this unworthy treatment made an impreſſion upon his mind, though he had been too wiſe to diſcover it.

WHEN *Julius Cæſar* was lampoon'd by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with ſuch a generous civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the ſame

kind Treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous *Latin* Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good Abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few Months after. This had so good an effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

SEXTUS QUINTUS was not of so generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of *Pasquin* was one Night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul Linen, because his Laundress was made a Princess. This was a reflexion upon the Pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this Pasquinade made a great noise in *Rome*, the Pope offered a considerable sum of Money to any person that should discover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the Satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the Kings in *Europe* were his Tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his boast that he had laid the Sophi of *Persia* under contribution.

THOUGH in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of

their

their reproaches, and conſequently that they receiv-ed them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never truſt a man that I thought was capable of giving theſe ſecret Wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the perſon, whoſe Reputation he thus aſſaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the ſame ſecurity. There is indeed ſomething very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scribblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady ſhall be expoſed, for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turned to ridicule, for ſome domeſtic calamity. A Wife be made uneaſy all her Life, for a miſinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a juſt Man ſhall be put out of countenance by the repreſentation of thoſe qualities that ſhould do him Honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I HAVE indeed heard of heedleſs inconſiderate Writers, that without any malice have ſacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a ſilly ambition of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a ſpirit of Rallery and Satire: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured Man, than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very miſchievous without deſigning to be ſo. For which reaſon, I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiſcreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natur'd one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and thoſe he wiſhes ill to: the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this occaſion, tranſcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger l'Eſtrange*, which accidentally lyes before me. ‘ A company of waggiſh Boys were watching ‘ of Frogs at the ſide of a pond, and ſtill as any of ‘ 'em put up their heads, they'd be pelting them ‘ down again with ſtones. *Children*, (ſays one of ‘ the

‘ the Frogs) *you never conſider that tho' this may be ‘ Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

AS this Week is in this manner ſet apart and dedicated to ſerious Thoughts, I ſhall indulge myſelf in ſuch Speculations as may not be altogether unſuitable to the Seaſon; and in the mean time, as the ſettling in ourſelves a Charitable frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expoſe that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally overlooked by Divines, becauſe they are but few who can be guilty of it. C

No. 24. *Wedneſday*, *March* 28.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum;
Arreptaque manu; Quid agis dulciſſime rerum?
Hor Sat. 9 l. 1. v. 3.

Came up a Fop (I knew him but by fame)
And ſeiz'd my Hand, and call'd me by my Name——
——My Dear!——how doſt!

THERE are in this Town a great Number of inſignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better ſort of converſation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with thoſe to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *Park*, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with Ladies; if you drink a Bottle, they will find your Haunts. What makes ſuch Fellows the more burdenſome, is, that they neither offend nor pleaſe ſo far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I preſume, for this reaſon, that my Correſpondents are willing by my means to be rid of them. The two following Letters are writ by perſons who ſuffer by ſuch impertinence. A worthy old Bachelor, who ſets in for his doſe of Claret every night at ſuch

ſuch an hour, is teazed by a ſwarm of them; who because they are ſure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a ſort of Club in his company; tho' the ſober Gentleman himſelf is an utter enemy to ſuch meetings.

MR SPECTATOR,

'THE Averſion I for ſome Years have had to 'Clubs in general, gave me a perfect reliſh for 'your Speculation on that Subject; but I have ſince 'been extremely mortified by the malicious World's 'ranking me amongſt the ſupporters of ſuch imper-'tinent aſſemblies. I beg leave to ſtate my caſe 'fairly; and that done, I ſhall expect redreſs from 'your judicious Pen.

'I AM, Sir, a Bachelor of ſome ſtanding, and a 'Traveller; my buſineſs, to conſult my own humour, 'which I gratify without controlling other people's; 'I have a room and a whole Bed to myſelf; and I 'have a Dog, a Fiddle, and a Gun; they pleaſe 'me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal 'is a Supper, which I always make at a Tavern. I 'am conſtant to an hour, and not ill-humour'd; 'for which reaſons, tho' I invite no body, I have no 'ſooner ſupp'd, than I have a Crowd about me of 'that ſort of good Company that know not whither 'elſe to go. It is true every man pays his ſhare; 'yet as they are Intruders, I have an undoubted 'right to be the only Speaker, or at leaſt the loud-'eſt; which I maintain, and that to the great emo-'lument of my audience. I ſometimes tell them 'their own in pretty free Language; and ſometimes 'divert them with merry tales, according as I am 'in Humour. I am one of thoſe who live in Ta-'verns to a great age, by a ſort of regular intem-'perance; I never go to bed drunk, but always 'fluſter'd; I wear away very gently, am apt to be 'peeviſh, but never angry. *Mr* SPECTATOR, If you 'have kept various Company, you know there is in

every Tavern in Town some old Humourist or o-
'ther, who is Master of the House as much as he
'that keeps it. The Drawers are all in awe of him;
'and all the Customers, who frequent his company,
'yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not
'know but I may be such a fellow as this myself.
'But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a
'Club, because so many impertinents will break in
'upon me, and come without appointment? *Clinch*
'of *Barnet* has a nightly meeting, and shows to
'every one that will come in and pay; but then he
'is the only Actor. Why should people miscal things?
'If his is allow'd to be a Consort, why mayn't mine
'be a Lecture; However, Sir, I submit it to you,
'and am,

SIR,

Your most obedient, &c.

Tho. Kimbow.

Good Sir,

'YOU and I were press'd against each other last
'Winter in a Crowd, in which uneasy posture
'we suffer'd together for almost half an hour. I
'thank you for all your Civilities ever since, in be-
'ing of my Acquaintance wherever you meet me.
'But the other day you pull'd off your Hat to me
'in the *Park* when I was walking with my Mistress.
'She did not like your air, and said she wondered
'what strange fellows I was acquainted with. Dear
'Sir, consider it is as much as my life is
'worth, if she should think we were intimate; there-
'fore I earnestly intreat you for the future to take
'no manner of notice of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble Servant,

Will. Fashion.

A like

A like impertinence is alſo very troubleſome to the ſuperior and more intelligent part of the fair Sex. It is, it ſeems, a great inconvenience, that thoſe of the meaneſt capacities will pretend to make Viſits, tho' indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the houſe (by filling an empty chair) than to the converſation they come into when they viſit. A Friend of mine hopes for redreſs in this caſe, by the Publication of her Letter in my Paper; which ſhe thinks thoſe ſhe would be rid of will take to themſelves. It ſeems to be written with an eye to one of thoſe pert giddy unthinking Girls, who upon the recommendation only of an agreeable perſon, and a faſhionable air, take themſelves to be upon a level with Women of the greateſt Merit.

MADAM,

'I TAKE this Way to acquaint you with what 'common Rules and Forms would never permit 'me to tell you otherwiſe; to wit, that you and I, 'tho' Equals in Quality and Fortune, are by no 'means ſuitable Companions. You are, 'tis true, 'very pretty, can dance, and make a very good Fi'gure in a public Aſſembly; but alas, Madam, you 'muſt go no further; diſtance and ſilence are your 'beſt recommendations; therefore let me beg of 'you never to make me any more Viſits. You come 'in a literal ſenſe to ſee one, for you have nothing 'to ſay. I do not ſay this, that I would by any 'means loſe your Acquaintance; but I would keep 'it up with the ſtricteſt forms of Good-breeding. 'Let us pay Viſits, but never ſee one another; If 'you will be ſo good as to deny yourſelf always to 'me, I ſhall return the obligation by giving the 'ſame Orders to my Servants. When Accident 'makes us meet at a third Place, we may mutually 'lament the misfortune of never finding one ano'ther at home, go in the ſame party to a Benefit-'Play, and ſmile at each other, and put down Glaſ-

'ſes

'fes[illegible]s we paſs in our Coaches. Th[illegible]s we may en-'joy a[illegible] much of each other's Friendſhip as we are 'capabl[illegible]: For there are ſome people who are to be 'known [illegible]nly by ſight, with which ſort of Friend-'ſhip I ho[illegible]e you will always honour,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

Mary Tueſday.

P. S. 'I ſubſcribe myſelf by the Name of the 'Day I keep, that my ſupernumerary Friends may 'know who I am.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all Miſtakes, that may happen among Gentlemen of the other End of the Town, who come but once a Week to St James's *Coffee-houſe, either by miſcalling the Servants, or requiring ſuch things from them as are not properly within their reſpective Provinces; this is to give notice, that* Kidney, *Keeper of the Book-Debts of the outlying Cuſtomers, and Obſerver of thoſe who go off without-paying, having reſign'd that employment, is ſucceeded by* John Sowton, *to whoſe place of Enterer of Meſſages and firſt Coffee-Grinder* William Bird *is promoted; and* Samuel Murdock *comes as Shoe-Cleaner in the room of the ſaid* Bird. R

No. 25. *Thurſday, March 29.*

——Aegreſcitque medendo. Virg. Aen, 12. v. 46.

And ſickens by the very means of Health.

THE following Letter will explain itſelf, and needs no Apology.

SIR,

SIR,

'I Am one of that ſickly Tribe who are commonly known by the name of *Valetudinarians*; and 'do confeſs to you, that I firſt contracted this ill 'habit of body or rather of mind, by the Study of 'Phyſic. I no ſooner began to purſue Books of this 'nature, but I found my pulſe was irregular; and 'ſcarce ever read the Account of any Diſeaſe 'that I did not fancy myſelf afflicted with. Doctor '*Sydenham*'s learned Treatiſe of Fevers threw me 'into a lingring Hectic, which hung upon me all 'the while I was reading that excellent piece. I 'then applied myſelf to the ſtudy of ſeveral Authors, who have written upon Phthiſical Diſtempers, and by that means fell into a conſumption; 'till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner ſhamed out of that imagination. Not long 'after this I found in myſelf all the Symptoms of 'the Gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a 'Treatiſe upon the Gravel, written by a very Ingenious Author, who (as it is uſual for Phyſicians 'to convert one diſtemper into another) eaſed me 'of the Gout by giving me the Stone. I at length 'ſtudied myſelf into a complication of diſtempers; 'but, accidentally taking into my hand that Ingenious Diſcourſe written by *Sanctorius*, I was reſolved to direct myſelf by a Scheme of Rules, which 'I had collected from his Obſervations. The learned World are very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Invention; who, for the better carrying 'on of his experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was ſo artificially hung upon 'Springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as 'a pair of ſcales. By this means he diſcovered how 'many Ounces of his Food paſs'd by Perſpiration, 'what quantity of it was turned into Nouriſhment, 'and how much went away by the other Channels 'and Diſtributions of Nature.

"HAVING provided myſelf with this Chair, I

'ufed to Study, Eat, Drink and Sleep in it; info-
'much that I may be faid, for thefe three laft Years,
'to have lived in a pair of fcales. I compute my-
'felf, when I am in full health, to be precifely Two
'hundred Weight, falling fhort of it about a Pound
'after a Day's Faft, and exceeding it as much after
'a very full meal; fo that it is my continual em-
'ployment, to trim the balance between thefe two
'Volatile Pounds in my Conftitution. In my ordi-
'nary meals I fetch myfelf up to two hundred
'Weight and half a Pound; and if after having
'dined I find myfelf fall fhort of it, I drink juft fo
'much fmall beer, or eat fuch a quantity of bread,
'as is fufficient to make me weight. In my greateft
'exceffes I do not tranfgrefs more than the other
'half pound; which, for my Health's fake, I do
'the firft *Monday* in every Month. As foon as I
'find myfelf duly poifed after Dinner, I walk till I
'have perfpired five ounces and four fcruples; and
'when I difcover, by my Chair, that I am fo far
'reduced, I fall to my books, and ftudy away three
'ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the
'pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine
'and fup by the Clock, but by my chair: for when
'that informs me my pound of Food is exhaufted, I
'conclude myfelf to be hungry, and lay in another
'with all diligence. In my days of abftinence I
'lofe a Pound and an half, and on folemn fafts
'am two Pound lighter than on other Days in the
'Year.

'I allow myfelf, one Night with another, a Quar-
'ter of a pound of fleep within a few grains more
'or lefs; and if upon my rifing I find that I have
'not confumed my whole quantity, I take out the
'reft in my Chair. Upon an exact calculation of
'what I expended and received the laft Year, which
'I always regifter in a Book, I find the medium to
'be Two hundred Weight, fo that I cannot difco-
'ver that I am impaired one ounce in my health
'during

'during a whole Twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, 'notwithſtanding this my great care to ballaſt my-'ſelf equally every Day, and to keep my body in its 'proper Poiſe, ſo it is that I find myſelf in a ſick 'and languiſhing condition. My Complexion is 'grown very ſallow, my pulſe low, and my body 'hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to 'conſider me as your Patient, and to give me more 'certain Rules to walk by than thoſe I have already 'obſerved, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant.

THIS Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the monument of a *Valetudinarian*, *Stavo ben, ma per ſtar Meglio ſto qui:* Which it is impoſſible to tranſlate. The fear of Death often proves Mortal, and ſets people on methods to ſave their Lives, which infallibly deſtroy them. This is a Reflection made by ſome Hiſtorians, upon obſerving that there are many more thouſands killed in a Flight than in a Battle; and may be applied to thoſe Multitudes of imaginary Sick perſons that break their Conſtitutions by Phyſic, and throw themſelves into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to eſcape it. This method is not only dangerous but below the practice of a Reaſonable Creature. To conſult the Preſervation of Life, as the only end of it, To make our Health our Buſineſs, To engage in no Action that is not part of a regimen, or courſe of Phyſic; are purpoſes ſo abject, ſo mean, ſo unworthy human Nature, that a generous ſoul would rather die than ſubmit to them. Beſides, that a continual anxiety for Life vitiates all the reliſhes of it, and caſts a Gloom over the whole face of Nature; as it is impoſſible we ſhould take delight in any thing that we are every Moment afraid of loſing.

I do not mean, by what I have here ſaid, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their Health.

Health. On the contrary, as Chearfulneſs of Mind, and Capacity for buſineſs, are in a great meaſure the effects of a well-temper'd Conſtitution, a Man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preſerve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common ſenſe, but by Duty and Inſtinct, ſhould never engage us in groundleſs Fears, melancholy Apprehenſions, and imaginary Diſtempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to Live than How to live. In ſhort, the preſervation of Life ſhould be only a ſecondary concern, and the direction of it our Principal. If we have this Frame of Mind, we ſhall take the beſt means to preſerve life, without being over-ſolicitous about the event; and ſhall arrive at that point of Felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the perfection of Happineſs, of neither fearing nor wiſhing for Death.

IN anſwer to the Gentleman, who tempers his Health by Ounces and by Scruples, and, inſtead of complying with thoſe natural ſolicitations of Hunger and Thirſt, Drowſineſs or Love of Exerciſe, governs himſelf by the preſcriptions of his Chair, I ſhall tell him a ſhort Fable. *Jupiter*, ſays the Mythologiſt, to reward the Piety of a certain Countryman, promiſed to give him whatever he would aſk: The Countryman deſired that he might have the Management of the Weather in his own Eſtate: He obtained his requeſt, and immediately diſtributed Rain, Snow, and Sunſhine among his ſeveral fields as he thought the Nature of the Soil required. At the End of the Year, when he expected to ſee a more than ordinary Crop, his Harveſt fell infinitely ſhort of that of his Neighbours: Upon which (ſays the Fable) he deſired *Jupiter* to take the Weather again into his own Hands, or that otherwiſe he ſhould utterly ruin himſelf.

C

Friday,

No. 26. *Friday, March 30.*

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres, O beate Sexti,
Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
Jam te premet nox, fabulaeque manes,
Et Domus exilis Plutonia———————

Hor. Od. 4. l. 1. v. 13.

With equal Foot, rich Friend, impartial Fate
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate:
Life's Span forbids thee to extend thy Cares,
And stretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go,
To story'd Ghosts, and Pluto's *House below.* Creech.

WHEN I am in a serious Humour, I very often walk by myself in *Westminster*-Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the Building and condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I Yesterday passed a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloisters, and the Church, amusing myself with the Tomb-stones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the Dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day and died upon another: The whole History of his Life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of Existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the Battles of He-

roic poems, who have ſounding Names given them, for no other reaſon but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the Head.

Γλαῦκον τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσίλοχόν τε HOM.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therſilochumque. VIRG.

Glaucus and *Medon*, and *Therſilochus*.

The Life of theſe Men is finely deſcribed in Holy Writ by *the path of an arrow*, which is immediately cloſed up and loſt.

UPON my going into the Church, I entertained myſelf with the digging of a Grave; and ſaw in every ſhovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a Bone or Scull intermixt with a kind of freſh mouldering earth that ſome time or other had a place in the compoſition of an human Body. Upon this I began to conſider with myſelf what innumerable multitudes of people lay confuſed together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Prieſts and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongſt one another, and blended together in the ſame common Maſs; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old-age, Weakneſs and Deformity, lay undiſtinguiſhed in the ſame promiſcuous heap of Matter.

AFTER having thus ſurveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on ſeveral of the Monuments which are raiſed in every quarter of that ancient Fabric. Some of them were covered with ſuch extravagant Epitaphs, that if it were poſſible for the dead perſon to be acquainted with them, he would bluſh at the praiſes which his Friends have beſtowed upon him. There are others ſo exceſſively modeſt, that they deliver the

the Character of the Person departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the Poetical Quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited Monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons, whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a Nation from the turn of their public Monuments and Inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of Learning and Genius before they are put in execution. Sir *Cloudesley Shovel*'s Monument has very often given me great offence: Instead of the brave rough *English* Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Periwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his Death, in which is was impossible for him to reap any honour. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of Genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of Antiquity and Politeness in their buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in those of our own Country. The monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral

Crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful Feſtoons of Sea-weed, Shells, and Coral.

BUT to return to our Subject. I have left the Repoſitory of our *Engliſh* Kings for the Contemplation of another day, when I ſhall find my mind diſpoſed for ſo ſerious an amuſement. I know that entertainments of this Nature are apt to raiſe dark and diſmal Thoughts in timorous Minds, and gloomy Imaginations, but for my own part, though I am always ſerious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and ſolemn Scenes, with the ſame pleaſure as in her moſt gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myſelf with thoſe Objects, which others conſider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Deſire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tomb ſtone, my Heart melts with Compaſſion, when I ſee the Tomb of the Parents themſelves, I conſider the Vanity of grieving for thoſe whom we muſt quickly follow: When I ſee Kings lying by thoſe who depoſed them, when I conſider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their conteſts and diſputes, I reflect with ſorrow and aſtoniſhment on the little Competitions, Factions, and Debates of Mankind. When I read the ſeveral dates of the Tombs, of ſome that died Yeſterday, and ſome ſix hundred Years ago, I conſider that great Day when we ſhall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together.

C

Saturday,

No. 27. *Saturday*, *March* 31.

Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger Annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit Custodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque Tempora, quae spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod
Aeque pauperibus prodest, Locupletibus aeque,
Aeque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 20.

IMITATED.

Long as to him, who works for Debt, the Day;
Long as the Night to her, whose Love's away;
Long as the Year's dull Circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one:
So slow th' unprofitable Moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my Soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant Business to a future Day:
That Task, which as we follow, or despise,
The Eldest is a Fool, the Youngest Wise:
Which done, the Poorest can no Wants endure;
And which not done, the Richest must be Poor.

Pope.

THERE is scarce a thinking Man in the World, who is involved in the business of it, but lives under a secret impatience of the hurry and fatigue he suffers, and has formed a Resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a state as is suitable to the end of his Being. You hear Men every day in conversation profess that all the Honour, Power and Riches, which they propose to themselves, cannot give satisfaction enough to reward them for half the anxiety they undergo in the pursuit, or possession of them. While men are in this temper, (which

happens very frequently) how inconſiſtent are they with themſelves? They are wearied with the toil they bear; but cannot find in their Hearts to relinquiſh it; retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themſelves to it: While they pant after Shade and Covert, they ſtill affect to appear in the moſt glittering ſcenes of Life: but ſure this is but juſt as reaſonable as if a man ſhould call for more Lights, when he has a mind to go to ſleep.

SINCE then it is certain that our own Hearts deceive us in the Love of the World, and that we cannot command ourſelves enough to reſign it, though we every Day wiſh ourſelves diſengaged from its Allurements; let us not ſtand upon a formal taking of leave, but wean ourſelves from them, while we are in the midſt of them.

IT is certainly the general Intention of the greater part of mankind to accompliſh this Work, and live according to their own Approbation, as ſoon as they poſſibly can: But ſince the Duration of Life is ſo uncertain, and that has been a common Topic of Diſcourſe ever ſince there was ſuch a thing as Life itſelf, how is it poſſible that we ſhould defer a Moment the beginning to live according to the Rules of Reaſon?

THE Man of Buſineſs has ever ſome one Point to carry and then he tells himſelf he'll bid adieu to all the vanity of Ambition: The Man of Pleaſure reſolves to take his leave at leaſt, and part civily with his Miſtreſs; but the Ambitious Man is entangled every moment in a freſh purſuit, and the lover ſees new charms in the Object he fancied he could abandon. It is therefore a fantaſtical way of thinking, when we promiſe ourſelves an alteration in our conduct from change of place, and difference of circumſtances; the ſame paſſions will attend us wherever we are 'till they are Conquered; and we can never live to our Satisfaction in the deepeſt retirement, un-

leſs we are capable of living ſo in ſome meaſure amidſt the Noiſe and Buſineſs of the World.

I have ever thought Men were better known, by what could be obſerved of them from a peruſal of their private Letters, than any other way. My Friend the Clergyman, the other day, upon ſerious diſcourſe with him concerning the danger of Procraſtination, gave me the following Letters from perſons with whom he lives in great friendſhip and intimacy, according to the good Breeding and good Senſe of his Character. The firſt is from a Man of Buſineſs, who is his Convert: The ſecond from one of whom he conceives good Hopes: The third from one who is in no State at all, but carried one way and another by ſtarts.

S I R,

'I Know not with what Words to expreſs to you 'the ſenſe I have of the high obligation you have 'laid upon me, in the Penance you enjoin'd me of 'doing ſome good or other to a Perſon of Worth 'every day I live. The Station I am in furniſhes 'me with daily opportunities of this kind; and the 'noble Principle with which you have inſpired me, 'of Benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens 'my Application in every thing I undertake. When 'I relieve Merit from diſcountenance, when I aſſiſt 'a friendleſs perſon, when I produce concealed 'Worth, I am diſpleaſed with myſelf, for having 'deſigned to leave the World in order to be virtu'ous. I am Sorry you decline the occaſions which 'the condition I am in might afford me of enlarging 'your Fortunes; but know I contribute more to 'your Satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the 'better Man, from the Influence and Authority you 'have over, *S I R,*

Your moſt obliged and
moſt humble Servant,

R. O.

S I R,

SIR,

'I AM intirely convinced of the Truth of what you 'were pleased to say to me, when I was last with 'you alone. You told me then of the silly way I 'was in; but you told me so, as I saw you loved 'me, otherwise I could not obey your Commands 'in letting you know my Thoughts so sincerely as 'I do at present. I know *the Creature for whom I 'resign so much of my Character*, is all that they said 'of her; but then the trifler has something in her 'so undesigning, and harmless, that her Guilt in 'one kind disappears by the comparison of her In-'nocence in another. Will you, virtuous Men, al-'low no Alteration of Offences? Must dear *Chloe* be 'called by the hard name you pious people give to 'common Women? I keep the solemn promise I 'made you in writing to you the state of my mind, 'after your kind admonition; and will endeavour 'to get the better of this fondness, which makes me 'so much her humble Servant, that I am almost a-'shamed to subscribe myself yours,

T. D.

SIR,

'THERE is no State of Life so Anxious as that 'of a man who does not live according to the 'dictates of his own Reason. It will seem odd to 'you, when I assure you that my Love of Retire-'ment first of all brought me to Court; but this 'will be no riddle, when I acquaint you that I 'placed myself here with a design of getting so much 'money as might enable me to purchase a handsome 'retreat in the Country. At present my Circum-'stances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to 'pass away the remaining part of my Life in such a 'retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to 'my great misfortune I have intirely lost the relish 'of it, and should now return to the Country with

'greater

'greater reluctance than I at first came to Court. 'I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond 'of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the 'greatest importance: In short, I find a Contest in 'my own mind between Reason and Fashion. I 'remember you once told me, that I might live in 'the World and out of it, at the same time. Let 'me beg of you to explain this Paradox more at 'large to me, that I may conform my Life, if pos-'sible, both to my Duty and my Inclination.

I am

Your most humble Servant,

R R. B.

No. 28. *Monday, April* 2.

——*Neque semper arcum*
Tendit Apollo. Hor. Od. 10. l. 2. v. 19.

Nor does Apollo *always bend his Bow.*

I Shall here Present my Reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the City, and to the driving barbarity out of our Streets. I consider it as a Satire upon Projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticism.

SIR,

'OBserving that you have Thoughts of creating 'certain officers under you, for the inspection 'of several petty enormities which you yourself can-'not attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung 'out upon the Sign-Posts of this City, to the great 'scandal of Foreigners, as well as those of our own 'Country, who are curious Spectators of the same:

'I do

'I do humbly propose, that you would be pleased 'to make me your Superintendent of all such Figures 'and Devices as are or shall be made use of on this 'occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge 'whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For 'want of such an Officer, there is nothing like sound 'Literature and good Sense to be met with in those 'objects, that are every where thrusting themselves 'out to the eye, and endeavouring to become vi-'sible. Our Streets are filled with blue Boars, black 'Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs 'and Hogs in Armour, with many other creatures 'more extraordinary than any in the Deserts of *A-'frick*. Strange! that one who has all the Birds 'and Beasts in Nature to choose out of, should live 'at the sign of an *Ens Rationis!*

'MY first Task therefore should be, like that of '*Hercules*, to Clear the City from monsters. In 'the second Place I would forbid, that Creatures of 'jarring and incongruous Natures should be join'd 'together in the same sign; such as the Bell and 'the Neat's-Tongue, the Dog and the Gridiron. 'The Fox and Goose may be supposed to have met, 'but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do 'together? And when did the Lamb and Dolphin 'ever meet, except upon a Sign-post? As for the 'Cat and Fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and there-'fore I do not intend that any thing I have here 'said should affect it. I must however observe to 'you upon this Subject, that it is usual for a young 'Tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his 'own sign that of the Master whom he served; as 'the Husband, after Marriage, gives a place to his 'Mistress's arms in his own Coat. This I take to 'have given rise to many of those absurdities which 'are committed over our heads; and, as I am in-'formed, first occasioned the three Nuns and a 'Hare, which we see so frequently joined together. 'I would therefore establish certain rules, for the

'determining

'determining how far one Tradesman may *give* the 'sign of another, and in what cases he may be al-'lowed to quarter it with his own.

'IN the third Place, I would enjoin every Shop 'to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to 'the Wares in which it deals. What can be more 'inconsistent, than to see a Bawd at the Sign of the 'Angel, or a Tailor at the Lion? A Cook should 'not live at the boot, nor a Shoe-maker at the 'roasted Pig; and yet for want of this regulation, I 'have seen a Goat set up before the Door of a Per-'fumer, and the *French* King's Head at a Sword-'Cutler's.

'AN ingenious Foreigner observes, that several 'of those Gentlemen who value themselves upon 'their Families, and overlook such as are bred to 'trade, bear the tools of their Forefathers in their 'Coats of Arms. I will not examine how true this 'is in fact: but though it may not be necessary for 'Posterity thus to set up the sign of their Forefa-'thers, I think it highly proper for those who ac-'tually profess the trade, to shew some such marks 'of it before their Doors.

'WHEN the name gives an occasion for an in-'genious Sign-Post, I would likewise advise the 'Owner to take that opportunity of letting the 'World know who he is. It would have been ridi-'culous for the ingenious Mrs *Salmon* to have lived 'at the Sign of the Trout; for which reason she has 'erected before her house the figure of the Fish that 'is her Name-sake. Mr *Bell* has likewise distin-'guished himself by a device of the same nature: 'And here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, 'that this particular Figure of a Bell has given oc-'casion to several pieces of Wit in this kind. A 'Man of your Reading must know, that *Abel Drug-ger* gained great Applause by it in the time of *Ben Johnson*. Our Apocryphal Heathen God is also 'represented by this Figure; which, in conjunction

'with

'with the Dragon, makes a very handſome picture 'in ſeveral of our ſtreets. As for the Bell-Savage, 'which is the ſign of a Savage Man ſtanding by a 'Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the 'conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading 'of an old Romance tranſlated out of the *French*; 'which gives an account of a very beautiful Wo-'man who was found in a Wilderneſs, and is cal-'led in the *French La Belle Sauvage*; and is every 'where tranſlated by our Countrymen the Bell-Sa-'vage. This piece of philoſophy will, I hope, con-'vince you that I have made ſign-poſts my ſtudy, 'and conſequently qualified myſelf for the employ-'ment which I ſolicit at your hands. But before I 'conclude my Letter, I muſt communicate to you 'another remark which I have made upon the Sub-'ject with which I am now entertaining you, name-'ly, that I can give a ſhrewd gueſs at the humour 'of the inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his 'door. A ſurly cholerick fellow generally makes 'choice of a Bear; as men of milder diſpoſitions 'frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a punch-'bowl painted upon a Sign near *Charing-Croſs*, and 'very curiouſly garniſhed, with a Couple of Angels 'hovering over it and ſqueezing a Lemon into it, I 'had the curioſity to aſk after the Maſter of the 'Houſe, and found, upon inquiry, as I had gueſſ-'ed by the little *Agreemens* upon his ſign, that he 'was a *Frenchman* I know, Sir, it is not requiſite 'for me to enlarge upon theſe hints to a Gentleman 'of your great abilities; ſo humbly recommending 'myſelf to your Favour and Patronage,

I remain, &c.

I ſhall add to the foregoing Letter, another which came to me by the ſame Penny-Poſt.

From

From my own Apartment near Charing-Cross.

Honoured Sir,

'HAVING heard that this Nation is a great Encourager of Ingenuity, I have brought with 'me a Rope-Dancer that was caught in one of the 'woods belonging to the Great *Mogul*. He is by 'birth a Monkey; but swings upon a Rope, takes 'a pipe of Tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale, like 'any reasonable Creature. He gives great satisfac-'tion to the Quality: and if they will make a sub-'scription for him, I will send for a Brother of his 'out of *Holland* that is a very good Tumbler; and 'also for another of the same family whom I design 'for my *Merry-Andrew*, as being an excellent Mi-'mic, and the greatest droll in the Country where 'he now is. I hope to have this Entertainment in 'a readiness for the next Winter; and doubt not 'but it will please more than the Opera or Puppet-'show. I will not say that a Monkey is a better 'man than some of the Opera-Heroes; but certain-'ly he is a better representative of a man, than the 'most artificial composition of Wood and Wire. If 'you will be pleased to give me a good word in 'your Paper, you shall be every Night a Spectator 'at my Show for nothing.

C *I am, &c.*

No. 29. *Tuesday, April* 3.

——*Sermo lingua concinnus utraque*
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.

Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1. v. 23.

Both Tongues united sweeter Sounds produce,
Like Chian *mix'd with the* Falernian *Juice.*

THERE is nothing that has more startled our *English* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo*

 at

at its firſt entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully ſurpriſed to hear Generals ſinging the word of Command, and Ladies delivering meſſages in Muſic. Our Countrymen could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superſcription of a Letter-ſet to a tune. The famous blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fidlers ſolus*, was now no longer an abſurdity; when it was impoſſible for a Hero in a Deſart, or a Princeſs in her cloſet, to ſpeak any thing unaccompanied with muſical inſtruments.

BUT however this *Italian* Method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at firſt hearing, I cannot but think it much more juſt than that which prevailed in our *Engliſh* Opera before this innovation: the tranſition from an air to Recitative Muſic being more natural, than the paſſing from a Song to plain and ordinary ſpeaking, which was the common method in *Purcell*'s Operas.

THE only fault I find in our preſent practice is the making uſe of the *Italian Recitativo* with *Engliſh* words.

TO go to the Bottom of this Matter, I muſt obſerve, that the tone, or (as the *French* call it) the accent of every Nation in their ordinary ſpeech is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may ſee even in the *Welſh* and *Scotch*, who border ſo near upon us. By the tone or accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the ſound of the whole ſentence. Thus it is very common for an *Engliſh* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them ſpeak in a tone; and therefore he very wiſely prefers his own Countrymen, not conſidering that a Foreigner complains of the ſame tone in an *Engliſh* Actor.

FOR this Reaſon, the Recitative Muſic, in every Language, ſhould be as different as the tone or accent of each Language; for otherwiſe, what may

properly

properly expreſs a paſſion in one Language, will not do it in another. Every one who has not been long in *Italy* knows very well, that the cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their Voices in ordinary converſation, or, to ſpeak more properly, are only the accents of their Language made more muſical and Tuneful.

THUS the Notes of Interrogation, or Admiration, in the *Italian* Muſic (if one may ſo call them) which reſemble their accents in diſcourſe on ſuch occaſions are not unlike the ordinary tones of an *Engliſh* Voice when we are angry; inſomuch that I have often ſeen our audiences extremely miſtaking as to what has been doing upon the Stage, and expecting to ſee the Hero knock down his Meſſenger, when he has been aſking him a queſtion; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend when he only bids him Good-morrow.

FOR this reaſon the *Italian* Artiſts cannot agree with our *Engliſh* Muſicians, in admiring *Purcell's* Compoſitions, and thinking his tunes ſo wonderfully adapted to his Words; becauſe both Nations do not always expreſs the ſame paſſions by the ſame ſounds.

I AM therefore humbly of Opinion, that an *Engliſh* Compoſer ſhould not follow the *Italian* Recitative too ſervilely, but make uſe of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own Native Language. He may copy out of it all the lulling Softneſs and *Dying Falls* (as *Shakeſpear* calls them,) but ſhould ſtill remember that he ought to accommodate himſelf to an *Engliſh* Audience; and by humouring the tone of our Voices in ordinary converſation, have the ſame regard to the accent of his own Language, as thoſe perſons had to theirs whom he profeſſes to imitate. It is obſerved that ſeveral of the ſinging birds of our own Country learn to ſweeten their voices, and mellow the harſhneſs of their natural Notes, by practiſing under thoſe that come from warmer climates. In the ſame manner I

would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *English* Music as much as may grace and soften it, but never intirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the Infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the Subject-matter of it be *English*.

A Composer should fit his Music to the Genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every Country abounds with: In short, that music is of Relative Nature, and what is harmony to one Ear, may be dissonance to another.

THE same Observations which I have made upon the Recitative Part of Music, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

SIGNIOR *Baptist Lully* acted like a Man of sense in this particular. He found the *French* music extremely defective and very often barbarous: However, knowing the Genius of the People, the humour of their Language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Music and plant the *Italian* in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrow'd from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is scarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* such a preference. The music of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of such a gay airy people. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds gives the Parterre frequent opportunities of joining in concert with the Stage. This inclination of the Audience to sing along with the Actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the performer on the Stage do no more in a celebrated Song, than the Clerk of a Parish-Church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and

and is afterwards drowned in the Music of the Congregation. Every actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all embroider'd, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our *English* Dancing-masters. I have seen a Couple of Rivers appear in red stockings; and *Alpheus*, instead of having his Head covered with sedge and bull-rushes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed periwig, and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quivers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a Country brook the much more agreeable Music.

I Remember the last Opera I saw in that merry Nation, was the Rape of *Proserpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a *French* Equipage, and brings *Ascalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I Shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Music, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general Sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those Arts themselves: or in other words the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatick ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A Man of an ordinary ear is a Judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the Melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

C

Wednesday,

No. 30. *Wednesday, April 4.*

Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore Jocisque
Nil est Jucundum; vivas in amore Jocisque.

Hor. Ep. 6. l. 1. v. 65.

If nothing, as Mimnermus *strives to prove,*
Can e'er be pleasant without wanton Love,
Then live in wanton Love, thy Sports pursue. CREECH.

ONE common Calamity makes Men extremely affect each other, tho' they differ in every other particular. The passion of Love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from *Oxford*, that there are a set of sighers in that University, who have erected themselves into a Society in honour of that tender Passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of Inamorato's, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other Company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a Man comes into the Club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his Discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging glance, She never 'looked so well in her Life as this Evening;' or the like reflexion, without regard to any other member of the Society: for in this Assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of Snuff-boxes and Canes, which are usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of ribbon, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which

they

they play with while they talk of the fair Perſon remembered by each reſpective token. According to the repreſentation of the matter from my Letters, the company appear like ſo many Players rehearſing behind the Scenes; one is ſighing and lamenting his Deſtiny in beſeeching terms, another declaring he will break his Chain, and another in dumb ſhow ſtriving to expreſs his Paſſion by his Geſture. It is very ordinary in the Aſſembly for one of a ſudden to riſe and make a Diſcourſe concerning his paſſion in general, and deſcribe the temper of his mind in ſuch a manner, as that the whole Company ſhall join in the deſcription, and feel the force of it. In this caſe, if any man has declared the Violence of his Flame in more pathetic Terms, he is made Preſident for that Night, out of reſpect to his ſuperior Paſſion.

WE had ſome Years ago in this Town a ſet of People who met and dreſſed like Lovers, and were diſtinguiſhed by the Name of the *Fringe-Glove Club*; but they were perſons of ſuch moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their paſſion, that their irregularities could not furniſh ſufficient Variety of Folly to afford daily new impertinencies; by which means that Inſtitution dropped. Theſe Fellows could expreſs their paſſion in nothing but their dreſs; but the *Oxonians* are phantaſtical now they are Lovers, in proportion to their Learning and Underſtanding before they became ſuch. The thoughts of the ancient Poets on this agreeable phrenzy, are tranſlated in honour of ſome modern Beauty; and *Chloris* is won To-day by the ſame compliment that was made to *Leſbia* a thouſand Years ago. But as far as I can learn, the Patron of the Club is the renowned Don *Quixote*. The Adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mentioned in the Society, under the colour of laughing at the paſſion and themſelves: But at the ſame time tho' they are ſenſible of the extravagancies of that unhappy Warrior, they do not obſerve, that to turn all the Reading of the beſt and

wiſeſt

wisest Writings into rhapsodies of Love, is a phrenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished *Spaniard*. A Gentleman who, I hope, will continue his Correspondence, is lately admitted into the Fraternity, and sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'SINCE I find you take notice of Clubs, I beg 'leave to give you an account of one in *Oxford*, 'which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps 'never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the 'title of the *Amorous Club*, are all Votaries of *Cupid*, 'and admirers of the fair Sex. The reason that we 'are so little known in the World, is the Secrecy 'which we are obliged to live under in the Univer-'sity. Our Constitution runs counter to that of the 'Place wherein we live: For in Love there are no 'Doctors, and we all profess so high passion, that 'we admit of no Graduates in it. Our President-'ship is bestowed according to the Dignity of Pas-'sion; our number is unlimited; and our Statutes 'are like those of the *Druids*, recorded in our own 'breasts only, and explained by the Majority of the 'Company. A Mistress, and a Poem in her praise, 'will introduce any Candidate: Without the latter 'no one can be admitted; for he that is not in love 'enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our society. To 'speak disrespectfully of any Woman is expulsion 'from our gentle Society. As we are at present all 'of us Gown-men, instead of duelling when we are 'Rivals, we drink together the health of our Mis-'tress. The manner of doing this sometimes in-'deed creates debates; on such occasions we have 'recourse to the rules of Love among the Ancients.

Nævia

Nævia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.
Mart. Epig. 72. l. 1.

Six Cups to *Nævia*, to *Justina* seven.

'This Method of a Glass to every Letter of her 'Name, occasioned the other night a dispute of 'some Warmth. A young student, who is in Love 'with Mrs *Elizabeth Dimple*, was so unreasonable as 'to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha*; 'which so exasperated the Club, that by common 'consent we retrench'd it to *Betty*. We look upon 'a man as no Company, that does not sigh five 'times in a Quarter of an hour; and look upon a 'Member as very absurd, that is so much himself as 'to make a direct Answer to a question. In fine, 'the whole Assembly is made up of absent men, that 'is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and 'whose minds and bodies never keep company with 'one another. As I am an unfortunate member of 'this distracted Society, you cannot expect a very 'regular account of it; for which reason, I hope 'you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe 'myself,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant.

T. B.

'I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has six 'Votaries in this Club, is one of your Readers.

Tuesday,

No. 31. *Tuesday, April 5.*

Sit mihi fas audita loqui——————

Virg. Aen. 6. v. 266.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

LAST Night, upon my going into a Coffee-house not far from the *Hay-market* Theatre, I diverted myself for above half an hour with overhearing the Discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that Species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole Table of listners with the project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three Mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the Town. The dancing Monkeys are in one place; the Puppet-show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to lose half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an Opera, Entitled, *The Expedition of* Alexander *the Great*; in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about Town, among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece.

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The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our Stage: in one of which there was a Raree-show; in another a Ladder-dance; and in others a Posture-Man, a Moving Picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

THIS *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the Oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjurer, who has been visited by so many persons of Quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: At the same time *Clinch* of *Barnet* is represented in another corner of the Temple, as ringing the bells of *Delphos*, for joy of his Arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs *Salmon*, where *Alexander* is to fall in love with a piece of Wax-work, that represents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to Pieces Limb by Limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a Scene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be represented all the Diversions of that Place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in *Asia*, which *Alexander* must be supposed to pass through, will give the Audience a sight of Monkeys dancing upon Ropes, with many other Pleasantries of that ludicrous Species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange Animals in Town, whether Birds or Beasts, they may be either let loose among the Woods, or driven across the Stage by some of the Country People of *Asia*. In the last great Battle, *Penkethman* is to personate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encountered by *Powell*, representing *Alexander* the Great, upon a Dromedary, which

which nevertheleſs Mr *Powell* is deſired to call by the name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the cloſe of this great deciſive Battle, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to ſhew the mutual friendſhip and good correſpondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-ſhow, in which the ingenious Mr *Powell, junior*, may have an opportunity of diſplaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the Diverſion of the two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged, that a Puppet-Show was not a ſuitable entertainment for *Alexander* the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we ſuppoſe the Conqueror touched upon that part of *India* which is ſaid to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the propoſal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the reconciliation of theſe two Kings they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his gueſt with the *German* Artiſt, Mr *Pinkethman*'s heathen gods, or any of the like Diverſions, which ſhall then chance to be in vogue.

THIS Project was received with very great Applauſe by the whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his deſign; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his intention that the whole Opera ſhould be acted in that Language, which was a Tongue he was ſure would wonderfully pleaſe the Ladies, eſpecially when it was a little raiſed and rounded by the *Ionic* Dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole Audience, becauſe there are fewer of them who underſtand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only difficulty that remained, was how to get Performers, unleſs we could perſuade ſome Gentlemen of the Univerſities to learn to ſing, in order to qualify themſelves for the Stage; but this objection ſoon vaniſhed, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at preſent the only Muſicians in the

Turkiſh

o

Turkiſh Empire, and that it would be very eaſy for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furniſh us every Year with a Colony of Muſicians, by the opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; beſides, ſays he, if we want any ſingle voice for any lower part in the Opera, *Laurence* can learn to ſpeak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a Fortnight's time.

THE Projector having thus ſettled matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himſelf before the Fire, where I had unluckily taken my ſtand for the convenience of overhearing what he ſaid. Whether he had obſerved me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not ſtood by me above a quarter of a Minute, but he turned ſhort upon me on a ſudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner: Beſides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Muſic that lives in *Switzerland*, who has ſo ſtrong a Spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ ſound like a Drum, and if I could but procure a Subſcription of about ten thouſand pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to ſet every thing that ſhould be ſung upon the *Engliſh* Stage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an anſwer; when by good luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-houſe ſince the Projector applied himſelf to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiſs* Compoſitions, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh, is our Muſic then to receive farther Improvements from *Switzerland*! This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to anſwer him. I took the opportunity of the Diverſion which ſeemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with ſome Precipitation. C

No. 32. *Friday, April 6.*

Nil illi larvæ aut tragicis opus esse Cothurnis.
Hor. Sat. 5. l. 1. v. 64.

He wants no tragic Vizor to increase
His natural Deformity of Face.

THE late Discourse concerning the Statutes of the *Ugly Club*, having been so well received at *Oxford*, that, contrary to the strict rules of the Society, they have been so partial as to take my own Testimonial, and admit me into that select body; I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the World the honour which is done me. It is no small satisfaction, that I have given occasion for the President's shewing both his invention and reading to such advantage as my Correspondent reports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper Hums and Pauses in his Harangue, which lose their Ugliness in the narration, and which my Correspondent (begging his pardon) has no very good talent at representing. I very much approve of the contempt the Society has of beauty: Nothing ought to be laudable in a Man, in which his will is not concerned; therefore our Society can follow Nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the Occasion.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOUR making pùblic the late trouble I gave 'you, you will find to have been the occasion 'of this: Who should I meet at the Coffee-house 'door t'other Night, but my old Friend Mr Pre- 'sident? I saw somewhat had pleased him; and as soon

'soon as he had cast his eye upon me, "Oho, Doc-
"tor, rare news from *London*, (says he); the Spec-
"tator has made honourable mention of the Club
"(man) and published to the World his sincere de-
"sire to be a Member, with a recommendatory de-
"scription of his Phiz: and tho' our Constitution has
"made no particular provision for short faces, yet,
"his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall
"find an Hole for him to creep in at; for I assure
"you he is not against the Canon; and if his sides
"are as compact as his Joles, he need not disguise
"himself to make one of us." 'I presently called
'for the Paper, to see how you looked in Print;
'and after we had regaled ourselves a while upon
'the pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr President
'told me I should be his stranger at the next Night's
'Club: where we were no sooner come, and pipes
'brought, but Mr President began an harangue up-
'on your introduction to my Epistle, setting forth
'with no less volubility of speech than strength of
'reason, "That a Speculation of this nature was
"what had been long and much wanted; and that
"he doubted not but it would be of inestimable va-
"lue to the Public, in reconciling even of bodies
"and souls; in composing and quieting the minds
"of Men under all corporal Redundancies, Defi-
"ciencies, and Irregularities whatsoever; and mak-
"ing every one sit down content in his own car-
"case, though it were not perhaps so mathemati-
"cally put together as he could wish." And a-
gain, "How that for want of a due consideration
"of what you first advance, *viz.* that our faces are
"not of our own choosing, People had been trans-
"ported beyond all Good-Breeding, and hurried
"themselves into unaccountable and fatal extrava-
"gancies: As, how many impartial Looking-Glas-
"ses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and
"sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, on-
"ly for a fair representation of the truth? how ma-

" ny Headſtrings and Garters had been made ac-
" ceſſary, and actually forfeited, only becauſe folks
" muſt needs quarrel with their own Shadows? And
" who (continues he) but is deeply ſenſible, that
" one great ſource of the uneaſineſs and miſery of
" human life, eſpecially among thoſe of diſtinction,
" ariſes from nothing in the World elſe, but too ſe-
" vere a contemplation of an indefeaſible contexture
" of our external parts, or certain natural and in-
" invincible Diſpoſitions to be fat or lean? When
" a little more of Mr SPECTATOR's Philoſophy would
" take off all this; and in the mean time let them
" obſerve, that there's not one of their grievances
" of this ſort, but perhaps, in ſome Ages of the
" World, has been highly in vogue; and may be
" ſo again; nay, in ſome Country or other, ten to
" one is ſo at this day. My Lady *Ample* is the moſt
" miſerable Woman in the World, purely of her
" own making: ſhe even grudges herſelf meat and
" drink, for fear ſhe ſhould thrive by them; and is
" conſtantly crying out, In a Quarter of a Year
" more I ſhall be quite out of all manner of ſhape!
" Now the Lady's misfortune ſeems to be only this,
" that ſhe is planted in a wrong ſoil; for, go but
" t'other ſide of the Water, it's a jeſt at *Harlem* to
" talk of a ſhape under eighteen ſtone. Theſe wiſe
" Traders regulate their beauties as they do their
" butter, by the pound; and Miſs *Croſs*, when ſhe
" firſt arrived in the *Low-Countries*, was not com-
" puted to be ſo handſom as Madam *Van Briſket*
" by near half a tun. On the other hand, there's
" Squire *Lath*, a proper Gentleman of fifteen hun-
" dred Pound *per Annum*, as well as of an unblame-
" able life and converſation; yet would not I be the
" Eſquire for half his Eſtate; for if it was as much
" more he'd freely part with it all for a pair of legs
" to his mind; whereas in the reign of our firſt
" King *Edward* of glorious Memory, nothing more
" modiſh than a brace of your fine taper ſupport-

" ers;

" ers; and his Majeſty, without an inch of calf,
" managed affairs in Peace and War as laudably as
" the braveſt and moſt politic of his Anceſtors; and
" was as terrible to his Neighbours under the Royal
" Name of *Long-ſhanks*, as *Coeur de Lion* to the *Saracens*
" before him. If we look farther back into Hiſto-
" ry, we ſhall find that *Alexander* the Great wore
" his head a little over the left ſhoulder; and then
" not a Soul ſtirred out 'till he had adjuſted his
" neck-bone; the whole Nobility addreſſed the
" Prince and each other obliquely, and all matters
" of importance were concerted and carried on in
" the *Macedonian* Court with their polls on one ſide.
" For about the firſt Century nothing made more
" Noiſe in the World than *Roman* Noſes, and then
" not a word of them till they revived again in
" Eighty-eight. Nor is it ſo very long ſince *Richard*
" the Third ſet up half the backs of the Nation; and
" high ſhoulders, as well as high noſes, were the
" top of the faſhion. But to come to ourſelves,
" Gentlemen, tho' I find by my quinquennial ob-
" ſervations, that we ſhall never get Ladies enough
" to make a party in our own Country, yet might
" we meet with better ſucceſs among ſome of our
" Allies. And what think you if our board ſat for
' a *Dutch* Piece? Truly I am of opinion, that as odd
" as we appear in fleſh and blood, we ſhould be no
" ſuch ſtrange things in Metzo-Tinto. But this
" project may reſt 'till our Number is complete; and
" this being our election night, give me leave to
" propoſe Mr SPECTATOR. You ſee his inclinations,
" and perhaps we may have not his Fellow.

' I found moſt of them, (as is uſual in all ſuch
' caſes) were prepared; but one of the Seniors (whom
' by the by Mr Preſident had taken all this pains to
' bring over) ſat ſtill, and cocking his chin, which
' ſeemed only to be levelled at his noſe, very grave-
" ly declared, ' That in caſe he had had ſufficient
" knowledge of you, no man ſhould have been more

" willing to have served you; but that he, for his " part, had always had regard to his own conscience, " as well as other peoples Merit; and he did not " know but that you might be a handsom Fellow; " for as for your own certificate, it was every bo- " dy's business to speak for themselves." ' Mr ' President immediately retorted,' " A handsom " Fellow! why he is a Wit (Sir) and you know " the Proverb:" and to ease the old Gentleman of ' his scruples, cried, " That for matter of merit it " was all one, you might wear a mask," ' This ' threw him into a pause, and he looked desirous of ' three days to consider on it; but Mr President im- ' proved the thought, and followed him up with an ' old story, ' that Wits were privileged to wear what " masks they pleased in all Ages; and that a Vi- " zard had been the constant Crown of their La- " bours, which was generally presented them by " the hand of some Satyr,' and sometimes of *Apollo* ' himself:' ' For the truth of which he appealed to ' the frontispiece of several Books, and particularly ' to the *English Juvenal*, to which he referred him; ' and only added;' " That such Authors were the " *Larvati*, or *Larvæ donati* of the Ancients." ' This ' cleared up all, and in the conclusion you were ' chose Probationer; and Mr President put round ' your health as such, protesting, ' That though " indeed he talked of a Vizard, he did not believe " all the while you had any more occasion for it " than the Cat-a-mountain;" ' so that all you have ' to do now is to pay your Fees, which here are ' very reasonable, if you are not imposed upon; and ' you may stile yourself *Informis Societatis Socius*: ' which I am desired to acquaint you with; and up- ' on the same I beg you to accept of the Congratu- ' lation of, *SIR*

Oxford, *Your obliged humble Servant*,
March 21. A. C.

R

Saturday

No. 33. *Saturday, April 7.*

Fervidus tecum Puer, & solutis
Gratiae zonis, properentque Nymphae
Et parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque. Hor. Od. 30. l. 1. v. 5

The Graces with their Zones unloos'd;
The Nymphs, their Beauties all expos'd;
From every Spring, and every plain;
Thy Pow'rful, hot, and winged Boy;
And Youth that's dull without thy Joy;
And Mercury *compose thy Train.* Creech.

A Friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne*; the former is one of the greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her Person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the Good and Ill of their life seems to turn. *Lætitia* has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her Features and complexion, by which means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her Charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost Twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some Accomplishments to make up for the want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Lætitia* was listened to with partiality, and Approbation sat in the Countenances

Countenances of thoſe ſhe converſed with, before ſhe communicated what ſhe had to ſay. Theſe cauſes have produced ſuitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as inſipid a companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of Favour, has ſtudied no Arts to pleaſe; *Daphne*, deſpairing of any inclination towards her perſon, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always ſomething in her Air, that is ſullen, grave, and diſconſolate. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A Young Gentleman ſaw *Lætitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her captive. His fortune was ſuch, that he wanted very little introduction to ſpeak his ſentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmoſt freedom into the Family, where a conſtrained behaviour, ſevere looks and diſtant civilities; were the higheſt favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* uſed him with the Good-humour, Familiarity, and innocence of a Siſter: inſomuch that he would often ſay to her *Dear* Daphne, *wert thou but as Handſome as* Lætitia——She received ſuch Language with that ingenious and pleaſing mirth, which is natural to a Woman without deſign. He ſtill ſigh'd in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain relief in the agreeable Converſation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with repeated Inſtances of Good-humour he had obſerved in *Daphne*, he one day told the latter, that he had ſomething to ſay to her he hoped ſhe would be pleaſed with——*Faith, Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and deſpiſe thy Siſter ſincerely*. The manner of his declaring himſelf gave his Miſtreſs occaſion for a very hearty laughter.——*Nay*, ſays he, *I know you would laugh at me, but I'll aſk your Father*. He did ſo; the Father received his intelligence with no leſs joy than ſurpriſe, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to market at his leiſure. I do not know any-

thing

thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my Friend *Daphne*'s. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer her Sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The Female World seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason, I shall recommend the following extract out of a Friends Letter to the profess'd Beauties, who are a people almost as insufferable as the profess'd Wits.

'MONSIEUR St *Evremond*, has concluded one 'of his Essays with affirming; that the last 'sighs of a handsom Woman are not so much for 'the loss of her life as of her Beauty. Perhaps this 'Rallery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a 'very obvious remark, that Woman's strongest pas'sion is for her own beauty, and that she values it 'as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that 'all Arts which pretend to improve or preserve it, 'meet with so general a reception among the Sex. 'To say nothing of many false Helps, and Contra'band Wares of Beauty, which are daily vended in 'this great mart, there is not a maiden Gentlewo'man of a good Family in any country of *South-Britain*, who has not heard of the Virtues of *May-'dew*, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other 'in favour of her Complexion; and I have known 'a Physician of Learning and Sense, after eight 'Years Study in the University, and a course of 'Travels into most Countries in *Europe*, owe the 'first raising of his fortunes to a Cosmetic Wash.

'THIS has given me Occasion to consider how 'so universal a disposition in Womankind, which 'springs from a laudable Motive, the desire of plea'sing, and proceeds from an opinion, not altogether groundless.

'groundlefs, that Nature may be helped by art, 'may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, 'it would be an acceptable fervice to take them out 'of the hands of Quacks and Pretenders, and to 'prevent their impofing upon themfelves, by difco- 'vering to them the true fecret and Art of improv- 'ing Beauty.

'IN order to this before I touch upon it directly, 'it will be neceffary to lay down a few Preliminary 'Maxims, *viz.*

'THAT no Woman can be handfome by the 'force of Features alone, any more than fhe can be 'Witty only by the help of fpeech.

'THAT Pride deftroys all Symmetry and Grace, 'and Affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine fa- 'ces than the Small-Pox.

'THAT no Woman is capable of being Beauti- 'ful who is not incapable of being falfe.

'AND that what would be Odious in a friend, 'is deformity in a Miftrefs.

'FROM thefe few Principles, thus laid down it 'will be eafy to prove, that the true art of affifting 'Beauty confifts in embellifhing the whole perfon by 'the proper Ornaments of virtuous and commenda- 'ble qualities. By this help alone it is, that thofe 'who are the favourite work of Nature, or, as Mr '*Dryden* expreffes it, the Porcelain Clay of human 'Kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of 'exerting their charms : and thofe who feem to have been neglected by her, like Models wrought in 'hafte, are capable in a great meafure of finifhing 'what fhe left imperfect.

'IT is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of 'that Sex, which was created to refine the joys, and 'foften the cares of Humanity, by the moft agree- 'able Participation, to confider them merely as ob- 'jects of Sight. This is abridging them of their na- 'tural extent of power, to put them upon a level 'with their Pictures at *Kneller*'s. How much no-

'bler

'bler is the Contemplation of beauty heightened by 'Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Love, 'while it draws our Observation? How faint and 'spiritless are the charms of a Coquette, when com-'par'd with the real Loveliness of *Sophronia*'s Inno-'cence, Piety, Good-humour and Truth; Virtues 'which add a new softness to her Sex, and even 'beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which 'must otherwise have appeared no longer in the mo-'dest Virgin, is now preserved in the tender Mo-'ther, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. 'Colours artfully spread upon Canvas may enter-'tain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who 'takes no care to add to the natural graces of her 'person any excelling Qualities, may be allowed still 'to amuse, as a Picture, but not to triumph as a 'Beauty.

'WHEN *Adam* is introduced by *Milton*, describ-'ing *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the 'impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first Cre-'ation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian Ve-'nus*, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of 'her mind which shone in them, and gave them 'their power of charming.

Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In all her Gestures Dignity and Love!

'WITHOUT this irradiating Power the proud-'est Fair One ought to know, whatever her glass 'may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect 'features are uninformed and dead.

'I CANNOT better close this Moral, than by a 'short Epitaph written by *Ben Johnson*, with a Spi-'rit which nothing could inspire but such an Object 'as I have been describing;

Underneath this Stone doth lye
As much Virtue as cou'd die;

Which

Which when alive did Vigour give
To as much Beauty as cou'd live,

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

R R. B.

No. 34. *Monday, April 9.*

—— *parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera ——
Juv. Sat. 15. l. 159.

From spotted Skins the Leopard does refrain. Tate.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of Life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of Mankind: By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different Quarters and Divisions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My Readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this Club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just Rights and Privileges.

I Last Night sat very late in Company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my Speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of Readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were

were ſome Ladies (but for your comfort, ſays WILL, they are not thoſe of the moſt Wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-Show; that ſome of them were likewiſe very much ſurpriſed, that I ſhould think ſuch ſerious points as the Dreſs and Equipage of Perſons of Quality, proper ſubjects for Rallery.

HE was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up ſhort, and told him, That the Papers he hinted at had done great Good in the City, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole City thought themſelves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to ſcourge Vice and Folly as they appear in a multitude, without condeſcending to be a Publiſher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In ſhort, ſays Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that fooliſh beaten Road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your pen upon the Vanity and Luxury of Courts, your Paper muſt needs be of general Uſe.

UPON this my Friend the TEMPLAR told Sir ANDREW, That he wondred to hear a man of his ſenſe talk after that manner; that the City had always been the Province for Satire; and that the Wits of King *Charles's* Time jeſted upon nothing elſe during his whole reign. He then ſhewed, by the Examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the beſt Writers of every Age, that the follies of the Stage and Court, had never been accounted too ſacred for ridicule, how great ſoever the perſons might be that patronized them. But after all, ſays he, I think your rallery has made too great an excurſion, in attacking ſeveral perſons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can ſhew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.

MY good Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who had ſaid nothing all this while, began his ſpeech with a Piſh! and told us, That he wondred to ſee ſo

many Men of ſenſe ſo very ſerious upon fooleries Let our good Friend, ſays he, attack every one that deſerves it: I would only adviſe you, Mr SPECTATOR, applying himſelf to me, to take care how you meddle with Country Squires: They are the ornaments of the *Engliſh* Nation; men of good Heads and ſound Bodies! and let me tell you, ſome of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with ſo little reſpect.

CAPTAIN SENTRY ſpoke very ſparingly on this Occaſion. What he ſaid was only to commend my Prudence in not touching upon the Army, and adviſed me to continue to act diſcreetly in that point.

BY this time I found every Subject of my Speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the Club; and began to think myſelf in the condition of the good man that had one Wife who took a diſlike to his gray Hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an averſion to, they left his Head altogether bald and naked.

WHILE I was thus muſing with myſelf, my worthy friend the Clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that Night, undertook my cauſe. He told us, that he wondred any order of perſons ſhould think themſelves too conſiderable to be adviſed: That it was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted men from Reproof: That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and eſpecially when they were placed in high and conſpicuous Stations of Life. He further added, That my Paper would only ſerve to aggravate the pains of Poverty, if it chiefly expoſed thoſe who are already depreſſed, and in ſome meaſure turned into ridicule, by the meanneſs of their conditions and circumſtances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great uſe this Paper might be of to the Public, by reprehending thoſe vices which are too trivial for the Chaſtiſement of the Law, and too fan-

taſtical

taſtical for the Cogniſance of the Pulpit. He then adviſed me to proſecute my Undertaking with Chearfulneſs, and aſſured me, that whoever might be diſpleaſed with me, I ſhould be approved by all thoſe whoſe praiſes do honour to the perſons on whom they are beſtowed.

THE whole Club pays a particular deference to the Diſcourſe of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he ſays, as much by the candid ingenious manner with which he delivers himſelf, as by the ſtrength of Argument and force of Reaſon which he makes uſe of. WILL HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had ſaid was right; and that for his part, he would not inſiſt upon the Quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the ſame frankneſs. The TEMPLAR would not ſtand out; and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: Who all agreed that I ſhould be at liberty to carry the war into what Quarter I pleaſed; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to aſſault the vice without hurting the perſon.

THIS Debate, which was held for the Good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their Deſtruction. Every man at firſt ſtood hard for his Friend, till they found that by this means they ſhould ſpoil their proſcription: And at length, making a ſacrifice of all their Acquaintance and Relations, furniſhed out a very decent execution.

HAVING thus taken my Reſolutions to march on boldly in the cauſe of Virtue and good Senſe, and to annoy their adverſaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I ſhall be deaf for the future to all the Remonſtrances that ſhall be made to me on this account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I ſhall reprimand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a Nurſery of Folly and Impertinence, I ſhall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In ſhort, if I

meet with any thing in City, Court, or Country, that ſhocks Modeſty or good manners, I ſhall uſe my utmoſt endeavours to make an example of it. I muſt however intreat every particular Perſon, who does me the honour to be a Reader of this Paper, never to think himſelf, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is ſaid: For I promiſe him, never to draw a faulty Character which does not fit at leaſt a Thouſand People; or to publiſh a ſingle Paper, that is not written in the Spirit of Benevolence, and with a Love to Mankind. C

No. 35. *Tueſday, April* 10.

Riſu inepto res ineptior nulla eſt. Mart.

Nothing ſo fooliſh as the laugh of Fools.

AMONG all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miſcarry than in works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with Monſters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furniſhing the World with Diverſions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of ſeveral Writers, who ſet up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural Diſtortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they ſpeak noneſenſe they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of abſurd inconſiſtent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themſelves without laughing. Theſe poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themſelves the reputation of Wits and Humouriſts, by ſuch monſtrous conceits as almoſt qualify them for *Bedlam*; not conſidering that humour ſhould always lie under the Check of Reaſon,

Reaſon, and that it requires the direction of the niceſt Judgment, by ſo much the more as it indulges itſelf in the moſt boundleſs freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be obſerved in this ſort of Compoſitions, as well as in all other; and a certain Regularity of Thought which muſt diſcover the writer to be a man of Senſe, at the ſame time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unſkilful Author, I cannot be ſo barbarous as to divert myſelf with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

THE deceaſed Mr *Shadwell*, who had himſelf a great deal of the Talent which I am treating of repreſents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much ſurpriſed to hear one ſay that breaking of windows was not Humour; and I queſtion not but ſeveral *Engliſh* Readers will be as much ſtartled to hear me affirm, that many of thoſe raving incoherent pieces, which are often ſpread among us, under odd Chimerical Titles, are rather the Offſprings of a Diſtempered Brain, than works of Humour.

IT is indeed much eaſier to deſcribe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwiſe than, as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my notions of it, I would deliver them after *Plato*'s manner, in a kind of allegory, and by ſuppoſing Humour to be a perſon, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following genealogy. TRUTH was the founder of the family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a collateral line called MIRTH, by whom he had iſſue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngeſt of this illuſtrious Family, and deſcended from Parents of ſuch different Diſpoſitions, is very various and unequal in his temper; ſometimes you ſee him putting on grave Looks and a ſolemn Habit, ſometimes airy in his behaviour and fataſtic in his Dreſs:

Insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as Jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a good deal of the Mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

BUT since there is an Impostor abroad, who takes upon him the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my Readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his Parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive Laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

THE impostor, of whom I am speaking, descends originally from FALSHOOD, who was the Mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to bed of a son called FRENZY, who married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that Monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the Genealogical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one view behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSHOOD.
NONSENSE.
FRENZY.——LAUGHTER.
FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.
GOOD SENSE.
WIT——MIRTH.
HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning ſeveral of the children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Iſland. But as this would be a very invidious taſk, I ſhall only obſerve in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

Firſt of all, HE is exceedingly given to little apiſh Tricks and Buffooneries.

Secondly, HE ſo much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he expoſes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or on the contrary, Virtue and Wiſdom, Pain and Poverty.

Thirdly, HE is wonderfully unluckly, inſomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but ſmall talents, he muſt be merry where he *can*, not where he *ſhould*.

Fourthly, BEING intirely void of Reaſon, he purſues no point either of Morality or Inſtruction, but is ludicrous only for the ſake of being ſo.

Fifthly, BEING incapable of having any thing but Mock-repreſentations, his ridicule is always perſonal and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole ſpecies of falſe Humouriſts; but as one of my principal deſigns in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit,

which discovers itself in the Writings of the present Age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small Wits, that infest the World with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only Exception, which I shall make to the general Rule I have prescribed myself of *attacking multitudes*: Since every honest Man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of War with the Libeller, and Lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others. C

No. 36. *Wednesday, April* 11.

——Immania monstra
Perferimus—— Virg. Aen. 3. v. 583.

Things the most out of Nature we endure.

I SHALL not put myself to any farther Pains for this Day's Entertainment, than barely to publish the Letters and Titles of Petitions from the Playhouse, with the Minutes I have made upon the Latter for my Conduct in relation to them.

Drury-Lane, April the 9th.

'UPON reading the project which is set forth in 'one of your late Papers of making an alliance 'between all the Bulls, Bears, Elephants, and Li-'ons' which are separately exposed to public view 'in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*; together 'with the other Wonders, Shows, and Monsters, 'whereof you made respective mention in the said 'Speculation; We, the chief Actors of this Play-'house, met and sat upon the said design. It is 'with great delight that we expect the execution of

'this

'this Work; and in order to contribute to it, we 'have given warning to all our Ghosts to get their 'livelihoods where they can, and not to appear 'among us after day-break of the 16th Instant. 'We are resolved to take this opportunity to part 'with every thing which does not contribute to the 'representation af human Life; and shall make a 'free gift of all animated Utensils to your Projector. 'The hangings you formerly mentioned are run a-'way; as are likewise a set of chairs, each of which 'was met upon two legs going through the *Rose* Ta-, vern at two this Morning. We hope, Sir, you 'will give proper notice to the Town that we are 'endeavouring at these regulations; and that we 'intend for the future to shew no Mosters, but men 'who are converted into such by their own industry 'and affectation. If you will please to be at the House 'to-night, you will see me do my endeavour to shew 'some unnatural appearances which are in vogue 'among the polite and well-bred. I am to repre-'sent, in the character of a fine Lady dancing, all 'the distortions which are frequently taken for 'graces in Mien and Gesture. This, Sir, is a Spe-'cimen of the method we shall take to expose the 'Monsters which come within the notice of a regu-'lar Theatre; and we desire nothing more gross 'may be admitted by you Spectators for the future. 'We have cashiered three Companies of Theatri-'cal Guards, and design our Kings shall for the fu-'ture make Love, and sit in Council, without an 'Army; and wait only your direction, whether you 'will have them reinforce King *Porus*, or join the 'troops of *Macedon*. Mr *Penkethman* resolves to 'consult his *Pantheon* of Heathen Gods in opposition 'to the Oracle of *Delphos*, and doubts not but he 'shall turn the fortunes of *Porus*, when he person-'ates him. I am desired by the company to inform 'you, that they submit it to your censures; and 'shall have you in greater Veneration than *Hercules*

'was

'was in of Old, if you can drive Monſters from the 'Theatre; and think your merit will be as much 'greater than his, as to convince is more than to 'conquer.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T. D.

SIR,

'WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unexpected Viciſſitudes of my Fortune, I doubt 'not but I ſhall obtain your Pity and Favour. I 'have for many years laſt paſt been Thunderer to 'the Play-houſe; and have not only made as much 'noiſe out of the Clouds as any predeceſſor of mine 'in the Theatre that ever bore that character, but 'alſo have deſcended and ſpoke on the Stage as the 'bold Thunderer in the *Rehearſal*. When they got 'me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me 'further, and make me a Ghoſt. I was contented 'with this for theſe two laſt Winters; but they carry their tyranny ſtill further and not ſatisfied that I 'am baniſhed from above ground they have given 'me to underſtand that I am wholly to depart their 'dominions, and taken from me even my ſubterraneous Employment, Now, Sir, what I deſire of 'you is, that if your Undertaker thinks fit to uſe 'Fire-Arms, (as other Authors have done) in the 'time of *Alexander*, I may be a Cannon againſt *Porus*, or elſe provide for me in the Burning of *Perſepolis*, or what other Method you ſhall think fit.

Salmoneus of *Covent-Garden*.

THE Petition of all the Devils of the Play-houſe in behalf of themſelves and Families, ſetting forth their expulſion from thence, with Certificates of their good Life and Converſation, and praying Relief.

The

The Merit of this Petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, *who made them Devils.*

THE Petition of the Grave-digger in *Hamlet,* to command the Pioneers in the Expedition of *Alexander.*
Granted.

THE Petition of *William Bullock* to be *Hephestion* to *Penkethman the Great.*
Granted.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Widow Gentlewoman, well born both by Father and Mother's Side being the Daughter of Thomas Prater, *once an eminent Practitioner in the Law, and of* Letitia Tattle, *a Family well known in all Parts of this Kingdom, having been reduced by Misfortunes to wait on several great Persons, and for some time to be Teacher at a Boarding-school of young Ladies, giveth Notice to the Public, That she hath lately taken a House near* Bloomsbury-Square, *commodiously situated next the Fields in a good Air; where she teaches all sorts of Birds of the loquacious Kinds, as Parrots, Starlings, Magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever yet was practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce Words distinctly, and in a proper Tone and Accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of Tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at Tea-Tables or visiting Days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest Opera-Airs, and, if required, to speak either* Italian *or* French, *paying something extraordinary above the common Rates. They whose Friends are not able to pay the full prices may be taken as half-boarders. She teaches such as are designed for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods on the Theatres by the Great As she has often observed with much concern how indecent an Education is usually given these innocent Creatures which in some measure is owing to their being placed in rooms next the Street*

Street, where, to the great offence of chaste and tender Ears, they learn Ribaldry, obscene Songs, and immodest Expressions from Passengers, and idle People, as also to cry fish and Card-matches, with other useless parts of Learning to Birds who have rich Friends, she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house; where she suffers none to approach them but herself, and a Servant-Maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their Food and cleanse their Cages: having found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep silence who have the Use o; Speech, and the dangers her Scholars are exposed to by the strong impressions that are made by harsh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In short if they are Birds of any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the compass of a Twelvemonth, that they shall be fit conversation for such Ladies as love to choose their Friends and Companions out of this Species. R

No. 37. *Thursday, April* 12.

————Non illa colo calathisve Minervae
Foemineas assueta manus———— Virg. Aen. 7. v. 805.
Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd. Dryden.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER, being in the Country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the name of *Leonora*, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the Morning and was desired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, 'till such time as she was in readiness to receive me. The very sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great curiosity to see it: and as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many

many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the end of the *Folios* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble piece of Architecture, The *Quartos* were ſeparated from the *Octavos* by a pile of ſmaller veſſels, which roſe in a delightful pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by Tea-diſhes of all Shapes, Colours and Sizes, which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden Frame that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the fineſt ſtrokes of Sculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt variety of Dyes. That part of the Library which was deſigned for the reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other looſe Papers, was incloſed in a kind of ſquare, conſiſting of one of the pretticſt Groteſque Works that ever I ſaw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkeys, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thouſand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midſt of the room was a little Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a Silver Snuff-box made in the ſhape of a little Book. I found there were ſeveral other counterfeit Books upon the upper ſhelves, which were carved in Wood, and ſerved only to fill up the Number like Fagots in the muſter of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleaſed with ſuch a mixt kind of furniture, as ſeemed very ſuitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at firſt whether I ſhould fancy myſelf in a Grotto, or in a Library.

UPON my looking into the Books, I found there were ſome few which the Lady had bought for her own uſe, but that moſt of them had been got together, either becauſe ſhe had heard them praiſed, or becauſe ſhe had ſeen the Authors of them. Among ſeveral that I examined, I very well remember theſe that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.

Caſſandra.

Cleopatra.

Aſtræa.

Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s Works.

The *Grand Cyrus*; with a Pin Stuck in one of the middle Leaves.

Pembroke's *Arcadia.*

Locke of Human Underſtanding; with a Paper of Patches in it.

A ſpelling Book.

A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir *William Temple*'s Eſſays.

Father *Malbranche*'s Search after Truth, tranſlated into *Engliſh.*

A Book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies Calling.

Tales in verſe by Mr *Durfey*: Bound in Red Leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in ſeveral places.

All the Claſſic Authors in Wood.

A ſet of *Elzevers* by the ſame Hand.

Clelia: which opened of itſelf in the place that deſcribes two Lovers in a Bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.

Mr *Steel*'s Chriſtian Hero.

A prayer Book: with a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the ſide of it.

Dr *Sacheverell*'s Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country dances.

I was

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-book of these, and several other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

LEONORA was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and is still a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her first Marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the management of her Estate to my good Friend Sir ROGER. But as the Mind naturally sinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite Pleasures and Pursuits, *Leonora* has turned all the passions of her Sex into a love of Books and Retirement. She converses chiefly with men, (as she has often said herself) but it is only in their Writings: and admits of very few Male-visitants, except my friend Sir ROGER, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her House, her Gardens, and her Furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an hour together with a Description of her Country-Seat, which is situated in a kind of Wilderness, about an hundred Miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are shaped into Artificial Grottoes covered with Woodbines and Jassamines. The Woods are cut into shady Walks, twisted into Bowers, and filled with cages of Turtles. The Springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, and empties itself by a little Rivulet, which runs through a green Mea-

dow, and is known in the family by the name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady preserves her Game better than any of the Gentlemen in the Country, not (says Sir ROGER) that she sets so great a value upon her Partridges and Pheasants as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every Bird which is killed upon her ground, will spoil a consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next Year.

WHEN I think how odly this Lady is improved by Learning, I look upon her with a mixture of Admiration and Pity. Amidst these Innocent Entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, who employ themselves in Diversions that are less reasonable, tho' more in Fashion? What improvements would a Woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided by such Books as have a tendency to enlighten the Understanding and rectify the Passions; as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the Imagination?

BUT the manner of a Lady's employing herself usefully in Reading shall be the Subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular Books as may be proper for the Improvement of the Sex. And as this is a Subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C

No. 38. *Friday, April* 13.

———*Cupias non placuisse nimis.* Mart.

One would not please too much.

A Late Conversation, which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of Beauty

Beauty in a very handſom Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into deformity in the one, and abſurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The Fair One had ſomething in her perſon upon which her thoughts were fixed, that ſhe attempted to ſhew to advantage in every Look, Word, and Geſture, The Gentleman was as diligent to do Juſtice to his fine parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form: you might ſee his imagination on the ſtretch to find out ſomething uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while ſhe writhed herſelf into as many different poſtures to engage him. When ſhe laughed, her Lips were to ſever at a greater diſtance than ordinary to ſhew her Teeth; her Fan was to point to ſomewhat at a diſtance, that in the reach ſhe may diſcover the roundneſs of her Arm; then ſhe is utterly miſtaken in what ſhe ſaw, falls back, ſmiles at her own folly, and is ſo wholly diſcompoſed, that her Tucker is to be adjuſted, her boſom expoſed, and the whole Woman put into new airs and graces. While ſhe was doing all this, the Gallant had time to think of ſomething very pleaſant to ſay next to her, or make ſome unkind Obſervation on ſome other Lady to feed her Vanity. Theſe unhappy effects of affectation, naturally led me to look into that ſtrange Sate of Mind which ſo generally diſcolours the behaviour of moſt people we meet with.

THE learned Dr *Burnet*, in his Theory of the Earth, takes the occaſion to obſerve, That every Thought is attended with conſciouſneſs and repreſentativeneſs; the mind has nothing preſented to it but what is immediately followed by a Reflexion or Conſcience, which tells you whether that which was ſo preſented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the Mind diſcovers itſelf in the geſture, by a proper Behaviour in thoſe whoſe conſciouſneſs goes no further than to direct them in the juſt Progreſs of their preſent Thought or Action; but betrays an in-

terruption in every ſecond Thought, when the Conſciouſneſs is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own conceptions; which ſort of conſciouſneſs is what we call Affectation.

AS the Love of Praiſe is implanted in our boſoms as a ſtrong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult taſk to get above a deſire of it for thoſe things that ſhould be wholly indifferent. Women, whoſe hearts are fixed upon the Pleaſure they have in the conſciouſneſs that they are the Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to ſtrike the hearts of their Beholders with new ſenſe of their Beauty. The dreſſing part of our Sex, whoſe minds are the ſame with the ſillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneaſy Condition to be regarded for a well-tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with unuſual briſkneſs, a very well-choſen Coat, or other inſtances of merit, which they are impatient to ſee unobſerved.

BUT this apparent Affectation, ariſing from an ill-governed Conſciouſneſs, is not ſo much to be wondered at in ſuch looſe and trivial minds as theſe: But when you ſee it reign in Characters of Worth and Diſtinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without ſome indignation. It creeps into the Heart of the wiſe man, as well as that of the Coxcomb. When you ſee a man of ſenſe look about for applauſe, and diſcover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incenſe, even from thoſe whoſe Opinion he values in nothing but his own favour: Who is ſafe againſt this Weakneſs? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The beſt way to get clear of ſuch a light Fondneſs for Applauſe, is to take all poſſible care to throw off the Love of it upon occaſions that are not in themſelves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praiſe from them. Of this Nature are all Graces in Men's Perſons, Dreſs and bodily Deportment; which will naturally be winning and

and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

WHEN our Consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in Business or Pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: But when we give the Passion for Praise an unbridled Liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great Virtues, and worthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and honest Actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their Thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called Affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no Consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

IT is only from a thorough Disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: His Heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no Errors, because he thinks nothing an Error but what deviates from that intention.

THE wild Havock Affectation makes in that part of the World which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: It pushes men not only into Impertinencies in Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whose business it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is spoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the Law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a Judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a Pleader, that with all the pomp of Eloquence in his Power, he never spoke a Word too much.

IT might be born even here, but it often aſcends the Pulpit itſelf; and the declaimer, in that ſacred Place, is frequently ſo impertinently witty, ſpeaks of the laſt Day itſelf with ſo many quaint Phraſes, that there is no man who underſtands Rallery, but muſt reſolve to ſin no more: Nay, you may behold him ſometimes in Prayer, for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, humble himſelf with ſo very well turned phraſe, and mention his own unworthineſs in a Way ſo very becoming, that the air of the pretty Gentleman is preſerved under the lowlineſs of the Preacher.

I ſhall end this with a ſhort letter I writ the other Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the fault I am ſpeaking of.

Dear Sir,

'I Spent ſome time with you the other Day, and 'muſt take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you of 'the inſufferable affectation you are guilty of in all 'you ſay and do. When I gave you an hint of it, 'you aſked me whether a man is to be cold to what 'his Friends think of him? No; but Praiſe is not to 'be the entertainment of every Moment: He that 'hopes for it, muſt be able to ſuſpend the Poſſeſſion 'of it till proper periods of Life, or Death itſelf. If 'you would not rather be commended than be praiſe-'worthy, contemn little merits, and allow no man 'to be ſo free with you as to praiſe you to your face, 'Your Vanity by this means will want its food. At 'the ſame time your Paſſion for Eſteem will be more 'fully gratified; Men will praiſe you in their Actions; 'where you now receive one Compliment, you will 'then receive twenty Civilities. Till then you will 'never have of either, further than,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

No. 39. *Saturday, April* 14.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile Vatum,
Cum scribo———— Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in Peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming Race. POPE.

AS a perfect Tragedy is the noblest Production of human Nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving Entertainments. A virtuous Man (says *Seneca*) struggling with misfortunes, is such a Spectacle as Gods might look upon with Pleasure: and such a Pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written Tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that Humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, sooth affliction, and subdue the mind to the Dispensations of Providence.

IT is no wonder therefore that in all the polite Nations of the World, this part of the *Drama* has met with public Encouragement.

THE modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the Intricacy and Disposition of the Fable; but what a Christian Writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

THIS I may shew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the *English* Tragedy, I shall take notice in this, and in other following Papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

ARISTOTLE obſerves, that the *Iambic* Verſe in the *Greek* Tongue was the moſt proper for Tragedy: Becauſe at the ſame time that it lifted up the Diſcourſe from Proſe, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verſe. For, ſays he, we may obſerve that men in ordinary Diſcourſe very often ſpeak *Iambics*, without taking notice of it. We may make the ſame obſervations of our *Engliſh* Blank Verſe, which often enters into our common diſcourſe, though we do not attend to it, and is ſuch a due medium between Rhyme and Proſe, that it ſeems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I ſee a Play in Rhyme; which is as abſurd in *Engliſh*, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Soleciſm is, I think, ſtill greater in thoſe Plays that have ſome Scenes in Rhyme and ſome in Blank Verſe, which are to be looked upon as two ſeveral Languages; or where we ſee ſome particular Similes dignified with Rhyme, at the ſame time that every thing about them lyes in Blank Verſe. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleaſes every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the ſame effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Beſides that we ſee a diverſity of Numbers in ſome parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the ſame continued modulation of Voice. For the ſame reaſon I do not diſlike the Speeches in our *Engliſh* Tragedy that cloſe with an *Hemiſtich*, or half Verſe, notwithſtanding the Perſon who ſpeaks after it begins a new Verſe, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauſes and breakings-off in the middle of a Verſe, when they humour any paſſion that is expreſſed by it.

SINCE I am upon this Subject, I muſt obſerve that our *Engliſh* Poets have ſucceeded much better in the ſtile, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their Language is very often Noble and Sonorous,

but the ſenſe either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the Ancient Tragedies, and indeed in thoſe of *Corneille* and *Racine*, though the expreſſions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and ſwells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble Sentiment that is depreſſed with homely Language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the ſound and energy of expreſſion. Whether this defect in our Tragedies may ariſe from want of Genius, Knowledge, or Experience in the Writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taſte of their Readers, who are better judges of the Language than of the ſentiments, and conſequently reliſh the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the Writer laid down the whole contexture of his Dialogue in plain *Engliſh*, before he turned it into Blank Verſe; and if the Reader, after the peruſal of a ſcene, would conſider the naked thought of every ſpeech in it, when diveſted of all its Tragic Ornaments. By this means, without being impoſed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and conſider whether it be natural or great enough for the perſon that utters it, whether it deſerves to ſhine in ſuch a blaze of Eloquence, or ſhew itſelf in ſuch a variety of Lights as are generally made uſe of by the Writers of our *Engliſh* Tragedy.

I Muſt in the next Place obſerve, that when our Thoughts are great and juſt, they are often obſcured by the ſounding Phraſes, hard Metaphors, and forced Expreſſions in which they are clothed. *Shakeſpear* is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine Obſervation in *Ariſtotle* to this purpoſe, which I have never ſeen quoted. The expreſſion, ſays he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the Fable, as in Deſcriptions, Similitudes, Narrations, and the like; in which the Opinions, Manners, and Paſſions of Men are not repreſented; for theſe

these (namely the Opinions, Manners, and Paſſions) are apt to be obſcured by pompous Phraſes and elaborate Expreſſions. *Horace*, who copied moſt of his Criticiſms after *Ariſtotle*, ſeems to have had his Eye on the foregoing rule, in the following Verſes:

Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedeſtri:
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper, & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor Spectantis tetigiſſe querela.
Ars. Poet. v. 95.

Tragedians too lay by their State, to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus*, exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic Words.
ROSCOMMON.

AMONG our modern *Engliſh* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; if inſtead of favouring the impetuoſity of his Genius, he had reſtrained, it, and kept it within its proper Bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully ſuited to Tragedy, but frequently loſt in ſuch a cloud of words, that it is hard to ſee the beauty of them: There is an infinite Fire in his works, but ſo involved in Smoke, that it does not appear in half its luſtre. He frequently ſucceeds in the paſſionate parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he ſlackens his efforts, and eaſes the ſtile of thoſe Epithets and Metaphors, in which he ſo much abounds. What can be more Natural, more Soft, or more Paſſionate, than that line in *Statira*'s Speech, where ſhe deſcribes the Charms of *Alexander*'s Converſation?

Then he would talk—Good Gods! how he would talk!

THAT unexpected break in the Line, and turning the deſcription of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpreſſibly Beautiful, and wonderfully ſuited to the fond character of the perſon that ſpeaks it. There is a Simplicity in the Words,

Words, that outſhines the utmoſt Pride of Expreſſion,

OTWAY has followed Nature in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore ſhines in the Paſſionate Parts, more than any of our *Engliſh* Poets. As there is ſomething familiar and domeſtic in the Fable of his Tragedy, more than in thoſe of any other Poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expreſſions. For which reaſon, though he has admirably ſucceeded in the tender and melting part of his Tragedies, he ſometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phraſe in thoſe parts, which, by *Ariſtotle*'s rule, ought to have been raiſed and ſupported by the Dignity of Expreſſion.

IT has been obſerved by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preſerved* on ſo wrong a plot, that the greateſt characters in it are thoſe of Rebels and Traitors. Had the Hero of his Play diſcovered the ſame good qualities in the defence of his Country, that he ſhewed for its ruin and ſubverſion, the Audience could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now repreſented, we can only ſay of him what the *Roman* Hiſtorian ſays of *Catiline*, that his Fall would have been Glorious (*ſi pro Patria ſic concidiſſet*) had he ſo fallen in the Service of his Country.

Monday,

No. 40. *Monday, April* 16.

Ac ne forte putes, me, quae facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne:
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 208.

IMITATED.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the Times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes.
'Tis he, who gives my Breast a thousand Pains,
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than Magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my Heart;
And snatch me, o'er the Earth, or thro' the Air,
To Thebes, *to* Athens, *when he will, and where.* POPE.

THE *English* Writers of Tragedy are possessed with a Notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him 'till they have deliver'd him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his Enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of Poetical justice. Who were the first that established this Rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in Nature, in Reason, or in the practice of the Ancients. We find that Good and Evil happen alike to all men on this Side the Grave; and as the principal design of Tragedy

gedy is to raiſe commiſeration and terror in the minds of the Audience, we ſhall defeat this great end, if we always make Virtue and Innocence happy and ſucceſsful. Whatever croſſes and diſappointments a good man ſuffers in the body of the Tragedy, they will make but ſmall impreſſion on our minds, when we know that in the laſt Act he is to arrive at the end of his wiſhes and deſires. When we ſee him engaged in the depth of his Afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourſelves, becauſe we are ſure he will find his way out of them; and that his Grief, how great ſoever it may be at preſent, will ſoon terminate in Gladneſs. For this reaſon the ancient Writers of Tragedy treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the World, by making Virtue ſometimes happy and ſometimes miſerable, as they found it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their Audience in the moſt agreeable manner. *Ariſtotle* conſiders the Tragedies that were written in either of theſe kinds, and obſerves, that thoſe which ended unhappily had always pleaſed the people, and carried away the prize in the public diſputes of the Stage, from thoſe that ended happily. Terror and Commiſeration leave a pleaſing anguiſh in the Mind; and fix the Audience in ſuch a ſerious compoſure of thought, as is much more laſting and delightful than any little tranſient ſtarts of joy and ſatisfaction. Accordingly, we find that more of our *Engliſh* Tragedies have ſucceeded, in which the favourites of the Audience ſink under their calamities, than thoſe in which they recover themſelves out of them. The beſt Plays of this kind are the *Orphan*, *Venice Preſerved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodoſius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the ſame kind, as *Shakeſpear* wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of Poetical Juſtice, in my humble opinion it has loſt half its Beauty. At the ſame time I muſt allow, that there are very noble,

Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed moſt of the good Tragedies, which have been written ſince the ſtarting of the above-mentioned Criticiſm, have taken this Turn: As the *Mourning-Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulyſſes*, *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, with moſt of Mr *Dryden*'s. I muſt alſo allow, that many of *Shakeſpear*'s, and ſeveral of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are caſt in the ſame form. I do not therefore diſpute againſt this way of writing Tragedies, but againſt the Criticiſm that would eſtabliſh this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the *Engliſh* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the Genius of our Writers.

THE Tragi-Comedy, which is the product of the *Engliſh* Theatre, is one of the moſt monſtrous inventions that ever entered into a Poet's Thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing ſuch a motly Piece of Mirth and Sorrow. But the abſurdity of theſe Performances is ſo very viſible, that I ſhall not inſiſt upon it.

THE ſame Objections which are made to Tragi-Comedy, may in ſome meaſure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewiſe more frequent upon the *Engliſh* Stage, than upon any other: For though the Grief of the Audience, in ſuch performances, be not changed into another paſſion, as in Tragi-Comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the Tide of Sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great meaſure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the ſkilful choice of an Under-Plot, which may bear ſuch a near relation to the principal deſign, as to contribute towards the Completion of it, and be concluded by the ſame Cataſtrophe.

THERE is alſo another Particular, which may be

be reckoned among the blemiſhes, or rather the falſe beauties, of our *Engliſh* Tragedy: I mean thoſe particular ſpeeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rants*. The warm and paſſionate parts of a Tragedy, are always the moſt taking with the audience; for which reaſon we often ſee the Players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, ſeveral parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great temper, and deſigned that they ſhould have been ſo acted. I have ſeen *Powell* very often raiſe himſelf a loud clap by this Artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this ſecret, have given frequent occaſion for ſuch emotions in the Actor, by adding vehemence to Words where there was no paſſion, or inflaming a real paſſion into Fuſtian. This hath filled the mouths of our Heroes with Bombaſt; and given them ſuch ſentiments, as proceed rather from a ſwelling than a Greatneſs of Mind. Unnatural Exclamations, Curſes, Vows, Blaſphemies, a Defiance of Mankind, and an Outraging of the Gods, frequently paſs upon the Audience for tow'ring thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applauſe.

I ſhall here add a Remark, which I am afraid our Tragic Writers may make an ill uſe of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their ſwelling and bluſtring upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their Audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a Man inſulting Kings, or affronting the Gods in one ſcene, and throwing himſelf at the feet of his Miſtreſs in another. Let him behave himſelf inſolently towards the Men, and abjectly towards the Fair One, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the Boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in ſeveral of their Tragedies, have practiſed this ſecret with good ſucceſs.

BUT to ſhew how a *Rant* pleaſes beyond the moſt juſt and natural Thought, that is not pronounced with Vehemence, I would deſire the Reader, when

he sees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third Act, after having pronounced the following Lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move Compassion;

To you, good Gods, I make my last Appeal;
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal.
If in the Maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward tread those paths I sought to shun;
Impute my Errors to your own Decree:
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free.

Let us then observe with what Thunder-claps of Applause he leaves the Stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth Act; and you will wonder to see an Audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time;

O that as oft I have at Athens *seen,*
[Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many Years after *Oedipus*.]
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now, in very Deed, I might behold
This pondrous Globe, and all yon Marble Roof,
Meet like the Hands of Jove, *and crush Mankind.*
For all the Elements, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr Powell, *as sometimes raising himself Applause from the ill taste of an Audience; I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best Judges; as I doubt not but he will in the* Conquest of Mexico, *which is acted for his own Benefit To-morrow Night.*

C

No. 41. *Tuesday, April* 17.

———*Tu non inventa reperta es.*
Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 644.

So found, is worse than lost. Addison.

COMPASSION for the Gentleman who writes the following Letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostors are not to be tolerated in Civil Society; and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

SIR,

'SUPPOSING you to be a Person of general 'Knowledge, I make my Application to you on 'a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to 'be rid of my Wife, and hope, when you consider 'my case, you will be of opinion I have very just 'pretensions to a Divorce. I am a mere Man of 'the Town, and have very little improvement, 'but what I have got from Plays. I remember in '*The Silent Woman*, the Learned Dr *Cutberd*, or Dr '*Otter* (I forget which) makes one of the causes of 'separation to be *Error Personæ*, when a man mar-'ries a Woman, and finds her not to be the same 'Woman whom he intended to marry, but another. 'If that be Law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. 'For you are to know, Mr SPECTATOR, that there 'are Women who do not let their Husbands see 'their faces till they are married.

'NOT to keep you in suspence, I mean plainly 'that part of the Sex who paint. They are some of 'them

'them so exquisitely skilful this way, that give them 'but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and 'they will make Bosom, Lips, Cheeks, and Eye-'brows, by their own Industry. As for my Dear 'never Man was so enamoured as I was of her fair 'Forehead, Neck, and Arms, as well as the bright 'jet of her Hair; but to my great astonishment I 'find they were all the Effects of Art: Her skin is 'so tarnished with this Practice, that when she first 'wakes in a Morning, she scarce seems young enough 'to be the Mother of her whom I carried to Bed 'the Night before. I shall take the liberty to part 'with her by the first opportunity, unless her Fa-'ther will make her portion suitable to her real, not 'her assumed, Countenance. This I thought fit to 'let him and her know by your Means.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant.

I cannot tell what the Law, or the Parents of the Lady will do for this Injured Gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our Women who wear their own, from those in borrowed Complexions, by the *Picts* and the *British*. There does not need any great Discernment to judge which are which. The *British* have a lively animated Aspect. The *Picts*, though never so Beautiful, have dead uninformed Countenances. The Muscles of a real Face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions according as the Objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the *Picts* behold all things with the same Air, whether they are Joyful or Sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A *Pict* though

though ſhe takes all that pains to invite the approach of Lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain diſtance; a ſigh in a languiſhing Lover, if fetched too near her, would diſſolve a feature; and a Kiſs ſnatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the Miſtreſs to the Admirer. It is hard to ſpeak of theſe falſe fair ones, without ſaying ſomething uncomplaiſant, but I would only recommend to them to conſider how they like coming into a Room new Painted; they may aſſure themſelves, the near Approach of a Lady who uſes this practice is much more offenſive.

Will Honeycomb told us one Day, an Adventure he once had with a *Piſt.* This Lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made it her buſineſs to gain hearts, for no other reaſon but to rally the torments of her Lovers. She would make great Advances to inſnare men, but without any manner of ſcruple break off when there was no provocation. Her Ill-Nature and Vanity made my friend very eaſily proof againſt the charms of her Wit and Converſation; but her beauteous form, inſtead of being blemiſhed by her falſhood and inconſtancy, every day increaſed upon him, and ſhe had new attractions every time he ſaw her. When ſhe obſerved Will irrevocably her Slave, ſhe began to uſe him as ſuch, and after many ſteps towards ſuch a Cruelty, ſhe at laſt utterly baniſhed him. The unhappy Lover ſtrove in vain, by ſervile epiſtles, to revoke his Doom; till at length he was forced to the laſt refuge, a round ſum of Money to her Maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her Miſtreſs's Dreſſing-room. He ſtood very conveniently to obſerve, without being ſeen. The *Piſt* begins the Face ſhe deſigned to wear that day, and I have heard him proteſt ſhe had worked a full half Hour before he knew her to be the ſame Woman. As ſoon as he ſaw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had ſo long languiſhed, he thought

thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of *Cowley* :

> *Th' adorning Thee with ſo much Art,*
> *Is but a barb'rous Skill ;*
> *'Tis like the Pois'ning of a Dart,*
> *Too apt before to kill.*

THE *Pict* ſtood before him in the utmoſt Confuſion, with the prettieſt ſmirk imaginable on the finiſhed ſide of her face, pale as aſhes on the other. HONEYCOMB ſeized all her Gally-pots and waſhes, and carried off his handkerchief full of Bruſhes, Scraps of *Spaniſh* Wool, and phials of Unguents. The Lady went into the Country, the Lover was cured.

IT is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheats, and an Oath made to a *Pict* is of itſelf void. I would therefore exhort all the *Britiſh* Ladies to ſingle them out, nor do I know any but *Lindamira* who ſhould be exempt from diſcovery ; for her own complexion is ſo delicate, that ſhe ought to be allowed the covering it with Paint, as a Puniſhment for chooſing to be the worſt piece of Art extant, inſtead of the Maſter-piece of Nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from Women, and conſider them only as they are part of the Species, I do not half ſo much fear offending a beauty as a woman of Senſe ; I ſhall therefore produce ſeveral faces which have been in public theſe many Years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty Entertainment in the Play-houſe, (when I have aboliſhed this cuſtom) to ſee ſo many Ladies, when they firſt lay it down, *incog.* in their own faces.

IN the mean time, as a Pattern for improving their charms, let the Sex ſtudy the agreeable *Statira.* Her features are enlivened with the chearfulneſs of her Mind, and good-humour gives an alacrity to her Eyes. She is graceful without affecting an Air, and unconcerned without appearing careleſs. Her having

ving

ving no manner of Art in her Mind, makes her want none in her perſon.

HOW like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *Pict*, to that deſcription Dr *Donne* gives of his Miſtreſs?

——Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one would almoſt ſay her body thought.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen years of Age (bred in the Family of a Perſon of Quality lately deceaſed) who paints the fineſt Fleſh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the Houſe of Minheer Groteſque *a* Dutch *Painter in* Barbican.

N. B. *She is alſo well ſkill'd in the Drapery-part, and puts on Hoods and mixes Ribbons ſo as to ſuit the colours of the Face with great Art and Succeſs.*

Wedneſday,

No. 42. *Wednesday, April 18.*

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Tuscum;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
Divitiaeque peregrinae; quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in Scena, concurrit dextera laevae.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 202.

Imitated.

Loud as the Wolves on Orcas' *stormy Steep,*
Howl to the Roarings of the Northern Deep:
Such is the Shout, the long-applauding Note,
At Quin's *high Plume, or* Oldfield's *Petticoat;*
Or when from Court a Birth-day Suit bestow'd.
Sinks the lost Actor in the Taudry Load.
Booth *enters——hark! the universal Peal!——*
But has he spoken?—not a Syllable.——
What shook the Stage, and made the People stare?
Cato's *long Wig, flow'r'd Gown, and lacquer'd Chair.*

Pope.

A*RISTOTLE* has observed, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to raise Terror and Pity into their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expressions, but by the Dresses and Decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the *English* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; When he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our Tragic Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent Ideas of the Persons that speak. The ordinary Method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge plume of Feathers upon his Head,

which

which riſes ſo very high, that there is often a greater length from his Chin to the Top of his Head, than to the Sole of his Foot. One would believe, that we thought a great Man and a tall Man the ſame thing. This very much embarraſſes the Actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely ſtiff and ſteady all the while he ſpeaks: and notwithſtanding any anxieties which he pretends for his Miſtreſs, his Country or his Friends, one may ſee by his action, that his greateſt care and concern is to keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I ſee a Man uttering his complaints under ſuch a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatic, than a diſtreſſed Hero. As theſe ſuperfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a Princeſs generally receives her Grandeur from thoſe additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad ſweeping train that follows her in all her Motions, and finds conſtant employment for a boy who ſtands behind her to open and ſpread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this ſight, but I muſt confeſs, my eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's Part; and as for the Queen, I am not ſo attentive to any thing ſhe ſpeaks, as to the right adjuſting of her Train, leſt it ſhould chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as ſhe walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is in my opinion, a very odd ſpectacle to ſee a Queen venting her Paſſion in a diſordered motion, and a little Boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The parts that the two perſons act on the Stage at the ſame time, are very different: the Princeſs is afraid leſt ſhe ſhould incur the diſpleaſure of the King her Father, or loſe the Hero her Lover, whilſt her attendant is only concerned leſt ſhe ſhould entangle her Feet in her Petticoat.

WE are told, That an ancient Tragic Poet, to move the Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings

and diſtreſſed Heroes, uſed to make the Actors repreſent them in Dreſſes and Clothes that were threadbare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, ſeems as ill contrived, as that we have been ſpeaking of to inſpire us with a great idea of the perſons introduced upon the Stage. In ſhort, I would have our conceptions raiſed by the Dignity of Thought and Sublimity of Expreſſion, rather than by a train of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

ANOTHER mechanical Method of making Great Men, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three ſhifters of ſcenes, with the two candle-ſnuffers, make up a complete body of Guards upon the *Engliſh* Stage; and by the addition of a few Porters dreſſed in red coats, can repreſent above a dozen Legions. I have ſometimes ſeen a Couple of Armies drawn up together upon the Stage, when the Poet has been diſpoſed to do honour to his Generals. It is impoſſible for the Reader's imagination to multiply twenty Men into ſuch prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thouſand Soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compaſs. Incidents of ſuch a nature ſhould be told, not repreſented.

————————*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in ſcenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a Scene,
Which Men of Judgement only will relate.
ROSCOMMON.

I ſhould therefore, in this Particular, recommend to my Countrymen the example of the *French* Stage, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended

tended, and leave their Guards behind the Scenes. I ſhould likewiſe be glad if we imitated the *French* in baniſhing from our Stage the Noiſe of Drums, Trumpets, and Huzzas; which is ſometimes ſo very great, that when there is a battle in the *Hay-Market* Theatre, one may hear it as far as *Charing-croſs*.

I have here only touched upon thoſe particulars which are made uſe of to raiſe and aggrandize the perſons of a Tragedy; and ſhall ſhew in another Paper the ſeveral expedients which are practiſed by Authors of a vulgar Genius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration, in their hearers.

THE Tailor and the Painter often contribute to the ſucceſs of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as ſpeeches; and our Actors are very ſenſible, that a well-dreſſed Play has ſometimes brought them as full audiences, as a well written one. The *Italians* have a very good Phraſe to expreſs this art of impoſing upon the Spectators by Appearances; they call it the *Fourberia della ſcena*, *The knavery or trickiſh Part of the Drama.* But however the ſhow and outſide of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the more underſtanding part of the Audience immediately ſee thro' and deſpiſe it.

A good Poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an Army, or a Battle in a deſcription, than if he actually ſaw them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions, or engaged in the Confuſion of a Fight. Our minds ſhould be opened to great Conceptions, and inflamed with glorious ſentiments, by what the Actor ſpeaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the Trappings or Equipage of a King or Hero, give *Brutus* half that pomp and Majeſty which he receives from a few Lines in *Shakeſpear?* C

No. 43. *Thurſday, April* 19.

Hae tibi erunt artes; paciſque imponere morem,
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

Virg. Aen. 6. v. 853.

Be theſe thy Arts; to bid contention ceaſe
Chain up ſtern War, and give the Nations Peace;
O'er ſubject Lands extend thy gentle Sway,
And teach with iron Rod the Haughty to obey.

THERE are Crowds of Men, whoſe great Miſfortune it is that they were not bound to Mechanic Arts or Trades; it being abſolutely neceſſary for them to be led by ſome continual taſk or employment. Theſe are ſuch as we commonly call dull fellows; perſons, who for want of ſomething to do, out of a certain vacancy of thought, rather than Curioſity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better than by preſenting you with a Letter from a Gentleman, who belongs to a Society in this Order of Men, reſiding at *Oxford.*

Oxford, April 13. 1711.

SIR, *Four o' clock in the Morning.*

'IN ſome of your late Speculations, I find ſome 'ſketches towards an Hiſtory of Clubs: but you 'ſeem to me to ſhew them in ſomewhat too ludicrous 'a light. I have well weighed that matter, and 'think, that the moſt important Negotiations may 'beſt be carried on in ſuch Aſſemblies. I ſhall, 'therefore, for the good of mankind (which, I 'truſt, you and I are equally concerned for) pro'poſe an Inſtitution of that Nature for example 'ſake.

'I muſt

'I muſt confeſs the Deſign and Tranſactions of 'too many Clubs are trifling, and manifeſtly of no 'conſequence to the Nation or Public Weal: Thoſe 'I'll give you up. But you muſt do me then the 'Juſtice to own, that nothing can be more uſeful or 'laudable, than the ſcheme we go upon. To avoid 'Nicknames and Witticiſms, we call ourſelves *The* '*Hebdomadal Meeting:* Our Preſident continues for 'a Year at leaſt, and ſometimes four or five: we 'are all Grave, Serious, Deſigning Men, in our 'way: we think it our duty, as far as in us lies, 'to take care the Conſtitution receives no harm—— '*Ne quid detrimenti Res capiat Publica*——To cenſure 'Doctrines or Facts, Perſons, or Things, which we 'don't like: to ſettle the Nation at home, and to 'carry on the War abroad, where and in what man-'ner we ſee fit. If other people are not of our opi-'nion, we can't help that. 'Twere better they 'were. Moreover, we now and then condeſcend to 'direct, in ſome meaſure, the little affairs of our own 'Univerſity.

'VERILY, Mr SPECTATOR, we are much of-'fended at the Act for importing *French* Wines: A 'bottle or two of good ſolid edifying Port at honeſt '*George*'s, made a Night chearful, and threw off 'reſerve. But this plaguy *French* Claret will not 'only coſt us more Money, but do us leſs Good: 'had we been aware of it, before it had gone too 'far, I muſt tell you, we would have petitioned to 'be heard upon that Subject But let that paſs.

'I muſt let you know likewiſe, good Sir, that we 'look upon a certain Northern Prince's March, in 'conjunction with Infidels, to be palpably againſt 'our good-will and liking; and for all Monſieur '*Palmquiſt*, a moſt dangerous innovation; and we 'are by no means yet ſure, that ſome people are not 'at the bottom on't. At leaſt my own private Let-'ters leave room for a Politician, well verſed in mat-

'ters of this nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating Friend of mine tells me.

'WE think we have at last done the Business with the Malecontents in *Hungary*, and shall clap up a Peace there.

'WHAT the Neutrality Army is to do, or what the Army in *Flanders*, and what two or three other Princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next *Dyer*'s, who, you must know, is our Authentic Intelligence, our *Aristotle* in Politics. And 'tis indeed but fit there should be some dernier Resort, the absolute Decider of all Controversies.

'We were lately informed, that the gallant train'd-Bands had patroll'd all night long about the Streets of *London*: we indeed could not imagine any occasion for it, we guessed not a title on't aforehand, we were in nothing of the secret; and that City Tradesmen, or their apprentices should do duty, or work, during the Holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But *Dyer* being positive in it, and some Letters from other people, who had talked with some who had it from those who should know, giving some countenance to it, the Chairman reported from the Commitee, appointed to examine into that affair, That 'twas possible there might be something in't. I have much more to say to you but my two good Friends and Neighbours, *Dominic* and *Slyboots*, are just come in, and the Coffee's ready. I am, in the mean time,

Mr SPECTATOR,

Your Admirer and Humble Servant,

Abraham Froth.

YOU may observe the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in any thing. It would be no disappointment to them, to come to certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them

and

and put an end to their inquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull fellows prove very good men of Business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to Mercurial men, is an Interruption from their real Existence and Happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their Amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull fellow of good Education, but (if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands) will turn his Head to one of those two Amusements, for all fools of Eminence, Politics or Poetry. The former of these arts, is the study of all dull people in general; but when dulness is lodged in a person of a quick Animal life, it generally exerts itself in Poetry. One might here mention a few military Writers, who give great entertainment to the Age, by reason that the stupidity of their Heads is quickened by the alacrity of their Hearts. This constitution in a dull fellow, gives vigour to Nonsense, and makes the puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The *British Prince*, that celebrated Poem, which was written in the reign of King *Charles* the Second, and deservedly called by the Wits of that Age *Incomparable*, was the effect of such an happy Genius as we are speaking of. From among many other Distichs no less to be quoted on this account, I cannot but recite the two following lines:

A painted Vest Prince Voltager *had on,*
Which from a Naked Pict *his Grandsire won.*

HERE, if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as well as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that neither

Prince

Prince *Voltager*, nor his Grandfather, could ſtrip a naked man of his doublet; but a Fool of a colder conſtitution, would have ſtaid to have flea'd the *Pict*, and made buff of his Skin, for the wearing of the Conqueror.

TO bring theſe Obſervations to ſome uſeful purpoſe of life, what I would propoſe ſhould be, that we imitated thoſe wiſe Nations, wherein every man learns ſome handicraft-work. Would it not employ a Beau prettily enough, if, inſtead of eternally playing with a Snuff-box, he ſpent ſome part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public Emolument, by making every man living good for ſomething; for there would then be no one member of Human Society, but would have ſome little pretenſion for ſome degree in it; like him who came to WILL's Coffee-houſe, upon the merit of having writ a poſy of a Ring. R

No. 44. *Friday, April* 20,

Tu quid ego et populus mecum deſideret, audi.
Hor. Ars. Poet. l. I. v. 153.

Now hear what ev'ry Auditor expects. ROSCOMMON.

AMONG the ſeveral Artifices which are put in practice by the Poets to fill the minds of an Audience with terror, the firſt place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made uſe of at the deſcending of a God, or the riſing of a Ghoſt, at the vaniſhing of a Devil, or at the death of a Tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into ſeveral Tragedies with good effect; and have ſeen the whole aſſembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *Engliſh* Theatre ſo much as a Ghoſt, eſpecially

ally when he appears in a bloody Shirt. A ſpectre has very often ſaved a Play, though he has done nothing but ſtalked acroſs the Stage, or roſe through a cleft of it, and ſunk again without ſpeaking one word. There may be a proper ſeaſon for theſe ſeveral terrors; and when they only come in as aids and aſſiſtances to the Poet, they are not only to be excuſed, but to be applauded. Thus the ſounding of the Clock, in *Venice Preſerved*, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a ſtronger terror to the mind than it is poſſible for words to do. The appearance of the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* is a Maſter-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumſtances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the diſcourſes that precede it: His dumb Behaviour at his firſt entrance, ſtrikes the imagination very ſtrongly; but every time he enters he is ſtill more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which young *Hamlet* accoſts him, without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*
Ham. *Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend us;*
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blaſts from Hell;
Be thy Events wicked or charitable;
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable Shape
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: *Oh! Anſwer me,*
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearſed in Death,
Have burſt their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws
To caſt thee up again! What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarſe again in complete Steel
Reviſit'ſt thus the Glimpſes of the Moon
Making Night hideous;

I do not therefore find fault with the Artifices abovementioned

mentioned when they are introduced with ſkill, and accompanied by proportionable ſentiments and expreſſions in the writing.

FOR the moving of Pity, our principal Machine is the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we ſhould not know very often that the perſons are in diſtreſs by any thing they ſay, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Far be it from me to think of baniſhing this inſtrument of ſorrow from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not ſubſiſt without it: all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being miſapplied. In a word, I would have the Actor's Tongue ſympathiſe with his Eyes.

A diſconſolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn compaſſion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in ſeveral Tragedies. A Modern Writer, that obſerved how this had took in other Plays, being reſolved to double the diſtreſs, and melt the audience twice as much as thoſe before him had done, brought a Princeſs upon the Stage, with a little Boy in one hand, and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third Poet being reſolved to out-write all his predeceſſors, a few years ago introduced three Children with great ſucceſs; and, as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the moſt obdurate hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the firſt perſon that appears upon the Stage is an afflicted Widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherleſs Children attending her, like thoſe that uſually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus ſeveral incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

BUT among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none ſo abſurd and barbarous, and what more expoſes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is ſo very frequent upon the *Engliſh*

Stage

Stage. To delight in seeing Men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel Temper: and as this is often practised before the *British* audience, several *French* Critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take Occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our Stage strowed with Carcases in the last scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the Play-house several Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poison, and many other instruments of Death. Murders and Executions are always transacted behind the Scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized People: But as there are no exceptions to this rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present Censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover) in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reason or Manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid *public Bloodshed*, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the Stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the Audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any Occasion for it.

IT may not be unacceptable to the Reader to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like

like delicate circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same Condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakespear*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in Conspiracy with the adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his Mother's Apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a Spectacle would have been too shocking for the Audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son answering her, that she shewed no Mercy to his Father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other instances of this Nature to be met with in those of the Ancients: And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son, behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the Audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the entrance of his Palace: and by a very happy thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his Father, whose Murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that decency which *Horace* afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit Parricides or unnatural Murders before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea *trucidet.*

Ars. Poet. v. 185.

Let

Let not *Medea* draw her murd'ring Knife,
And ſpill her Childrens Blood upon the Stage.
ROSCOMMON.

The *French* have therefore refin'd too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never deſigned to baniſh all kinds of Death from the Stage; but only ſuch as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when tranſacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the practice of the ancient Poets, who were very ſparing of their public executions, and rather choſe to perform them behind the ſcenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that tho' the devoted perſons of the Tragedy were ſeldom ſlain before the audience, which has generally ſomething ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it ſomething melancholy or terrifying; ſo that the killing on the Stage does not ſeem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but alſo as an improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea *trucidet;*
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne *vertatur,* Cadmus *in anguem:*
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 185.

Medea muſt not draw her murd'ring Knife,
Nor *Atreus* there his horrid Feaſt prepare:
Cadmus and *Progne*'s Metamorphoſis,
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatſoever contradicts my Senſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe. ROSCOMMON.

I Have now gone through the ſeveral Dramatic Inventions which are made uſe of by the ignorant Poets to ſupply the place of Tragedy, and by the

ſkilful to improve it; ſome of which I could wiſh intirely rejected, and the reſt to be uſed with caution. It would be an endleſs taſk to conſider Comedy in the ſame light, and to mention the innumerable ſhifts that ſmall Wits put in practice to raiſe a laugh. *Bullock* in a Coat and *Norris* in a long one, ſeldom fail of this effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brimm'd hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the ſcene lyes in a Shoulder-belt, and ſometimes in a pair of Whiſkers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jeſt in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the firſt Wits of that age. But becauſe ridicule is not ſo delicate as compaſſion, and becauſe the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than thoſe that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for comic than tragic Artifices, and by conſequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

C

No. 45. *Saturday, April* 21.

Natio Comoeda eſt—— Juv. Sat. 3. v. 100.

The Nation is a Company of Players.

THERE is nothing which I more deſire than a ſafe and honourable Peace, tho' at the ſame time I am very apprehenſive of many ill Conſequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politics, but our Manners. What an inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What peals of Laughter and Impertinence ſhall we be expoſed to? For the prevention of theſe great evils, I could heartily wiſh that there was an Act of Parliament for prohibiting the importation of *French* fopperies.

THE

THE Female Inhabitants of our Iſland have already received very ſtrong impreſſions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the length of the War (as there is no evil which has not ſome good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when ſome of our well bred Country-Women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, becauſe, forſooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myſelf have ſeen one of theſe Male *Abigails* tripping about the room with a Looking-glaſs in his hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the Story of a Lady's being got with Child by one of theſe her handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at preſent the whole race of them is extinct in our own Country.

ABOUT the time that ſeveral of our Sex were taken into this kind of ſervice, the Ladies likewiſe brought up the faſhion of receiving Viſits in their Beds. It was then look'd upon as a piece of Ill-breeding for a Woman to refuſe to ſee a man, becauſe ſhe was not ſtirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made ſo aukward an excuſe. As I love to ſee every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of theſe Travelled Ladies, deſiring him, at the ſame time, to preſent me as a Foreigner who could not ſpeak *Engliſh*, that ſo I might not be obliged to bear a part in the Diſcourſe. The Lady tho' willing to appear undreſt, had put on her beſt looks, and painted herſelf for our reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice diſorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her ſhoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am ſo ſhocked with every thing that looks immodeſt in the Fair Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when ſhe moved in her bed, and was in the greateſt confuſion imaginable every time ſhe ſtirred a Leg or

an Arm. As the Coquettes, who introduced this cuſtom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a Woman of Threeſcore may kick and tumble her heart out without making any impreſſions.

SEMPRONIA is at preſent the moſt profeſt Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is ſo modeſt as to admit her viſitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd ſight that beautiful Creature makes, when ſhe is talking Politics with her Treſſes flowing about her ſhoulders, and examining that face in the glaſs, which does ſuch execution upon all the male Standers-by. How prettily does ſhe divide her diſcourſe between her Woman and her Viſitants? What ſprightly tranſitions does ſhe make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an ivory comb or a pin cuſhion? How have I been pleaſed to ſee her interrupted in an account of her Travels, by a meſſage to her footman; and holding her Tongue in the midſt of a moral reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

THERE is nothing which expoſes a Woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airineſs of Temper, which are natural to the moſt of the Sex. It ſhould be therefore the concern of every wiſe and virtuous Woman, to keep this ſprightlineſs from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole Diſcourſe and behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more fantaſtical, or, (as they are pleaſed to term it) *more awakened*, than is conſiſtent either with Virtue or Diſcretion. To ſpeak loud in Public Aſſemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that ſhould only be mentioned in private or in whiſper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the ſame time a bluſh is unfaſhionable, and ſilence more ill-bred than any thing that can be ſpoken. In ſhort, Diſcretion and Modeſty, which in all other ages and Countries have been regarded as the greateſt ornaments of the Fair Sex are conſidered as the ingredients of narrow converſation and Family behaviour.

SOME

SOME Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myſelf under a Woman of Quality that is ſince dead; who, as I found by the noiſe ſhe made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the riſing of the Curtain, ſhe broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their firſt appearance, aſked a Lady that ſat three boxes from her, on her right-hand, if thoſe Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the fineſt ſpeeches of the Play, ſhe ſhook her fan at another Lady, who ſat as far on her left-hand, and told her with a whiſper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We muſt not expect to ſee *Balloon* to-night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who ſat three Seats before me, ſhe aſked him whether *Macbeth*'s Wife was ſtill alive; and before he could give an anſwer, fell a talking of the Ghoſt of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little audience to herſelf, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the ſphere of her impertinence, and planted myſelf in one of the remoteſt corners of the Pit.

THIS pretty Childiſhneſs of Behaviour is one of the moſt refined parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by Ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconſtrained behaviour has ſomething in it ſo agreeable, that it is no wonder to ſee people endeavouring after it. But at the ſame time, it is ſo very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themſelves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his time, thought it Ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reaſon they took frequent occaſion to uſe hard words, that they might ſhew a politeneſs in murdering them.

He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just as to own, that there are many Ladies who have Travelled several Thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *travelled* Ladies, who have lived all their Days within the smoke of *London*. I have known a woman that never was out of the Parish of St *James*'s betray as many Foreign Fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the Countries of *Europe*.
C

No. 46. *Monday, April* 23.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.
Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 9.

The jarring Seeds of ill-consorted things.

WHEN I want Materials for this Paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of Game; and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon Paper. At the same time I look into the Letters of my Correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of Speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of Nonsense to any body but myself: There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first principles, that (like the World in

its Chaos) are void of all Light, Diſtinction, and Order.

ABOUT a week ſince there happened to me a very odd accident, by reaſon of one of theſe my Papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd*'s Coffee-houſe, where the auctions are uſually kept. Before I miſſed it, there was a cluſter of people who had found it, and were diverting themſelves with it at one end of the Coffee-houſe: It had raiſed ſo much laughter among them before I had obſerved what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the Coffee-houſe, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, aſking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by thoſe merry Gentlemen who had before peruſed it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's Country-Seat—Yes, for I hate long ſpeeches—Query, if a good Chriſtian may be a Conjurer—*Childermas-day*, ſaltſeller, houſe-Dog, Screech owl, Cricket—Mr *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good Ship called the *Achilles*. *Yarico*—*Ægreſcitque medendo*—Ghoſts—The Lady's Library—Lion by trade a Tailor—Dromedary called *Bucephalus*—Equipage the Lady's *ſummum bonum*—*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of—Short face a Relief to envy—Redundancies in the three profeſſions—King *Latinus* a Recruit—Jew devouring an ham of bacon—*Weſtminſter-Abbey*—*Grand-Cairo*—Procraſtination—*April* fools—blue Boars, red Lions, Hogs in Armour—Enter a King and two Fidlers *ſolus*—Admiſſion into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how improveable—Families of true and falſe humour—The

The Parrot's School-Mistress—Face half *Pict* half *British*—No Man to be an Hero of a Tragedy under six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower-Pots, Elbow-chairs, Tapestry-figures, Lion, Thunder—The bell rings to the Puppet-show—old Woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy—My next Coat to be turned up with blue—fable of Tongs and Gridiron—Flower Dyers—the Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gally-pot—*Pactolus* in stockings, with golden Clocks to them—Bamboos, Cudgel, Drum-sticks—Slip of my Landlady's eldest Daughter—The black Mare with a star in her fore-head—The Barber's Pole—WILL HONEYCOMB's Coat-pocket—*Cæsar*'s Behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances—Poem in Patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The Female Conventicler—The Ogle Master.

THE reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some body that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial Citizen, told us, with several politic winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the Paper than what was expressed in it: That for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to signify something more than what was usually meant by those words, and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish Man with the golden Clock in his Stockings. A young *Oxford* Scholar, who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-house, discover'd to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy Citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reach'd out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the Pul-

pit,

pit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the *Postman*, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

MY Reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing Paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I shall only give him the Letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an Husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet Zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous Inscription quoted by the bishop of *Salisbury* in his Travels; *Dum nimis pia est, facta est impia: Through too much Piety she became impious.*

SIR,

'I AM one of those unhappy Men that are plagued 'with a Gospel-Gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends) Lectures in the Morning, Church-Meetings at Noon, and Preparation 'Sermons at Night, take up so much of her time, ''tis very rare she knows what we have for dinner, 'unless when the Preacher is to be at it. With him 'come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems;

'while

'while others, really such, are deemed no relations. 'If at any time I have her Company alone, she is a 'mere Sermon popgun, repeating and discharging 'Texts, Proofs, and Applications so perpetually, 'that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in 'my head will not let me sleep 'till towards morn-'ing. The Misery of my Case, and great Numbers 'of such Sufferers plead your pity and speedy re-'lief, otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be 'lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless 'the Happiness of being sooner talked to Death pre-'vent it.

I am, &c,

R. G.

THE second Letter relating to the Ogling-Master, runs thus.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled 'many years for my improvement; during which 'time I have accomplished myself in the whole Art 'of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the po-'lite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I 'intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for 'an Ogling-Master. I teach the Church Ogle in 'the Morning, and the play-house Ogle by Candle-'light. I have also brought over with me a new 'flying Ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the 'dusk of the Evening, or in any hour of the Day by 'darkning one of my windows. I have a Manu-'script by me called the *The Complete Ogler*, which 'I shall be ready to shew you upon any occasion. 'In the mean time, I beg you will publish the sub-'stance of this Letter in an Advertisement, and you 'will very much oblige,

C *Your*, &c.

No. 47. *Tuesday, April 24.*

Ride si sapis——— Mart.

Laugh, if you're wise.

MR *Hobbs*, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The passion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour.'

ACCORDING to this Author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at some body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself It was formerly the custom for every great house in *England* to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an Opportunity of joking upon him and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason Idiots are still in request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

THE *Dutch* who are more famous for their Industry and application, than for Wit and Humour, hang

hang up in ſeveral of their ſtreets what they call the ſign of the *Gaper*, that is the Head of an Idiot dreſſed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a moſt immoderate manner: This is a ſtanding Jeſt at *Amſterdam*.

THUS every one diverts himſelf with ſome Perſon or other that is below him in point of Underſtanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilſt he has ſuch objects of Deriſion before his eyes. Mr *Dennis* has very well expreſſed this in a couple of humourous Lines, which are part of a Tranſlation of a Satire in Monſieur *Boileau*.

Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

Mr *Hobb's* Reflexion gives us the reaſon why the inſignificant people above-mentioned are ſtirrers up of laughter among men of a groſs taſte: but as the more underſtanding part of Mankind do not find their Riſibility affected by ſuch ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the ſeveral provocatives of Laughter in men of ſuperior Senſe and Knowledge.

IN the firſt Place I muſt obſerve, that there is a ſet of merry Drolls, whom the common people of all Countries admire, and ſeem to love ſo well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb: I mean thoſe circumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the name of that diſh of meat which it loves beſt. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. Theſe merry wags, from whatſoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, and commit ſuch blunders and miſtakes in every ſtep they take, and every Word they utter, as thoſe who liſten to them would be aſhamed of.

BUT this little Triumph of the Underſtanding, under

under the disguise of Laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present Month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more Laughter raised on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by Trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his Boasts that for these ten Years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* Fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for sending every one of her Children upon some *Sleeveless Errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an half-penny worth of incle at a Shoemaker's; the eldest Daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a Monster; and in short, the whole family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon these Conceits ever since.

THIS Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a Twelve-month; but there is an ingenious tribe of Men sprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every day in the Year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of *Biters*; a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

THUS we see, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher Class of Mankind; or, to speak in a more philosophical Language, That secret elation and pride of heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial fool. It is indeed very possible, that the Persons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiser Men than ourselves;

ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this Passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too Abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own Character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote Analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

BUT to come into common Life: I shall pass by the considerations of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or Merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the Wit and Rallery of their Well-wishers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, Women and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts* who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unluckly cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the Company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his Character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A *Butt* with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falstaff* was an Hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all sorts*

(says

(ſays that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that Wit is in other Men.*

C

No. 48. *Wedneſday, April* 25.

—— Per multas additum ſibi ſaepe figuras
Repperit—————— Ovid. Met. l. 14. v. 652.

Thro' various Shapes he often finds Acceſs.

MY Correſpondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their Letters. The moſt effectual way will be to publiſh ſome of them that are upon important ſubjects; which I ſhall introduce with a Letter of my own that I writ a Fortnight ago to a Fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary Member.

To the Preſident and Fellows of the *Ugly Club.*

May it pleaſe your Deformities,

'I HAVE received the Notification of the Honour 'you have done me, in admitting me into your 'Society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and 'for that reaſon ſhall endeavour at all times to make 'up my own Failures, by introducing and recom-'mending to the Club perſons of more undoubted 'qualifications than I can pretend to. I ſhall next 'Week come down in the Stage Coach, in order to 'take my ſeat at the Board, and ſhall bring with 'me a candidate of each Sex. The perſons I ſhall 'preſent to you, are an old Beau and a modern '*Pict.* If they are not ſo eminently gifted by Na-'ture as our Aſſembly expects, give me leave to ſay

'their acquired Uglineſs is greater than any that 'has ever appeared before you. The Beau has va-'ried his dreſs every day of his life for theſe thirty 'Years laſt paſt, and ſtill added to the deformity he 'was born with. The *Pict* has ſtill greater Merit 'towards us, and has, ever ſince ſhe came to Years 'of Diſcretion, deſerted the handſome party, and 'taken all poſſible pains to acquire the Face in 'which I ſhall preſent her to your Conſideration and 'Favour. I am, Gentlemen,

Your moſt obliged Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

P. S. 'I deſire to know whether you admit Peo-'ple of Quality.

Mr SPECTATOR. *April* 17.

'TO ſhew you there are among us of the vain 'weak Sex, ſome that have Honeſty and For-'titude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to 'be thought ſo; I apply myſelf to you, to beg your 'Intereſt and Recommendation to the *Ugly Club*. If 'my own Word will not be taken, (though in this 'caſe a Woman's may) I can bring credible wit-'neſs of my Qualifications for their company whe-'ther they inſiſt upon Hair, Forehead, Eyes, 'Cheeks, or Chin; to which I muſt add, that I 'find it eaſier to lean to my left ſide, than my right. 'I hope I am in all reſpects agreeable: And for 'Humour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the Preſident 'himſelf. All the favour I'll pretend to is, that as 'I am the firſt Woman has appeared deſirous of 'good Company and agreeable converſation, I may 'take and keep the upper end of the Table. And 'indeed I think they want a Carver, which I can 'be after as ugly a manner as they can wiſh. I de-'ſire your Thoughts of my Claim as ſoon as you 'can.

'can. Add to my Features the Length of my face, 'which is full half Yard; though I never knew the 'reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of 'yours. If I knew a Name ugly enough to belong to 'the above described Face, I would feign one; but, 'to my unspeakable Misfortune, my Name is the 'only disagreeable prettiness about me; so pr'ythee, 'make one for me that signifies all the Deformity in 'the World: You understand *Latin* but be sure 'bring it in with my being in the Sincerity of my 'Heart,

Your most frightful Admirer,

and Servant,

HECATISSA.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I READ your Discourse upon Affectation, and 'from the remarks made in it examined my own 'heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out 'its most secret Avenues, with a resolution to be a-'ware of you for the future. But alas! to my 'Sorrow I now understand, that I have several fol-'lies which I do not know the root of. I am an 'old Fellow, and extremely troubled with the Gout; 'but having always a strong vanity towards being 'pleasing in the eyes of Women, I never have a mo-'ment's ease, but I am mounted in high-heel'd 'Shoes with a glazed Wax-leather instep. Two 'days after a severe Fit I was invited to a Friend's 'house in the City, where I believed I should see 'Ladies; and with my usual complaisance crippled 'myself to wait upon them: A very sumptuous 'Table, agreeable Company, and kind Reception, 'were but so many importunate additions to the 'Torment I was in. A Gentleman of the Family 'observed my condition; and soon after the Queen's 'health, he in the presence of the whole Company

'with his own hands, degraded me into an old 'Pair of his own Shoes. This operation, before 'fine Ladies, to me (who am by nature a coxcomb) 'was suffered with the same reluctance as they ad- 'mit the help of Men in their greatest extremity. 'The return of ease made me forgive the rough 'Obligation laid upon me, which at that time re- 'lieved my body from a distemper, and will my 'mind for ever from a folly. For the Charity re- 'ceived I return my Thanks this way.

Your most humble Servant.

S I R, *Epping, April* 18.

'WE have your Papers here the Morning they 'come out, and we have been very well en- 'tertained with your last, upon the false ornaments 'of Persons who represent Heroes in a Tragedy. 'What made your Speculation come very seasonably 'among us is, that we have now at this place a 'company of Strollers, who are very far from of- 'fending in the impertinent Splendor of the Drama. 'They are so far from falling into these false Gal- 'lantries, that the Stage is here in its Original situ- 'ation of a cart. *Alexander* the Great was acted by 'a fellow in a paper Cravat. The next Day, the 'Earl of *Essex* seemed to have no distress but his po- 'verty; and my Lord *Foppington* the same Morning 'wanted any better means to shew himself a fop, 'than by wearing stockings of different colours. In 'a word, though they have had a full Barn for 'many days together, our Itinerants are still so 'wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to 'send us the furniture you forbid at the Play-house, 'the Heroes appear only like sturdy Beggars, and 'the Heroines Gipsies. We have had but one part 'which was performed and dressed with propriety, 'and that was Justice *Clodpate*: This was so well

'done

'done that it offended Mr Justice *Overdo*, who, in 'the midst of our whole Audience, was (like *Quixote* 'in the Puppet-show) so highly provok'd, that he 'told them, if they would move compassion, it should 'be in their own persons, and not in the characters 'of distressed Princes and Potentates: He told them, 'if they were so good at finding the way to people's 'Hearts, they should do it at the end of bridges or 'Church-Porches, in their proper vocation of Beg-'gars. This, the Justice says, they must expect, 'since they could not be contented to act Heathen 'Warriors, and such fellows as *Alexander*, but must 'presume to make a Mockery of one of the *Quo-'rum*. R

Your Servant.

No. 49. *Thursday, April 26.*

——*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.* Mart.

Men and their Manners I describe.

IT is very natural for a Man who is not turned for mirthful Meetings of men, or Assemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in Coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper, is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an Hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful

ſkilful attention to whatever is uttered by thoſe with whom they converſe. We are very curious to obſerve the behaviour of great Men and their Clients; but the ſame Paſſions and Intereſts move men in lower ſpheres; and I (that have nothing elſe to do but make obſervations) ſee in every Pariſh, Street, Lane, and Alley of this populous City, a little Potentate that has his court and his flatterers who lay ſnares for his affection and favour, by the ſame arts that are practiſed upon men in higher Stations.

IN the Place I moſt uſually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a Figure, than in any real greatneſs above one another. I, who am at the Coffee houſe at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdaſher has a levy of more undiſſembled Friends and Admirers, than moſt of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great-Britain*. Every man about him has perhaps a News-Paper in his hand, but none can pretend to gueſs what ſtep will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, 'till Mr *Beaver* has thrown down his pipe, and declares what meaſures the Allies muſt enter into upon this new poſture of affairs. Our Coffee-houſe is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and admiration of his neighbours from Six till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the Houſe; ſome of whom are ready dreſs'd for *Weſtminſter*, at eight in a Morning, with faces as buſy as if they were retained in every cauſe there; and others come in their Night-gowns to ſaunter away their time, as if they never deſigned to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my ſpleen and laughter ſo effectually, as theſe young fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire*'s, *Searl*'s, and all other Coffee-houſes adjacent to the Law, who riſe early for no other purpoſe but to publiſh their lazineſs. One would think theſe young *Virtuoſos* take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and party-coloured Gown, to be enſigns of Dignity;

Dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air, which ſhows they regard one another for their Veſtments. I have obſerved that the ſuperiority among theſe proceeds from an opinion of Gallantry and Faſhion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry ſaſh, who preſides ſo much over the reſt, has, it ſeems, ſubſcribed to every Opera this laſt Winter, and is ſuppoſed to receive favours from one of the Actreſſes.

WHEN the day grows too buſy for theſe Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleaſures of their *Diſhabille*, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have buſineſs or good ſenſe in their faces, and come to the Coffee-houſe either to tranſact affairs or enjoy converſation. The perſons to whoſe behaviour and diſcourſe I have moſt regard, are ſuch as are between theſe two ſorts of men: Such as have not Spirits too active to be happy and well-pleaſed in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of theſe ſort of men conſiſt the worthier part of mankind; of theſe are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, ſincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reaſon than Imagination; which is the cauſe that there is no impatience or inſtability in their Speech or Action. You ſee in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet poſſeſſion of the preſent inſtant, as it paſſes, without deſiring to quicken it by gratifying any Paſſion, or proſecuting any new Deſign. Theſe are the men formed for Society, and thoſe little Communities which we expreſs by the word *Neighbourhoods*.

THE Coffee-houſe is the place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to reliſh calm and ordinary life. *Eubulus* preſides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Aſſembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handſomely, without launching into expence; and exerts many noble and uſeful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His Wiſdom and Knowledge

ledge are ſerviceable to all that think fit to make uſe of them; and he does the office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend ſuch Offices, but alſo without the Deference and Homage which are uſually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is diſpleaſing to him. The greateſt Gratitude you can ſhew him, is to let him ſee you are the better man for his ſervices; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

IN the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal value, conſiderable ſums, which he might highly increaſe by rolling in the public Stocks. He does not conſider in whoſe hands his Money will improve moſt, but where it will do moſt Good.

EUBULUS has ſo great an Authority in his little Diurnal Audience, that when he ſhakes his head at any piece of Public News, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good ſtomach and chearful aſpect, when *Eubulus* ſeems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is ſo great, that when they are in other Company, they ſpeak and act after him; are wiſe in his Sentences, and are no ſooner ſat down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or deſpond, as they ſaw him do at the Coffee-houſe. In a word, every man is *Eubulus* as ſoon as his back is turned.

HAVING here given an account of the ſeveral Reigns that ſucceed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I ſhall mention the Monarchs of the afternoon on another occaſion, and ſhut up the whole ſeries of them with the hiſtory of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as firſt Miniſter of the Coffee-houſe, takes the government upon him between the hours of Eleven and Twelve at night, and gives his orders in the moſt arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the diſpoſition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders. R

Friday,

No. 50. *Friday, April* 27.

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.
Juv. Sat. 14. v. 321.

Good Senſe and Nature always ſpeak the ſame.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully ſtruck with the ſight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, ſince their departure, employed a Friend to make many inquiries of their Landlord the Upholſterer, relating to their Manners and Converſation, as alſo concerning the remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right notion of ſuch Strangers, I ſhould be deſirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

THE Upholſterer finding my Friend very inquiſitive about theſe his Lodgers, brought him ſome time ſince a little bundle of Papers, which he aſſured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Raſh Tow*, and, as he ſuppoſes, left behind by ſome miſtake. Theſe Papers are now tranſlated, and contain abundance of very odd obſervations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their ſtay in the Iſle of *Great Britain.* I ſhall preſent my Reader with a ſhort Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of St *Paul.*

'On the moſt riſing part of the Town there ſtands 'a huge Houſe, big enough to contain the whole 'Nation of which I am King. Our good Brother '*E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it

'it was made by the hands of that great God to whom 'it is consecrated. The Kings of *Granajah* and of 'the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the 'Earth, and produced on the same day with the Sun 'and Moon. But for my own part, by the best in'formation that I could get of this matter, I am apt 'to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned in'to the shape it now bears by several tools and in'struments of which they have a wonderful variety 'in this Country. It was probably at first an huge 'mis-shapen Rock that grew upon the top of an Hill, 'which the Natives of the Country (after having cut 'it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollow'ed with incredible pains and industry, till they had 'wrought in it all those beautiful Vaults and Caverns 'into which it is divided at this day. As soon as 'this Rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, 'a prodigious Number of Hands must have been em'ployed in chipping the outside of it, which is now 'as smooth as the surface of a Pebble; and is in se'veral places hewn out into Pillars that stand like 'the trunks of so many trees bound about the top 'with Garlands of Leaves. It is probable, that when 'this great Work was begun, which must have been 'many hundred years ago, there was some Religion 'among this people; for they give it the name of a 'Temple, and have a tradition that it was designed 'for Men to pay their Devotions in. And indeed 'there are several reasons which make us think that 'the Natives of this Country had formerly among 'them some sort of Worship; for they set apart eve'ry seventh Day as sacred; but upon my going in'to one of these holy Houses on that Day, I could 'not observe any circumstance of Devotion in their 'behaviour: There was indeed a man in black who 'was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter 'something with a great deal of Vehemence; but as 'for those underneath him, instead of paying their 'Worship to the Deity of the Place, they were most

'of

' of them bowing and curtſying to one another, and ' a conſiderable number of them faſt aſleep.

' THE Queen of the Country appointed two men ' to attend us, that had enough of our Language ' to make themſelves underſtood in ſome few parti- ' culars. But we ſoon perceived theſe two were ' great Enemies to one another, and did not always ' agree in the ſame Story. We could make a ſhift ' to gather out of one of them, that this Iſland was ' very much infeſted with a monſtrous kind of Ani- ' mals, in the ſhape of Men, called *Whigs*; and he ' often told us, that he hoped we ſhould meet with ' none of them in our way, for that if we did they ' would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

' OUR other interpreter uſed to talk very much ' of a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as ' great a monſter as the *Whig*, and would treat us ' as ill for being Foreigners. Theſe two creatures, ' it ſeems, are born with a ſecret antipathy to one ' another, and engage when they meet as naturally ' as the Elephant, and the Rhinoceros. But as we ' ſaw none of either of theſe Species, we are apt to ' think that our Guides deceived us with miſrepre- ' ſentations and fictions, and amuſed us with an ac- ' count of ſuch Monſters as are not really in their ' Country.

' THESE Particulars we made a ſhift to pick out ' from the diſcourſe of our Interpreters; which we ' put together as well as we could, being able to ' underſtand but here and there a word of what they ' ſaid, and afterwards making up the meaning of it ' among ourſelves. The men of the Country are ' very cunning and ingenious in handicraft Works, ' but withal ſo very idle, that we often ſaw young ' luſty raw-boned fellows carried up and down the ' ſtreets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of Por- ' ters, who are hired for that Service. Their dreſs ' is likewiſe very barbarous, for they almoſt ſtrangle ' themſelves about the Neck, and bind their bodies

 with

'with many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are 'the occaſion of ſeveral diſtempers among them, 'which our Country is entirely free from. Inſtead 'of thoſe beautiful Feathers with which we adorn 'our heads, they often buy up a monſtrous Buſh of 'Hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in 'a large fleece below the middle of their Backs; 'with which they walk up and down the Streets, 'and are as proud of it as if it was of their own 'Growth.

'WE were invited to one of their public Diver-'ſions, where we hoped to have ſeen the great men 'of their Country running down a Stag, or pitch-'ing a Bar, that we might have diſcovered who 'were the perſons of the greateſt abilities among 'them; but inſtead of that they conveyed us into a 'huge room lighted up with Abundance of Can-'dles, where this lazy people ſat ſtill above three 'Hours to ſee ſeveral feats of Ingenuity performed 'by others, who it ſeems were paid for it.

'AS for the Women of the Country, not being 'able to talk with them, we could only make our 'remarks upon them at a diſtance. They let the 'Hair of their Heads grow to a great length; but 'as the men make a great ſhow with Heads of Hair 'that are none of their own, the Women who they 'ſay have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, 'and cover it from being ſeen. The Women look like 'Angels, and would be more beautiful than the Sun, 'were it not for little black ſpots that are apt to 'break out in their faces, and ſometimes riſe in very 'odd figures. I have obſerved that thoſe little ble-'miſhes wear off very ſoon; but when they diſap-'pear in one part of the Face, they are very apt to 'break out in another, inſomuch that I have ſeen a 'ſpot upon the Forehead in the afternoon, which 'was upon the Chin in the Morning.

THE Author then proceeds to ſhew the abſurdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many other curious

curious obſervations, which I ſhall reſerve for another occaſion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking notice, That amidſt theſe wild Remarks there now and then appears ſomething very reaſonable. I cannot likewiſe forbear obſerving, that we are guilty in ſome meaſure of the ſame narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this abſtract of the *Indian* Journal, when we fancy the Cuſtoms, Dreſſes, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not reſemble thoſe of our own. C

No. 51. *Saturday, April* 28.

Torquet ab Obſcenis jam nunc Sermonibus Aurem.

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 127

He from the Taſte obſcene reclaims our Youth. POPE

Mr SPECTATOR,

'MY Fortune, Quality, and Perſon are ſuch as ' render me as conſpicuous as any young Wo- ' man in Town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all ' its vanities, but I have, from a very careful edu- ' cation, contracted a great averſion to the forward ' air and faſhion which is practiſed in all public ' Places and Aſſemblies. I attribute this very much ' to the Stile and manners of our Plays. I was laſt ' Night at the *Funeral*, where a confident Lover in ' the Play, ſpeaking of his Miſtreſs, cries out—— ' *Oh that* Harriot! *to fold theſe Arms about the Waſte* ' *of that beauteous, ſtrugling, and at laſt yielding Fair!* ' Such an Image as this ought by no means to be ' preſented to a chaſte and regular audience. I ex- ' pect your opinion of this ſentence, and recommend ' to your conſideration, as a SPECTATOR, the con- ' duct of the Stage at preſent with relation to chaſ- ' tity and Modeſty. *I am, SIR,*

Your conſtant Reader and Well-wiſher.

THE Complaint of this young Lady is ſo juſt, that the offence is great enough to have diſpleaſed perſons who cannot pretend to that Delicacy and Modeſty, of which ſhe is Miſtreſs. But there is a great deal to be ſaid in behalf of an Author: If the Audience would but conſider the difficulty of keeping up a ſprightly Dialogue for five Acts together, they would allow a Writer, when he wants Wit, and can't pleaſe any otherwiſe, to help it out with a little ſmuttineſs. I will anſwer for the Poets, that no one ever writ bawdry for any other reaſon but dearth of invention. When the Author cannot ſtrike out of himſelf any more of that which he has ſuperior to thoſe who make up the bulk of his Audience, his natural recourſe is to that which he has in common with them; and a Deſcription which gratifies a ſenſual appetite will pleaſe when the Author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to ſuch a poverty, we muſt impute this and all other ſentences in Plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luſcious expreſſions.

THIS Expedient, to ſupply the Deficiencies of Wit, has been uſed more or leſs, by moſt of the Authors who have ſucceeded on the Stage; tho' I know but one who has profeſſedly writ a Play upon the baſis of the deſire of multiplying our Species, and that is the polite Sir *George Etherege*; if I underſtand what the Lady would be at, in the Play called *She would if She could.* Other Poets have, here and there, given an intimation that there is this deſign, under all the diſguiſes and affectations which a Lady may put on; but no Author, except this, has made ſure work of it, and put the imaginations of the Audience upon this one purpoſe, from the beginning to the end of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly: for whether it be, that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to gueſs only what *She would if She could*, the Play has always been well received.

IT

IT lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious Gesture of Body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want *Genius*, never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh, or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of Women but from seeing Plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the Fair Sex, by being innocently placed in the Pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their Dancers; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in writing lusciously, a pretty Girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the Author. Dull Poets in this case use their Audiences, as dull parasites do their Patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, tho' below their understanding. *Apicius* cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal; or *Clodius*, if you describe a wanton beauty: Tho' at the same time, if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men are better Judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man, than to the man of Sense.

IT is remarkable, that the Writers of least Learning are best skilled in the luscious way. The Poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*, for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his Mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the Seraglio. It must be confessed his *Turkish* Majesty went off with a good air, but, methought, we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an Author of the same sex, who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire strip to his Holland

land drawers. For *Blunt* is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have begun) very successfully at *Bartholomew* Fair.

IT is not here to be omitted, that in one of the abovementioned Female compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same errand; as I take it, above once every Act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the Men-Authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the Women-Writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a good fortune, the Female gives her Heroine a good Gallant, at the end of the Play. But, indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who frequents Plays would have a very respectful notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a pimp to ravishing Tyrants, or successful Rakes. When the Actors make their *exit* on this good occasion, the Ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the Pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some Ladies wholly absent themselves from the Playhouse; and others never miss the first day of a Play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with my countenance to it on the second.

IF Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from good natural impulses as are in the Audience, but are choked up by Vice and Luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of Writing,

might

might not he who is now repreſented as a fine Gentleman, tho' he betrays the Honour and Bed of his Neighbour and Friend, and lies with half the Women in the Play, and is at laſt rewarded with her of the beſt character in it; I ſay, upon giving the Comedy another caſt, might not ſuch a one divert the Audience quite as well, if at the Cataſtrophe he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is ſeldom a perſon devoted to above one darling vice at a time, ſo that there is room enough to catch at Mens Hearts to their good and advantage, if the Poets will attempt it with the honeſty which becomes their characters.

THERE is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Miſtreſs, in a manner ſo very abandoned, as not to be capable of reliſhing an agreeable character, that is no way a ſlave to either of thoſe purſuits. A Man that is Temperate, Generous, Valiant, Chaſte, Faithful and Honeſt, may, at the ſame time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, Goodbreeding, and Gallantry. While he exerts theſe latter qualities, twenty occaſions might be invented to ſhew he is Maſter of the other noble Virtues. Such characters would ſmite and reprove the heart of a man of ſenſe, when he is given up to his Pleaſures. He would ſee he has been miſtaken all this while, and be convinced that a ſound conſtitution and an innocent mind are the true ingredients for becoming and enjoying life. All men of true taſte would call a Man of Wit, who ſhould turn his ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to his Country; but I am at a loſs what Name they would give him, who makes uſe of his Capacity for contrary Purpoſes. R

No. 52. *Monday, April 30.*

Omnes ut Tecum meritis pro Talibus annos
Exiget, & pulchra faciat Te prole parentem.
Virg. Aen. 1. v. 78.

To crown thy Wrath, she shall be ever thine,
And make thee Father of a beauteous line.

AN ingenious Correſpondent, like a ſprightly Wife, will always have the laſt word. I did not think my laſt Letter to the deformed fraternity would have occaſioned any Anſwer, eſpecially ſince I had promiſed them ſo ſudden a viſit: but as they think they cannot ſhew too great a Veneration for my Perſon, they have already ſent me up an Anſwer. As to the propoſal of a Marriage between myſelf and the matchleſs *Hecatiſſa*, I have but one objection to it; which is, That all the Society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be ſure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, where ſhe may have ſo much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, becauſe the Lady ſeems particularly ſmitten with Men of their Make.

I believe I ſhall ſet my Heart upon her; and think never the worſe of my Miſtreſs for an Epigram a ſmart fellow writ, as he thought, againſt her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the ſame time I cannot but diſcover that his Malice is ſtolen from *Martial.*

Tacta places, Audita places, ſi non videare
Tota places, neutro, ſi videare, places.

Whilſt in the Dark on thy ſoft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Siren* in thy Tongue,
What Flames, what Darts, what Anguiſh I endur'd!
But when the Candle enter'd I was cur'd.

'Your

'YOUR Letter to us we have received, as a signal mark of your Favour and brotherly Affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in *Oxford*: and since the Wisdom of our Legislature has been immortalized in your Speculations, and our personal Deformities in some sort by you recorded to all Posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictish Damsel, we have an easy chair prepared at the upper end of the table; which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous aspect, and much better become the Seat in the native and unaffected Uncomeliness of her person, than with all the superficial airs of the pencil, which (as we have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a breath, and the most innocent adorer may deface the Shrine with a Salutation, and, in the literal sense of our Poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips: In short, the only faces of the Pictish Kind that will endure the weather, must be of Dr *Carbuncle*'s Die? tho' his, in truth, has cost him a world the painting; but then he boasts with *Zeuxes*, *In æternitatem pingo*; and oft jocosely tells the Fair Ones, would they acquire colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer paint but drink for a complexion: a Maxim that in this our Age has been pursued with no ill success; and has been as admirable in its effects, as the famous Cosmetic mentioned in the *Post-man*, and invented by the renowned *British Hippocrates* of the pestle and mortar; making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy; and the best and most approved receipt now extant for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our Female Candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours; as she

'is

'is the first of her Sex that has done us so great an 'honour, she will certainly, in a very short time, 'both in Prose and Verse, be a Lady of the most 'celebrated deformity now living; and meet with 'admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a 'long-headed Gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine 'she has some further design than you have yet pe- 'netrated; and perhaps has more mind to the SPEC- 'TATOR than any of his Fraternity, as the person 'of all the world she could like for a Paramour: 'and if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice; 'and should be glad if it might lie in my power, to 'effect an amicable accommodation betwixt two faces 'of such different extremes, as the only possible ex- 'pedient to mend the breed, and rectify the Phisi- 'ognomy of the Family on both sides. And again, 'as she is a Lady of a very fluent elocution, you 'need not fear that your first child will be born 'dumb, which otherwise you might have some rea- 'son to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, 'I can see nothing shocking in it; for tho' she has 'not a face like a *John-Apple*, yet as a late friend 'of mine, who at sixty-five ventured on a lass of 'Fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five 'years of his life, gave me to understand, That, as 'old as he then seemed, when they were first mar- 'ried he and his spouse could make but fourscore; 'so may Madam *Hecatissa* very justly alledge here- 'after, That, as long-visaged as she may then be 'thought, upon their Wedding-day Mr SPECTATOR 'and she had but half an ell of Face betwixt them: 'And this my very worthy predecessor, Mr Sergeant '*Chin*, always maintained to be no more than the 'true oval proportion between Man and Wife. But, 'as this may be a new thing to you, who have 'hitherto had no expectations from Women, I shall 'allow you what time you think fit to consider on't; 'not without some hope of seeing at last your Thoughts

'hereupon

'hereupon subjoin'd to mine, and which is an Honour much desired by,

SIR, Your assured Friend,

and most humble Servant,

Hugh Gobling, Præses.

THE following Letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own Praise I cannot from my heart suppress it.

SIR,

'YOU proposed, in your SPECTATOR of last *Tuesday*, Mr *Hobbs*'s Hypothesis, for solving that very odd Phænomenon of Laughter. You have made the Hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself; for had it continued Mr *Hobbs*'s no body would have minded it. Now here this perplexed case arises. A certain Company laugh'd very heartily upon the Reading of that very Paper of yours: and the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand it out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few Men in the World so far lost to all good Sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of Folly *inferior to himself*. Pray then how do you justify your Hypothesis of Laughter?

Thursday, *the 26th of the Month of* Fools.

Your most humble,

Q. R.

SIR,

'IN answer to your Letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did me the honour to be so merry over my Paper, you laughed at the Idiot, the *German* Courtier

'tier, the Gaper, the Merry-Andrew, the Haber-
'dasher, the Biter, the Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant.

The SPECTATOR.

No. 53. *Tuesday, May* 1.

——*aliquando bonus dormitat-Homerus.*

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 359

Homer *himself hath been observ'd to nod.*

MY Correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part 'of the visible creation, are well received, and like 'to prove not unsuccessful. The Triumph of '*Daphne* over her sister *Letitia* has been the subject 'of conversation at several Tea-Tables where I have 'been present; and I have observed the fair circle 'not a little pleased to find you considering them as 'reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish 'that *Mahometan* custom, which had too much prevailed even in this Island of treating Women as if 'they had no souls. I must do them the justice to 'say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the 'finishing of those lovely pieces of Human Nature, 'besides the turning and applying their ambition 'properly, and the keeping them up to a sense of 'what is their true merit. *Epictetus*, that plain honest Philosopher, as little as he had of Gallantry, 'appears to have understood them, as well as the

'polite

'polite St *Evremont*, and has hit this point very 'luckily. *When young Women*, says he, *arrive at a 'certain age, they hear themselves called* Mistresses, *and 'are made to believe that their only business is to please 'the Men; they immediately begin to dress, and place 'all their hopes in the adorning of their Persons; it is 'therefore*, continues he, *worth the while to endeavour 'by all Means to make them sensible, that the Honour 'paid to them is only upon Account of their conducting 'themselves with Virtue, Modesty and Discretion.*

'NOW to pursue the Matter yet further, and to 'render your Cares for the improvement of the 'Fair Ones more effectual, I would propose a new 'method, like those applications which are said to 'convey their virtue by Sympathy; and that is, that 'in order to embellish the Mistress, you should give 'a new education to the Lover, and teach the men 'not to be any longer dazzled by false Charms and 'unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex 'knew always how to place their esteem justly, the 'other would not be so often wanting to themselves 'in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with 'a Woman of sense and Virtue is an improvement 'to a man's Understanding and Morals, and the 'passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; 'so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a 'Man of a wise and elegant Mind, carries in itself 'no small degree of Merit and Accomplishment. I 'conclude therefore that one way to make the Wo-'men yet more agreeable is, to make the Men more 'virtuous.

I am, *SIR*,

Your most humble Servant,

R. B.

S I R, *April* 26.

'YOURS of *Saturday* laſt I read, not without
' ſome reſentment; but I will ſuppoſe when you
' ſay you expect an inundation of Ribbons and Bro-
' cades, and to ſee many new vanities which the
' Women will fall into upon a Peace with *France*,
' that you intend only the unthinking part of our
' Sex; and what methods can reduce them to rea-
' ſon is hard to imagine.

' BUT, Sir, there are others yet, that your In-
' ſtructions might be of great uſe to, who, after their
' beſt endeavours, are ſometimes at a loſs to acquit
' themſelves to a Cenſorious World: I am far from
' thinking you can altogether diſapprove of conver-
' ſation between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated
' by the rules of Honour and Prudence; and have
' thought it an obſervation not ill made, that where
' that was wholly denied, the Women loſt their Wit,
' and the men their Good-manners. 'Tis ſure,
' from thoſe improper Liberties you mentioned, that
' a ſort of undiſtinguiſhing people ſhall baniſh from
' their Drawing-rooms the beſt-bred men in the
' World, and condemn thoſe that do not. Your
' ſtating this Point might, I think, be of good uſe,
' as well as much oblige,

S I R, Your Admirer, and

moſt humble Servant,

ANNA BELLA.

No Anſwer to this, till Anna Bella *ſends a Deſcription of thoſe ſhe calls the Beſt-bred men in the World.*

Mr SPECTATOR,

' I AM a Gentleman who for many Years laſt paſt
' have been well known to be truly Splenetic, and
' that my Spleen ariſes from having contracted ſo
' great

'great a delicacy, by reading the beſt authors, and 'keeping the moſt refined Company, that I cannot 'bear the leaſt impropriety of Language, or Ruſti-'city of Behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked 'upon this as a wiſe diſtemper; but by late obſer-'vations find that every heavy Wretch, who has 'nothing to ſay, excuſes his dulneſs by complaining 'of the ſpleen. Nay, I ſaw, the other Day, two 'Fellows in a Tavern Kitchen ſet up for it, call 'for a pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor 'to each other's Health, and waſting Smoke in 'each other's face, pretend to throw off the Spleen. 'I appeal to you whether theſe diſhonours are to be 'done to the diſtemper of the great and the polite. I 'beſeech you, Sir, to inform theſe fellows that they 'have not the ſpleen, becauſe they cannot talk 'without the help of a Glaſs at their Mouths, or 'convey their meaning to each other without the 'interpoſition of Clouds. If you will not do this 'with all ſpeed, I aſſure you, for my part, I will 'wholly quit the Diſeaſe, and for the future be 'merry with the Vulgar.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.

SIR,

'THIS is to let you underſtand, that I am a re-'formed Starer, and conceived a deteſtation for 'that practice from what you have writ upon the 'Subject. But as you have been very ſevere upon 'the behaviour of us men at Divine Service, I hope 'you will not be ſo apparently partial to the wo-'men, as to let them go wholly unobſerved. If 'they do every thing that is poſſible to attract our 'eyes, are we more culpable than they, for looking 'at them? I happened laſt *Sunday* to be ſhut into a 'pew, which was full of young Ladies in the bloom 'of Youth and Beauty. When the Service began,

'I had not room to kneel at the confeſſion, but as I
'ſtood kept my eyes from wandring as well as I was
'able, till one of the young Ladies, who is a Peep-
'er, reſolved to bring down my Looks, and fix my
'devotion on herſelf. You are to know, Sir, that
'a Peeper works with her Hands, Eyes, and Fan;
'one of which is continually in motion, while ſhe
'thinks ſhe is not actually the admiration of ſome
'Ogler or Starer in the Congregation. As I ſtood
'utterly at a loſs how to behave myſelf, ſurrounded
'as I was, this Peeper ſo placed herſelf as to be
'kneeling juſt before me. She diſplayed the moſt
'beautiful Boſom imaginable, which heaved and
'fell with ſome fervour, while a delicate well-ſhaped
'Arm held a Fan over her Face. It was not in
'Nature to command ones Eyes from this Object.
'I could not avoid taking notice alſo of her fan,
'which had on it various figures, very improper to
'behold on that occaſion. There lay in the body
'of the piece a *Venus*, under a Purple Canopy furl-
'ed with curious Wreaths of Drapery, half naked,
'attended with a Train of *Cupids*, who were buſied
'in fanning her as ſhe ſlept. Behind her was drawn
'a Satyr peeping over the ſilken fence, and threat-
'ening to break through it. I frequently offered
'to turn my ſight another way, but was ſtill detain-
'ed by the Faſcination of the Peeper's eyes, who
'had long practiſed a Skill in them, to recal the
'parting Glances of her Beholders. You ſee my
'complaint, and hope you will take theſe miſchie-
'vous people, the Peepers, into your conſideration:
'I doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much
'more pernicious than a ſtarer, as an Ambuſcade
'is more to be feared than an open Aſſault.

I am, S I R,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

This Peeper uſing both Fan and Eyes to be conſidered as a Pict, *and proceed accordingly.*

King.

King Latinus *to the* Spectator, *Greeting.*

'THO' ſome may think we deſcend from our 'Imperial Dignity, in holding Correſpondence 'with a private *Litterato*; yet as we have great re-'ſpect to all good intentions for our ſervice, we do 'not eſteem it beneath us to return you our Royal 'Thanks for what you publiſhed in our behalf, while 'under confinement in the inchanted Caſtle of the '*Savoy*, and for your Mention of a Subſidy for a 'Prince in Misfortune. This your timely Zeal has 'inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, 'if we could propoſe the means. We have taken 'their good-will into conſideration, and have con-'trived a method which will be eaſy to thoſe who 'ſhall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us who 'receive it. A Conſort of Muſic ſhall be prepared 'at *Haberdaſher's Hall* for *Wedneſday* the Second of '*May*, and we will honour the ſaid entertainment 'with our own preſence, where each perſon ſhall be 'aſſeſſed but at two Shillings and Sixpence. What 'we expect from you is, that you publiſh theſe our 'Royal Intentions, with injunction that they be read 'at all Tea-Tables within the cities of *London* and '*Weſtminſter*; and ſo we bid you heartily Farewell.

Latinus *King of the* Volſcians.

Given at our Court in Vinegar Yard, *Story the Third from the Earth.* April 28, 1711.

No. 54. *Wedneſday*, *May* 2.

——— *Strenua nos exercet inertia.*
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 28.

Laborious Idleneſs our Pow'rs employs.

THE following Letter being the firſt that I have received from the learned Univerſity of *Cam-*

 bridge,

bridge, I could not but do myſelf the honour of publiſhing it. It gives an account of a new ſect of Philoſophers which has aroſe in that famous Reſidence of Learning; and is, perhaps the only ſect this Age is likely to produce.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Cambridge, April* 26.

'BELIEVING you to be an univerſal Encourager of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any information from the learned World, I thought an account of a ſect of Philoſophers very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any Writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The Philoſophers of this ſect are in the Language of our Univerſity called *Lowngers*. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, ſo likewiſe in this, the Ancients have been defective; *viz.* in mentioning no Philoſophers of this ſort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, becauſe we ſee them continually walking about. But I would have theſe Gentlemen conſider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much alſo; witneſs to the ſorrow of this Sect, *Ariſtotle* and others: Whereas it is notorious that moſt of our Profeſſors never lay out a farthing either in Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for diriving them from *Diogenes*, becauſe ſeveral of the leading men of the Sect have a great deal of the cynical Humour in them, and delight much in Sun-ſhine But then again, *Diogenes* was content to have his conſtant Habitation in a narrow Tub, whilſt our Philoſophers are ſo far from being of his opinion, that its Death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handſome convenient Chamber but for half an Hour. Others there are, who from the clearneſs of their heads deduce the pedigree of *Lowngers* from that great Man (I think

'it)

'it was either *Plato* or *Socrates*) who after all his 'Study and Learning professed, That all he then 'knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see 'this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon 'confuted.

'I Have with great Pains and Industry made my 'observations, from time to time, upon these Sages; 'and having now all materials ready, am compiling 'a Treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and 'progress of this famous Sect, together with their 'Maxims, Austerities, Manner of living, *&c.* Ha-'ving prevailed with a Friend who designs shortly 'to publish a new Edition of *Diogenes Laertius*, to 'add this Treatise of mine by way of supplement; 'I shall now, to let the World see what may be ex-'pected from me (first begging Mr SPECTATOR's 'leave that the World may see it) briefly touch upon 'some of my chief Observations, and then subscribe 'myself your humble Servant. In the first Place I 'shall give you two or three of their Maxims: The 'fundamental one, upon which their whole system 'is built, is this, *viz.* That Time being an impla-'cable Enemy to and Destroyer of all things, ought 'to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and 'murdered without Mercy, by all the ways that can 'be invented. Another favourite Saying of theirs 'is, That business was designed only for knaves, 'and study for block-heads. A Third seems to be 'a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their 'lives; and is this, That the Devil is at home. 'Now for their manner of living: And here I have 'a large Field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve 'particulars for my intended Discourse, and now 'only mention one or two of their principal exer-'cises. The elder proficients employ themselves in 'inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting ac-'quainted with all the Signs and Windows in the 'Town. Some are arrived to so great a knowledge 'that they can tell every time any Butcher kills a

'Calf,

'Calf, every time an old Woman's Cat is in the 'ſtraw, and a thouſand other matters as important. 'One ancient Philoſopher contemplates two or three 'hours every day over a Sun-Dial; and is true to 'the dial,

——As the Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhone upon.

'Our younger Students are content to carry their 'Speculations as yet no farther than Bowling-greens, 'Billiard-Tables, and ſuch like places. This may 'ſerve for a ſketch of my Deſign; in which I hope 'I ſhall have your encouragement. I am,

SIR, Yours.

I Muſt be ſo juſt as to obſerve I have formerly ſeen of this Sect at our other Univerſity; tho' not diſtinguiſhed by the appellation which the learned Hiſtorian, my correſpondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themſelves more by their ſtrict application to the rules of their order, than any other Students whatever. Others ſeldom hurt themſelves any further than to gain weak eyes and ſometimes head-Aches; but theſe Philoſophers are ſeized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Wearineſs, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heavineſs in removing to another.

THE *Lowngers* are ſatisfied with being merely Part of the number of mankind, without diſtinguiſhing themſelves from amongſt them. They may be ſaid rather to ſuffer their time to paſs, than to ſpend it, without regard to the paſt, or proſpect of the future. All they know of Life is only the preſent inſtant, and do not taſte even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the expence of his time is transferr'd to his Coach and Horſes, and his Life is to be meaſured by their motion,

tion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these Philosophers can possibly propose to himself is to get a relish of dress. This methinks might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two Amusements make one of these Philosophers make a tolerable figure in the World; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in Town, and a quick motion of his Horses out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Timbridge*, then to *New-Market*, and then to *London*, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his Coach and his Horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the *Lowngers* leave an Academic Life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite World, retire to the Seats of their Ancestors, they usually join a Pack of Dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from Foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the World: but I shall inquire into such about this Town as have arrived at the Dignity of being *Lowngers* by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen an University; and send my Correspondent, for the embellishment of his Book, the Names and History of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift Coffee-houses and Chocolate-houses from Hour to Hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing. R

No. 55. *Thursday, May 3.*

——Intus & in jecore aegro
Nascuntur Domini—— Pers. Sat. 5. v. 129.

Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.

MOST of the Trades, Professions, and Ways of living among mankind, take their original either

ther from the Love of Pleaſure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As theſe two principles of action draw different ways, *Perſius* has given us a very humourous Account of a young fellow who was rouſed out of his bed, in order to be ſent upon a long voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-perſuaded and kept at home by *Luxury*. I ſhall ſet down at length the pleadings of theſe two imaginary perſons, as they are in the original, with Mr *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of them.

Mane, piger, ſtertis: ſurge, inquit Avaritia; eia
Surge. Negas. Inſtat, ſurge, inquit. Non Queo. Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Caſtoreum, ſtuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper e ſitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, reguſtatum digito terebrare ſalinum
Contentus perages, ſi vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem ſuccinctus & œnophorum aptas;
Ocyus ad Navem. Nil obſtat quin trabe vaſta
Ægæum rapias, niſi ſolers Luxuria ante
Seductum moneat; quo deinde inſane, ruis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido ſub pectore maſcula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare tranſilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto
Cœna ſit in tranſtro? Veientanumque rubellum
Exhalet vapida læſum pice ſeſſilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modeſto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos ſudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; noſtrum eſt
Quod vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde eſt.
En quid agis? Duplici in diverſum ſcinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunc ſequeris? Sat. 5. v. 131.

Whether, alone or in thy Harlot's lap,
When thou wouldſt take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up

Up, up, ſays *AVARICE*; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretch'd thy Limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
What muſt I do? he cries; What? ſays his Lord:
Why riſe, make ready, and go ſtraight Aboard:
With Fiſh, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Veſſel freight;
Flax, Caſtor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* Incenſe, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,
And with Poſt-haſte thy running Markets make.
Be ſure to turn the Penny; Lye and Swear,
'Tis wholſome Sin: But *Jove*, thou ſay'ſt will hear.
Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma*'s even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his Burden on his Back.
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, but He,
That ſoft voluptuous Prince call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may aſk this civil Queſtion; Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard? To what End?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble College free;
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou woul'dſt tempt the Sea.
Cubb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with louſy ſwobbers, fed;
Dead Wine, that ſtinks of the *Barachio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſy Maple Cup?
Say, woul'dſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore,
From Six i' th' Hundred to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give:
For, not to live at Eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleaſure* chooſe
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuſe.

WHEN a Government flouriſhes in Conqueſts, and is

is secure from foreign Attacks, it naturally falls into all the Pleasures of Luxury; and as these Pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are adddicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of Money, by all the methods of Rapaciousness and Corruption, so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon Ease, Magnificence, and Pleasure. The most Elegant and correct of all the *Latin* Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the World were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republic sunk into these two vices of a quite different Nature, Luxury and Avarice: And accordingly describes *Cataline* as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squander'd away his own. This observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times Men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the Pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after Wealth and Riches.

AS I was humouring myself in the Speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my Reader:

THERE were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual War against each other: The name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no less than Universal Monarchy over the hearts of mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger*, *Industry*, *Care*, and *Watchfulness*

fulneſs. He had likewiſe a Privy Counſellor, who was always at his elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his ear: The name of this Privy Counſellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himſelf by the Counſels of *Poverty*, his Antagoniſt was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of *Plenty*, who was his firſt Counſellor and Miniſter of State that concerted all his meaſures for him, and never departed out of his ſight. While theſe two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their conqueſts were very various. *Luxury* got poſſeſſion of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a Family would often range himſelf under the banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under thoſe of *Luxury*. The Wife and Huſband would often declare themſelves on the two different parties; nay, the ſame perſon would very often ſide with one in his Youth, and revolt to the other in his old Age. Indeed the Wiſe Men of the World ſtood *Neuter*; but alas! their numbers were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two Potentates had wearied themſelves with waging War upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their Counſellors were to be preſent. It is ſaid that *Luxury* began the parley, and after having repreſented the endleſs ſtate of War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, with a frankneſs of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two ſhould be very good Friends, were it not for the inſtigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counſellor, who made an ill uſe of his ear, and filled him with groundleſs apprehenſions and prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the firſt Miniſter of his Antagoniſt) to be a much more deſtructive Counſellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting pleaſures, baniſhing all the neceſſary cautions againſt want, and conſequently undermining thoſe principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At laſt, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; That each of them

should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a Peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch, that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever Conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors abovementioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

C

No. 56. *Friday, May 4.*

Felices errore suo—— Lucan. l. 1. v. 454.
Happy in their Mistake.

THE *Americans* believe that all Creatures have souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the same of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glasses: And that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of Men and Women. For this reason, they always place by the corpse of their dead Friend, a Bow and Arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato*'s Followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintel-

intelligibly of their ſubſtantial forms. I ſhall only inſtance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Diſſertation upon the Loadſtone obſerving, that fire will deſtroy its magnetic Virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidſt an heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to ariſe from it, which he believed might be the *ſubſtantial form*, that is, in our *Weſt-Indian* Phraſe, the ſoul of the Loadſtone.

THERE is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen deſcended in a Viſion to the great Repoſitory of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his return he gave his Friends a diſtinct account of every thing he ſaw among thoſe Regions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the *Indian* Kings, to inquire of them, if poſſible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: Which, as well as he could learn by thoſe many queſtions which he aſked them at ſeveral times, was in Subſtance as follows:

THE Viſionary, whoſe name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long ſpace under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this World of Spirits, but could not enter it by reaſon of a thick Foreſt made up of Buſhes, Brambles and pointed Thorns, ſo perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impoſſible to find a paſſage thro' it. Whilſt he was looking about for ſome track or path-way, that might be worn in any part of it, he ſaw an huge Lion couched under the ſide of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the ſame poſture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately ſtarted back, while the Lion roſe with a ſpring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly deſtitute of all other weapons, he ſtooped down to take up an huge ſtone in his hand; but to his infinite ſurpriſe graſped nothing, and found the ſuppoſed ſtone to be only the apparition of one. If he was diſappointed on this ſide,

he was as much pleaſed on the other, when he found the Lion, which had ſeized on his left ſhoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the Ghoſt of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no ſooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having ſurveyed it for ſome time, endeavoured to preſs into one part of it that was a little thinner than the reſt; when again to his great ſurpriſe, he found the Buſhes made no reſiſtance, but that he walked through Briers and Brambles with the ſame eaſe as through the open Air; and, in ſhort, that the whole Wood was nothing elſe but a Wood of ſhades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was deſigned as a kind of fence or quick-ſet hedge to the Ghoſts it incloſed; and that probably their ſoft ſubſtances might be torn by theſe ſubtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impreſſions in Fleſh and Blood. With this thought he reſolved to travel through this intricate Wood: when by degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew ſtronger and ſweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther when he obſerved the Thorns and Briers to end, and give place to a thouſand beautiful green Trees, covered with Bloſſoms of the fineſt ſcents and Colours, that formed a wilderneſs of ſweets, and were a kind of lining to thoſe ragged ſcenes which he had before paſſed thro'. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it incloſed, he ſaw ſeveral Horſemen ruſhing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not liſtened long before he ſaw the apparition of a milk-white Steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full ſtretch after the ſouls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting down the Ghoſt of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unſpeakable ſwiftneſs. As the man on the milk-white ſteed came by him, he looked upon him very atten-

attentively, and found him to be the young prince *Nicharagua*, who died about half a Year before, and by reaſon of his great Virtues, was at that time lamented over all the weſtern parts of *America*.

HE had no ſooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with ſuch a landſkip of flowery Plants, green Meadows, running Streams, ſunny Hills, and ſhady Vales, as were not to be repreſented by his own expreſſions, nor, as he ſaid, by the conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable ſwarms of Spirits, who applied themſelves to Exerciſes and Diverſions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were toſſing the Figure of a Coit; Others were pitching the ſhadow of a Bar; others were breaking the apparition of a Horſe; and multitudes employing themſelves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the ſouls of *departed Utenſils*, for that is the name which in the *Indian* Language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that roſe every where about him in the greateſt variety and profuſion, having never ſeen ſeveral of them in his own Country: but he quickly found that though they were objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the ſide of a great river, and being a good Fiſherman himſelf, ſtood upon the bank of it ſome time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many ſhapes of Fiſhes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greateſt Beauties in his Country, by whom he had ſeveral Children. This couple were ſo famous for their Love and Conſtancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married man joy of his Wife, wiſh that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not ſtood long

by the Fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Desire, Astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach, *Yaratilda* flew into his arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Questions and Endearments on both Sides, she conducted him to a Bower which she had dressed with her own hands, with all the Ornaments, that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this Bower for his reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his Life should be at an end. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

THE Tradition tells us farther, that he had afterwards

terwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions several Molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the Sword so many thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious Metal: But having already touched upon the chief points of this Tradition, and exceeded the measure of my Paper, I shall not give any further Account of it. C

No. 57. *Saturday, May 5.*

Quem praestare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quae fugit a sexu—— Juv. Sat. 6. v. 251.

What Sense of Shame in Women's Breast can lie,
Inur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly? Dryden.

WHEN the Wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her Husband about the Battle in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her spinning; by which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busy themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great part of his Life in the nursery, and, upon occasion, can make a Caudle or a Sack-posset better than any man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critic in Cambric and Muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with observations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady shews the nicest fancy in her Dress; what Man of quality wears the fairest Wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with

with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good Company.

ON the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last Winter, and is one of the greatest Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Substantial Tradesman a Lousy Cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the Name of a person, she described him, in a large company of Men and Ladies, by the fellow with the broad Shoulders.

IF those Speeches and Actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the faults and imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the Men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the most beautiful part of the Creation, intirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes, that are apt to rise among the charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late Years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and sooth them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord.

When

When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies at Invectives, what would I not have given to have ſtopt it? How have I been troubled to ſee ſome of the fineſt features in the world grow pale, and tremble with Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greateſt Beauties in the *Britiſh* Nation, and yet values herſelf more upon being the *Virago* of one party, than upon being the toaſt of both. The dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Pentheſilea* acroſs a Tea-Table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to ſhake with the earneſtneſs of the diſpute, ſhe ſcalded her Fingers, and ſpilt a diſh of tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

THERE is one Conſideration which I would earneſtly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have ſome weight with them. In ſhort, it is this, that there is nothing ſo bad for the face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natur'd caſt to the Eye, and a diſagreeable ſourneſs to the look; beſides, that it makes the lines too ſtrong, and fluſhes them worſe than brandy. I have ſeen a Woman's face break out in heats, as ſhe has been talking out againſt a great Lord, whom ſhe had never ſeen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her beauty for a Twelvemonth. I would therefore adviſe all my Female Readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all diſputes of this Nature; though, at the ſame time, I would give free Liberty to all ſuperannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they pleaſe, ſince there will be no danger either of their ſpoiling their faces, or of their gaining Converts.

FOR my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and deſpicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a Woman is too ſincere to mitigate the fury of her Principles with temper and diſcretion, and to act with that caution and reſervedneſs which are requiſite

quiſite in our ſex. When this unnatural Zeal gets in among them, it throws them into ten thouſand heats and extravagancies; their generous Souls ſet no bounds to their Love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or a Tory, a Lap-dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-ſhow, be the object of it, the paſſion, while it reigns, engroſſes the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr *Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB in a viſit to a Lady of his acquaintance; We were no ſooner ſat down, but upon caſting my eyes about the room, I found in almoſt every corner of it a Print that repreſented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimenſions. A little after, as the Lady was diſcourſing my Friend, and held her Snuff-box in her hand, who ſhould I ſee in the lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when ſhe had occaſion for her handkerchief, which upon the firſt opening diſcovered among the plaits of it the figure of the Doctor. Upon this my friend WILL, who loves Rallery, told her, That if he was in Mr *True-love's* place, (for that was the Name of her Huſband) he ſhould be made as uneaſy by a handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, ſaid ſhe, Mr HONEYCOMB, *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not:* WILL, inſtead of making her a reply, ſmiled in her face (for indeed ſhe was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjuſted it, and looking a little ſeriouſly, *Well*, ſays ſhe, *I'll be hanged if you and your ſilent Friend there are not againſt the Doctor in your Hearts, I ſuſpected as much by his ſaying nothing* Upon this ſhe took her fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again diſplayed to us the figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the ſticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken poſſeſſion of her thoughts, her Diſcourſe, and moſt of her Furniture;

but

but finding myſelf preſſed too cloſe by her Queſtion, I winked upon my Friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly. C

No. 58. *Monday, May* 7.

Ut pictura poeſis erit——— Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 361.

Poems like Pictures are.

NOTHING is ſo much admired, and ſo little underſtood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written profeſſedly upon it; and as for thoſe who make any mention of it, they only treat on the ſubject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little ſhort Reflexions, or in general declamatory flouriſhes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I ſhall perform an acceptable work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I ſhall endeavour to do in a manner ſuitable to it, that I may not incur the cenſure which a famous Critic beſtows upon one who had written a Treatiſe upon *the Sublime* in a low grovelling Stile. I intend to lay aſide a whole week for this Undertaking, that the ſcheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promiſe myſelf, if my Readers will give me a week's attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I ſhall endeavour to make what I ſay intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in ſome parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them diſcouraged for they may aſſure themſelves the next ſhall be much clearer.

AS the great and only End of theſe my Speculations is to baniſh vice and ignorance out of the Territories

ritories of *Great-Britain*, I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible to eſtabliſh among us a taſte of polite Writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to ſet my Readers right in ſeveral points relating to Operas and Tragedies; and ſhall from time to time impart my notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my Bookſeller that theſe Papers of Criticiſm, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from ſuch ſubjects; for which reaſon I ſhall enter upon my preſent undertaking with greater Chearfulneſs.

IN this, and one or two following Papers, I ſhall trace out the Hiſtory of falſe Wit, and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more neceſſary at preſent, becauſe I obſerved there were attempts on foot laſt Winter to revive ſome of thoſe antiquated Modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of Letters. There were ſeveral Satires and Panegyrics handed about in Acroſtic, by which means ſome of the moſt arrant undiſputed Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to ſet up for polite Authors. I ſhall therefore deſcribe at length thoſe many Arts of falſe Wit, in which a Writer does not ſhew himſelf a Man of a beautiful Genius, but of great Induſtry.

THE firſt Species of a falſe Wit which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has produced ſeveral pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itſelf: I mean thoſe ſhort Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which reſemble the Figure of an Egg, a Pair of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

AS for the firſt, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible Language, to tranſlate it into *Engliſh*, did not I find the interpretation

interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author ſeems to have been more intent upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Senſe of it.

THE Pair of Wings conſiſt of twelve Verſes, or rather Feathers, every Verſe decreaſing gradually in its meaſure according to its Situation in the Wing. The Subject of it (as in the reſt of the Poems which follow) bears ſome remote affinity with the Figure, for it deſcribes a God of Love, who is always painted with Wings.

THE Ax methinks would have been a good Figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it conſiſted of the moſt Satirical parts of the Work: but as it is in the Original, I take it to have been nothing elſe but the Poſy of an Ax which was conſecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the ſame that *Epeus* made uſe of in the building of the *Trojan* Horſe; which is a hint I ſhall leave to the conſideration of the Critics. I am apt to think that the Poſy was written originally upon the Ax, like thoſe which our modern cutlers inſcribe upon their Knives; and that therefore the poſy ſtill remains in its ancient ſhape, though the Ax itſelf is loſt.

THE Shepherd's Pipe may be ſaid to be full of Muſic, for it is compoſed of nine different kinds of Verſes, which by their ſeveral lengths reſemble the nine ſtops of the old muſical inſtrument, that is likewiſe the ſubject of the Poem.

The Altar is inſcribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the Son of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that theſe falſe Pieces of Wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally aſcribed; at leaſt I will never be perſuaded, that ſo fine a Writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any ſuch ſimple Works.

IT was impoſſible for a Man to ſucceed in theſe Performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at leaſt a deſigner: He was firſt of all to draw the outline of the ſubject which he intended to write upon,

and afterwards conform the Deſcription to the Figure of his Subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate itſelf according to the mould in which it was caſt. It a word, the Verſes were to be cramped or extended to the dimenſions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of thoſe Perſons whom the tyrant *Procruſtes* uſed to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too ſhort, he ſtretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their Legs, till they fitted the Couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr *Dryden* hints at this obſolete kind of Wit in one of the following Verſes in his *Mac Flecno*; which an *Engliſh* Reader cannot underſtand, who does not know that there are thoſe little Poems abovementioned in the ſhape of Wings and Altars.

———— Chooſe for thy Command
Some peaceful Province in Acroſtic land;
There may'ſt thou Wings *diſplay, and* Altars raiſe,
And torture one poor Word a thouſand Ways.

THIS Faſhion of falſe wit was revived by ſeveral Poets of the laſt Age, and in particular may be met with among Mr *Herbert*'s Poems; and, if I am not miſtaken, in the Tranſlation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the Moderns which more reſembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King *Charles* the Firſt, which has the whole Book of *Pſalms* written in the Lines of the Face, and the Hair of the Head. When I was laſt at *Oxford* I peruſed one of the whiſkers; and was reading the other, but could not go ſo far in it as I would have done, by reaſon of the impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Travellers, who all of them preſſed to ſee ſuch a piece of Curioſity. I have ſince heard, that there is now an eminent writing-maſter in Town, who has tranſcribed all the *Old Teſtament* in a full-bottomed periwig;

and

and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary Locks that shall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this wig originally for King *William*, having disposed of the two Books of *Kings* in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

BUT to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the Ancients in those ingenious Devices. I have communicated this Thought to a young Poetical Lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a Copy of Verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the Measure of his Mistress's Marriage-Finger, with a design to make a posy in the fashion of a Ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little time with Poetical Tippets, Hankerchiefs, Snuff-boxes, and the like Female Ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable *English* Authors who call themselves Pindaric Writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other Poets with Verses of all Sizes and Dimensions. C

No. 59. *Tuesday, May 8.*

Operose Nihil agunt. Seneca.

Busy about Nothing.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to decry the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flash* and *Froth*, they all of them shew upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the Production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a Galley-slave than a Wit, were one to gain that title by those Elaborate Trifles which have been the inventions of such Authors as were often masters of great Learning but no Genius.

IN my last Paper I mentioned some of those false Wits among the Ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other Species of them, that flourished in the same early Ages of the World. The first I shall produce are the *Lipogrammatists* or *Letter-droppers* of Antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular Letter in the Alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Master in this kind of Writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or Epic Poem on the Adventures of *Ulysses*, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the Letter *A* from his first Book, which was called *Alpha* (as *Lucus a non Lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second Book was inscribed *Beta* for the same reason. In short, the Poet excluded

the

the whole four and twenty Letters in their turns, and ſhewed them, one after another, that he could do his buſineſs without them.

IT muſt have been very pleaſant to have ſeen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a falſe Quantity, and making his eſcape from it through the ſeveral *Greek* Dialects, when he was preſſed with it in any particular Syllable. For the moſt apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a Diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemiſhed with a wrong Letter. I ſhall only obſerve upon this head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyſſey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been oftner quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyſſey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund would it have been of obſolete Words and Phraſes, unuſual Barbariſms and Ruſticities, abſurd Spellings and complicated Dialects? I make no queſtion but it would have been looked upon as one of the moſt valuable Treaſuries of the *Greek* Tongue.

I find likewiſe among the Antients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the Moderns diſtinguiſh by the name of a *Rebus*, that does not ſink a Letter but a whole word, by ſubſtituting a Picture in its Place. When *Cæſar* was one of the Maſters of the *Roman* Mint, he placed the Figure of an Elephant upon the reverſe of the Public Money; the word *Cæſar* ſignifying an Elephant in the *Punic* Language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæſar*, becauſe it was not lawful for a private man to ſtamp his own figure upon the Coin of the Commonwealth. *Cicero* who was ſo called from the Founder of his family that was marked on the noſe with a little Wen like a Vetch (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) inſtead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, order'd the words *Marcus Tullius* with the figure of a Vetch at the end of them to be inſcrib'd on a public Monument. This was done probably to ſhew that he was neither aſhamed of his Name or Fa-

mily, notwithſtanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the ſame manner we read of a famous Building that was marked in ſeveral parts of it with the figures of a Frog and a Lizard; Thoſe Words in *Greek* having been the Names of the Architects who by the laws of their Country were never permitted to inscribe their own Names upon their Works. For the ſame reaſon it is thought, that the forelock of the Horſe in the Antique Equeſtrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, repreſents at a diſtance the ſhape of an Owl, to intimate the Country of the Statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of wit was very much in Vogue among our own Countrymen about an Age or two ago, who did not practiſe it for any oblique reaſon, as the Ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the ſake of being witty. Among innumerable inſtances that may be given of this nature, I ſhall produce the device of one Mr *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Camden* in his remains. Mr *Newberry*, to repreſent his Name by a Picture, hung up at his door the ſign of a Yew-tree, that had ſeveral berries upon it, and in the midſt of them a great golden *N* hung upon a bough of the Tree, which by the help of a little falſe ſpelling made up the word *New-berry*.

I ſhall conclude this Topic with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in Free-ſtone, and erected over two of the Portals of *Blenheim* houſe, being the figure of a monſtrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock For the better underſtanding of which device, I muſt acquaint my *Engliſh* Reader that a Cock has the misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the ſame word that ſignifies a *Frenchman*, as a Lion is an emblem of the *Engliſh* Nation. Such a device in ſo noble a pile of building looks like a pun in an Heroic Poem; and I am very ſorry the truly ingenious Architect would ſuffer the Statuary to blemiſh his excellent plan with ſo poor a conceit: But I hope

what

what I have said will gain quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lions paw.

I find likewise in ancient Times the Conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational Answers. If this could be excusable in any Writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *Erasmus*, tho' a man of wit and *Genius*, has composed a Dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary Linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, according as she found the Syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. *Hudibras*, in Ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the Poet in several Distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout Hercules, *for loss of* Hylas:
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his sad regret;
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
For Loss of his dear Crony bear,
That Echo from the hollow Ground
His Doleful Wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small Poets Splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful Stories,
To answer to Int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which She nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my ——— *Echo,* Ruin?

I thought

I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a Step
For Fear (*Quoth Echo*) Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy Part?
Then what has quell'd thy ſtubborn Heart?
Have theſe Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear Sake? (*Quoth ſhe*) Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Diſh
Thou turn'ſt thy Back? Quoth Echo, piſh.
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine Enemy?
Or if thou hadſt not thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for Thee,
Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who would grudge to ſpend his Blood in
His Honour's Cauſe? Quoth ſhe, A Pudding. C.

No. 60. *Wedneſday, May* 9.

Hoc eſt quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc eſt?
Perſ. Sat. 3. v. 85.

It is for this you gain thoſe meagre Looks,
And ſacrifice your Dinner to your Books?

SEVERAL kinds of falſe Wit that vaniſhed in the refined Ages of the World, diſcovered themſelves again in the Times of Monkiſh Ignorance.

AS the Monks were the Maſters of all that little Learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely diſengaged from buſineſs, it is no wonder that ſeveral of them, who wanted Genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the compoſition of ſuch Tricks in Writing as required

quired much Time and little Capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin* Rhymes by one of the *Beaux Esprits* of that dark Age; who says in his Preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of Rhyme to make it the most perfect Work it its kind. I have likewise seen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole Book, tho' it consisted but of the eight following words.

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, Cœlo.

Thou has, as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are Stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the Changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his Verses almost as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that Men who had so much time upon their Hands, did not only restore all the antiquated Pieces of false Wit, but enriched the World with inventions of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the productions of Anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same Set of Letters into different words; which may change Night into Day, or Black into White, if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in allusion to this kind of Writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his Limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a Man.*

WHEN the Anagramatist takes a Name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the Treasure it contains till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it: for it is his business to find out one Word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the Letters in all

all the variety of Stations in which they can poſſibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit was in faſhion, endeavoured to gain his Miſtreſs's Heart by it. She was one of the fineſt Women of her Age, and known by the name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Liberties indulged to this kind of Writing, converted it into *Moll*; and after having ſhut himſelf up for half a Year, with indefatigable induſtry produced an Anagram. Upon the preſenting it to his Miſtreſs, who was a little vexed in her heart to ſee herſelf degraded into *Moll Boon*, ſhe told him, to his infinite ſurpriſe, that he had miſtaken her ſirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun*.

——————*Ibi omnis*
Effuſus labor————--

The Lover was thunderſtruck with his Misfortune, inſomuch that in a little time after he loſt his ſenſes, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual Application he had given to his Anagram.

THE Acroſtick was probably invented about the ſame time with the Anagram, tho' it is impoſſible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *ſimple* Acroſtic is nothing but the name or title of a perſon or thing made out of the initial letters of ſeveral Verſes, and by that means written, after the manner of the *Chineſe*, in a perpendicular line. But beſides theſe there are *Compound* Acroſtics, when the principal letters ſtand two or three deep. I have ſeen ſome of them where the Verſes have not only been edged by a name at each Extremity, but have had the ſame Name running down like a ſtream through the middle of the Poem.

THERE is another near relation of the Anagrams and Acroſtics, which is commonly called a Chronogram.

gram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern Medals, eſpecially thoſe of *Germany*, when they repreſent in the inſcription the Year in which they were coined. Thus we ſee on a Medal of *Guſtavus Adolphus* the following words, CHrIstVs DuX ergo trIVMphVs. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the ſeveral words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the Year in which the Medal was ſtamped: for as ſome of the Letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and overtop their fellows, they are to be conſidered in a double capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of theſe ingenious devices. A man would think they were ſearching after an apt claſſical term, but inſtead of that they are looking out a Word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of theſe inſcriptions, we are not ſo much to look in 'em for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

THE *Bouts Rimez* were the Favourites of the *French* Nation for a whole Age together, and that at a time when it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a liſt of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the ſame order that they were placed upon the liſt: The more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the Poet that could accommodate his Verſes to them. I do not know any greater inſtance of the Decay of Wit and Learning among the *French* (which generally follows the declenſion of Empire) than the endeavouring to reſtore this fooliſh kind of Wit. If the Reader will be at the trouble to ſee examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*; where the Author every Month gives a liſt of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the

the public in the *Mercure* for the succeeding Month. That for the Month of *November* last, which now lies before me, is as follows.

. . . . *Lauriers*
. . . . *Guerriers*
. . . . *Musette*
. . . . *Lisette*

. . . . *Cesars*
. . . . *Etendars*
. . . . *Houlette*
. . . . *Folette*

One would be amazed to see so learned a Man as *Menage* talking seriously on this kind of Trifle in the following Passage.

MONSIEUR de la Chambre *has told me that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his Pen into his Hand; but that one Sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making Verses. In the first place I got all my Rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four Months in filling them up. I one Day shewed Monsieur* Gombaud *a Composition of this Nature, in which among others I had made use of the four following Rhymes,* Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne, Arne, *desiring him to give me his Opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my Verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his Reason, he said, Because the Rhymes are too common; and for that reason easy to be put into Verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the Pains I have been at. But by Monsieur* Gombaud's *Leave, notwithstanding the Severity of the Criticism, the Verses were good.* Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned *Menage*, whom I have translated Word for Word.

The first Occasion of these *Bouts Rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were Tasks which the

the *French* Ladies used to impose on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played booty, and did not make his List of Rhymes till he had finished his Poem?

I shall only add, that this Piece of false Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur *Sarasin*, in a Poem entitled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez. The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.*

I must subjoin to this last kind of Wit the double rhymes, which are used in Doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant Readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the Rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the Rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of those who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of these Doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve Admiration. I am sure I have heard the

> *Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastic,*
> *Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick.*

and

> *There was an ancient sage Philosopher*
> *Who had read* Alexander Ross *over.*

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

C

No. 61. *Thursday, May* 10.

Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.

Pers. Sat. 5. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
With Wind and Noise.

Dryden.

THERE is no kind of false Wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all Ages, as that which consists in a Jingle of Words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a Weed, which the Soil has a natural disposition to produce. The Seeds of Punning are in the minds of all Men, and tho' they may be subdued by Reason, Reflexion, and good Sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest Genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to Poetry, Painting, Music, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Puns and Quibbles.

ARISTOTLE, in the Eleventh Chapter of his Book of Rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of Puns, which he calls Paragrams, among the beauties of good Writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest Authors in the *Greek* Tongue. *Cicero* has sprinkled several of his Works with Puns, and in his Book, where he lays down the rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of Sayings as Pieces of Wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the Age in which *the Pun* chiefly flourished, was the Reign of King *James* the First. That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punster, and made very few Bishops or Privy-counsellors that had not sometime or other signalized

lized themſelves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Pun appeared with Pomp and Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry ſpeeches and ludicrous Compoſitions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the moſt ſolemn manner at the Council Table. The greateſt Authors, in their moſt ſerious works, made frequent uſe of Puns. The Sermons of Biſhop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakeſpear*, are full of them. The Sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more uſual than to ſee a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I Muſt add to theſe great Authorities, which ſeem to have given a kind of ſanction to this piece of falſe Wit, that all the Writers of Rhetoric have treated of Punning with very great reſpect, and divided the ſeveral kinds of it into hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures of Speech, and recommended as ornaments in Diſcourſe. I remember a Country Schoolmaſter of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in Company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greateſt *Paragrammatiſt* among the Moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr *Swan* the famous punſter; and deſiring him to give me ſome account of Mr *Swan*'s Converſation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomaſia*, that he ſometimes gave into the *Ploce*, but that in his humble opinion he ſhined moſt in the *Antanaclaſis*.

I muſt not here omit, that a famous Univerſity of this Land was formerly very much infeſted with Puns; but whether or no this might not ariſe from the Fens and Marſhes in which it was ſituated, and which are now drained, I muſt leave to the determination of more ſkilful Naturaliſts.

AFTER this ſhort Hiſtory of Punning, one would wonder how it ſhould be ſo entirely baniſhed out of the Learned World as it is at preſent, eſpe-

cially ſince it had found a place in the Writings of the moſt ancient Polite Authors. To account for this we muſt conſider, that the firſt Race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in Writing, were deſtitute of all rules and arts of Criticiſm; and for that reaſon, tho' they excel later Writers in greatneſs of Genius, they fall ſhort of them in Accuracy and Correctneſs. The Moderns cannot reach their Beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the World was furniſhed with theſe Authors of the firſt eminence, there grew up another ſet of writers, who gained themſelves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of thoſe who preceeded them. It was one of the employments of theſe Secondary Authors, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of wit by terms of art, and to conſider them as more or leſs perfect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even ſuch Authors as *Iſocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, ſhould have ſuch little blemiſhes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior Character, who have written ſince thoſe ſeveral blemiſhes were diſcovered. I do not find that there was a proper ſeparation made between Puns and true Wit by any of the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this diſtinction was once ſettled, it was very natural for all Men of Senſe to agree in it. As for the revival of this falſe Wit, it happened about the time of the revival of Letters; but as ſoon as it was once detected, it immediately vaniſhed and diſappeared. At the ſame time there is no queſtion, but as it has ſunk in one Age and roſe in another, it will again recover itſelf in ſome diſtant Period of time, as Pedantry and Ignorance ſhall prevail upon wit and ſenſe. And, to ſpeak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by ſome of the laſt Winter's Productions, which had their ſets of Admirers, that our Poſterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of Punſters: At leaſt, a man may be very excuſable for any appre-

henſions

henſions of this kind, that has ſeen *Acroſtics* handed about the Town with great ſecrecy and applauſe; to which I muſt alſo add a little Epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verſe when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it Curſed one way and Bleſſed the other. When one ſees there are actually ſuch pains-takers among our *Britiſh* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we muſt laſh one another, let it be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satire; for I am of the old Philoſopher's Opinion, That if I muſt ſuffer from one or the other, I would rather it ſhould be from the Paw of a Lion, than the hoof of an Aſs. I do not ſpeak this out of any ſpirit of party. There is a moſt crying dulneſs on both ſides. I have ſeen Tory *Acroſtics* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, becauſe they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but becauſe they are *Anagrams* and *Acroſtics*.

BUT to return to Punning. Having purſued the Hiſtory of a Pun, from its Original to its downfal, I ſhall here define it to be a conceit ariſing from the uſe of two words that agree in the ſound, but differ in the ſenſe. The only way therefore to try a piece of Wit, is to tranſlate it into a different Language: If it bears the teſt, you may pronounce it true; but if it vaniſhes in the experiment you may conclude it to have been a Pun. In ſhort, one may ſay of a pun, as the Countryman deſcribed his Nightingale, that it is *vox & præterea nihil*, a ſound, and nothing but a ſound. On the contrary, one may repreſent true Wit by the Deſcription which *Ariſtenetus* makes of a fine Woman; when ſhe is *dreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful, when ſhe is *undreſſed* ſhe is Beautiful: Or as *Mercerus* has tranſlated it more Emphatically, *Induitur, formoſa eſt: Exuitur, ipſa forma eſt.* C

No. 62. *Friday, May* 11.

Scribendi recte ſapere eſt & principium & fons.
Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 309.

Sound Judgment is the Ground of writing-well. ROSCOMMON.

MR *Locke* has an admirable Reflexion upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavours to ſhew the reaſon why they are not always the Talents of the ſame Perſon. His words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome Reaſon of that common Obſervation, That Men who have a great deal of Wit and promp Memories, have not always the cleareſt Judgement, or deepeſt Reaſon. For Wit lying moſt in the Aſſemblage of Ideas, and putting thoſe together with Quickneſs and Variety, wherein can be found any Reſemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant Pictures and agreeable Viſions in the Fancy; Judgement, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, in ſeparating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the leaſt Difference, thereby to avoid being miſ-led by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Alluſion; wherein, for the moſt part, lies that Entertainment and Pleaſantry of Wit which ſtrikes ſo lively on the Fancy, and is therefore ſo acceptable to all people.*

THIS is, I think, the beſt and moſt Philoſophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, tho' not always, conſiſts in ſuch a reſemblance and congruity of ideas as this Author mentions. I ſhall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every reſemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unleſs it be ſuch an one that gives *Delight* and *Surpriſe* to the Reader: Theſe two properties ſeem eſſential to wit, more particularly the laſt of them.

In order therefore that the resemblance in the ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to represent the Whiteness of any object by that of Milk and Snow, or the variety of it colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless, besides this obvious Resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some Surprise. Thus when a Poet tells us, the bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same Nature. For this reason, the similitudes in Heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr *Locke*'s account of Wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, Dramatic Writings, Burlesque, and all the Methods of Allusion: As there are many other Pieces of wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight, from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

AS *true Wit* generally consists in this resemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrosticks: sometimes of Syllables, as in Echos and Doggerel Rhymes: sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the figures of *Eggs*, *Axes* or *Altars*: Nay, some carry the notion of wit so far as to ascribe it even to external mimickry; and to look

upon

upon a man as an ingenious perſon, that can reſemble the Tone, Poſture, or Face of another.

AS *true Wit* conſiſts in the reſemblance of Ideas, and *falſe Wit*, in the reſemblance of words, according to the foregoing inſtances; there is another kind of wit which conſiſts partly in the reſemblance of ideas, and partly in the reſemblance of words, which for diſtinction ſake I ſhall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote Mr *Waller* has likewiſe a great deal of it. Mr *Dryden* is very ſparing in it. *Milton* had a genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the ſame Claſs with *Milton*. The *Italians*, ev'n in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monſieur *Boileau*, who formed himſelf upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with ſcorn. If we look after mixt wit among the *Greek* writers, we ſhall find it no where but in the Epigrammatiſts. There are indeed ſome ſtrokes of it in the little Poem aſcribed to *Muſæus*, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itſelf to be a modern Compoſition. If we look into the *Latin* writers, we find none of this mixt wit in *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and ſcarce any thing elſe in *Martial*.

OUT of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I ſhall chooſe one inſtance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Claſs. The Paſſion of Love in its Nature has been thought to reſemble Fire; for which reaſon, the words Fire and Flame are made uſe of to ſignify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of witticiſms. *Cowley* obſerving the cold regard of his Miſtreſs's Eyes, and at the ſame time their power of producing Love in him, conſiders them as burning-glaſſes made of ice; and finding himſelf able to live in the greateſt extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his miſtreſs has read his Letter

written in Juice of Lemon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire, that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by Counsel and Advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he observes that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of *Vulcan*'s Shop incloses *Cupid*'s forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the middle of the Sea.

THE Reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the Poet mixes the qualities of Fire with those of Love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a Passion and as real Fire, surprises the Reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt wit therefore is a composition of Pun and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words: Its foundations are laid partly in Falsehood and partly in Truth: Reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and Extravagance

vagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is Epigram, or thoſe little occaſional Poems that in their own nature are nothing elſe but a tiſſue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

IT may be expected, ſince I am upon this Subject, that I ſhould take notice of Mr *Dryden*'s Definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of ſo great a man, is not ſo properly a Definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a Propriety of words and thoughts 'adapted to the ſubject.' If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greateſt wit that ever ſet Pen to Paper: It is certain, that never was a greater Propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the ſubject, than what that Author has made uſe of in his Elements. I ſhall only appeal to my Reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit: If it be a true one, I am ſure Mr *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

BOUHOURS, whom I look upon to be the moſt penetrating of all the *French* Critics, has taken pains to ſhew, that it is impoſſible for any thought to be beautiful which is not juſt, and has not its foundation in the nature of things: That the Baſis of all wit is Truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good ſenſe is not the Ground-work. *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the ſame notion in ſeveral parts of his Writings, both in Proſe and Verſe. This is that natural way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we ſo much admire in the Compoſitions of the Ancients; and which no body deviates from, but thoſe who want ſtrength of Genius to

make

make a thought ſhine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this ſtrength of genius to give that Majeſtic Simplicity to Nature, which we ſo much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what kind ſoever eſcape them. I look upon theſe Writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like thoſe in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful ſimplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to ſupply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr *Dryden* makes a very handſom obſervation, on *Ovid*'s writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas* in the following Words. ‘ *Ovid* (ſays he, ſpeaking of *Virgil*'s Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*,) takes it up after ‘ him, even in the ſame Age, and makes an Anci- ‘ ent Heroine of *Virgil*'s new-created *Dido*; dictates ‘ a Letter for her juſt before her Death to the un- ‘ grateful fugitive; and very unluckily for himſelf, ‘ is for meaſuring a ſword with a Man ſo much ſupe- ‘ rior in Force to him on the ſame ſubject. I think ‘ I may be Judge of this, becauſe I have tranſlated ‘ both. The famous Author of the Art of Love ‘ has nothing of his own: he borrows all from a ‘ greater Maſter in his own profeſſion, and which is ‘ worſe, improves nothing which he finds: Nature ‘ fails him, and being forced to his old ſhift, he has ‘ recourſe to his Witticiſm. This paſſes indeed with ‘ his ſoft Admirers, and gives him the preference to ‘ *Virgil* in their Eſteem.

WERE not I ſupported by ſo great an Authority as that of *Mr Dryden*, I ſhould not venture to obſerve, That the taſte of moſt of our *Engliſh* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothic*. He quotes Monſieur *Segrais* for a threefold diſtinction of the Readers of Poetry: in the firſt of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as ſuch with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarſeneſs of their taſte. His

words

words are as follow; ' *Segrais* has diſtinguiſhed the ' readers of Poetry, according to their capacity of ' judging into three claſſes. [He might have ſaid the ſame of Writers too, if he had pleaſed.] In the ' loweſt form he places thoſe whom he calls *Les Petits eſprits*, ſuch things as are our Upper-Gallery ' audience in a Play-houſe; who like nothing but ' the Huſk and Rind of wit, prefer a Quibble, a ' Conceit, an Epigram, before ſolid ſenſe and ele- ' gant expreſſion: Theſe are Mob Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* ſtood for Parliament-men, we ' know already who would carry it. But though ' they make the greateſt appearance in the Field, ' and cry the loudeſt, the beſt on't is they are but ' a ſort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* boors, ' brought over in Herds, but not Naturalized; who ' have not lands of two Pounds *per annum* in *Parnaſſus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. ' Their Authors are of the ſame level, fit to repre- ' ſent them on a Mountebank's Stage, or to be ma- ' ſters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-garden: yet ' theſe are they who have the moſt Admirers. But ' it often happens, to their mortification, that as ' their Readers improve their Stock of Senſe, (as ' they may by reading better Books, and by Con- ' verſation with Men of Judgment) they ſoon for- ' ſake them.

I muſt not diſmiſs this Subject without obſerving that as Mr *Locke* in the Paſſage above-mentioned has diſcovered the moſt fruitful ſource of wit, ſo there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewiſe branch itſelf out into ſeveral kinds. For not only the *Reſemblance*, but the *Oppoſition* of ideas, does very often produce Wit; as I could ſhew in ſeveral little Points, Turns and Antitheſes, that I may poſſibly enlarge upon in ſome future Speculation.

C

Saturday,

No. 63. *Saturday, May* 12.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut aegri somnia, vanae
Finguntur species——— Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 1.

If in a Picture, Piso, you shou'd see
A handsom Woman with a Fish's Tail,
Or a Man's Head upon a Horse's Neck,
Or Limb's of Beasts, of the most different kinds,
Cover'd with Feathers of all sorts of Birds;
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the Painter mad?
Trust me that Book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent Style, like sick Mens Dreams,
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Roscommon.

IT is very hard for the Mind to disengage itself from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement; as the Tossings and Fluctuations of the Sea, continue several Hours after the winds are laid.

IT is to this that I impute my last Night's Dream or Vision, which formed into one continued Allegory the several schemes of Wit, whether False, Mixed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late Papers.

METHOUGHT I was transported into a Country that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments, governed by the Goddess of Falshood, and entitled *The Region of false Wit.* There was nothing in the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared

natural. Several of the Trees bloſſomed in Leaf-Gold, ſome of them produced Bone-Lace, and ſome of them precious Stones. The fountains bubbled in an Opera tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-boars, and Mermaids, that lived among waters; at the ſame time the Dolphins and ſeveral kinds of Fiſh played upon the banks or took their paſtime in the Meadows. The Birds had many of them golden Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed the Air with Smells of Incenſe, Ambergreaſe, and Pulvillio's; and were ſo interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of Embroidery. The winds were filled with ſighs and meſſages of diſtant Lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderneſs, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon the ſeveral wonders which lay before me, when to my great ſurpriſe, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I ſpoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I ſaid. In the midſt of my Converſation with theſe Inviſible Companions, I diſcovered in the centre of a very dark Grove a monſtrous Fabric built after the *Gothic* manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of ſculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple conſecrated to the God of *Dulneſs*. Upon my entrance I ſaw the Deity of the place dreſſed in the habit of a Monk, with a Book in one hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was *Induſtry* with a lamp burning before her: and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey ſitting on her ſhoulder. Before his feet there ſtood an *Altar* of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped in that manner to comply with the inſcription that ſurrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay ſeveral offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in paper, and inſcribed with Verſes. The Temple was filled with votaries, who applied themſelves to different

Diverſions,

Diverſions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I ſaw a Regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, ſhifting their ſtations, and throwing themſelves into all the Figures, and counter-marches of the moſt changeable and perplexed Exerciſe.

NOT far from theſe was a body of *Acroſticks*, made up of very diſproportioned perſons. It was diſpoſed into three Columns, the officers planting themſelves in a line on the left hand of each column. The Officers were all of them at leaſt ſix foot high, and made three rows of very proper men: but the Common-Soldiers, who filled up the ſpaces between the Officers, were ſuch Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acroſtics* two or three Files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the figure of time) with an Hour-glaſs in one hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their poſts promiſcuouſly among the private men whom they commanded.

IN the Body of the Temple, and before the very face of the Deity, methought I ſaw the phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatiſt*, engaged in a ball with four and twenty perſons, who purſued him by turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

OBSERVING ſeveral to be very buſy at the Weſtern end of the *Temple*, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of *Rebus*'s. Theſe were ſeveral things of the moſt different Natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an Anchor, a Night-rail, and a Hobby-horſe bound up together. One of the Workmen ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed,

told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in ſeveral of thoſe bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleaſed; I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haſte at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I obſerved in one Corner of it a Cluſtre of Men and Women laughing very heartily, and diverting themſelves at a game of *Crambo*. I heard ſeveral *Double Rhymes* as I paſſed by them, which raiſed a great deal of mirth.

NOT far from theſe was another Set of merry people engaged at a diverſion, in which the whole jeſt was to miſtake one perſon for another. To give occaſion for theſe ludicrous miſtakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the ſame kind of Dreſs, tho' perhaps there was not the leaſt reſemblance in their faces. By this means an old Man was ſometimes miſtaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great peals of laughter. Theſe I gueſſed to be a party of *Puns*. But being very deſirous to get out of this world of Magic, which had almoſt turned my brain, I left the Temple, and croſſed over the Fields that lay about it, with all the ſpeed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the ſound of Trumpets and Alarms, which ſeemed to proclaim the march of an Enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great diſtance a very ſhining light, and, in the midſt of it, a perſon of a moſt beautiful aſpect; her name was TRUTH. On her right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore ſeveral Quivers on his ſhoulders, and graſped ſeveral Arrows in his hand. His Name was *Wit*. The approach of theſe two enemies filled all the territories of *Falſe Wit* with an unſpeakable conſternation, inſomuch that the Goddeſs of thoſe regions appeared in perſon upon her frontiers, with the ſeveral inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before ſeen in the Temple, who were now drawn

up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the Enemy was very ſlow, it gave time to the ſeveral inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSEHOOD to draw their forces into a body, with a deſign to ſtand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the iſſue of the combat.

I muſt here inform my Reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before deſcribed, were inhabited by the ſpecies of *Mixed Wit*, who made a very odd appearance when they were muſtered together in an Army. There were Men whoſe bodies were ſtuck full of darts, and Women whoſe eyes were burning-glaſſes: Men that had hearts of Fire, and Women that had breaſts of Snow. It would be endleſs to deſcribe ſeveral monſters of the like nature, that compoſed this great army; which immediately fell aſunder, and divided itſelf into two parts, the one half throwing themſelves behind the banners of TRUTH, and the others behind thoſe of FALSEHOOD.

THE Goddeſs of FALSEHOOD was of a Gigantic ſtature, and advanced ſome paces before the front of her Army; but as the dazzling light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to ſhine upon her, ſhe faded inſenſibly, inſomuch, that in a little Space ſhe looked rather like an huge Phantom than a real Subſtance. At length, as the Goddeſs of TRUTH approached ſtill nearer to her, ſhe fell away entirely, and vaniſhed amidſt the brightneſs of her preſence; ſo that there did not remain the leaſt trace or impreſſion of her Figure in the place where ſhe had been ſeen.

AS at the riſing of the Sun the Conſtellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemiſphere is extinguiſhed; ſuch was the vaniſhing of the Goddeſs: and not only of the Goddeſs herſelf, but of the whole army that attended her, which ſympathized with their leader, and ſhrunk into nothing, in proportion as the Goddeſs diſappeared. At the ſame time the whole Temple ſunk, the Fiſh

betook themſelves to the Streams, and the wild Beaſts to the Woods, the Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the whole Face of Nature its true and genuine appearance. Tho' I ſtill continued aſleep, I fancied myſelf as it were awakened out of a dream, when I ſaw this region of Prodigies reſtored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows.

UPON the Removal of that wild Scene of Wonders, which had very much diſturbed my imagination, I took a full ſurvey of the perſons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impoſſible to look upon the firſt, without ſeeing the other at the ſame time. There was behind them a ſtrong and compact body of Figures. The Genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Laurel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypreſs, and covered with robes dipped in Blood. *Satire* had ſmiles in her Look, and a dagger under her Garment. *Rhetoric* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Maſk. After ſeveral other figures, *Epigram* marched up in the rear, who had been poſted there at the beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was ſuſpected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was ſomething ſo amiable, and yet ſo piercing in his looks, as inſpired me at once with Love and Terror. As I was gazing on him to my unſpeakable joy, he took a Quiver of arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a preſent of it; but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him, I knocked it againſt a Chair, and by that means awaked. C

Monday

No. 64. *Monday, May 14.*

——— Hic vivimus Ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes ——— Juv. Sat. 3. v. 183.

The Face of Wealth in Poverty we wear.

THE most improper things we commit in the Conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of Fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of Nature, Law, and common Sense: but at present I shall confine my consideration of the effect it has upon mens minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the fashion to go into Mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the Dead by our habits, certainly had its rise from the real Sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By Degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their Minds, made an apology for not joining with the rest of the World in their ordinary diversions by a dress suited to their condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress: to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksom to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might represent them to others. In process of time, this laudable distinction of the Sorrowful was lost, and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and Widows. You see nothing but Magnificence and solemnity in the Equipage of the relict, and an air of release from Servitude in the pomp of a Son who has lost a wealthy father. This fashion of Sorrow is now become a generous part of the ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who, in the Language of all Nations are stiled Brothers to each other, and put on the

the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seiz'd with grief from Head to Foot upon this disaster to their Prince; so that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Usher, what degree of friendship any deceased Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions. He deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

THE general Affectation among men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the habit of the Court. You see the Lady, who the day before was as various as a rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose Fortunes can support any change in their equipage, not on those only whose incomes demand the wantonness of new appearances: but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black suit upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, he turned it for the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor. He is a good Oeconomist in his extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-gray suit for any Potentate of small Territories; he indeed adds his crape hatband for a Prince whose exploits he has admir'd in the *Gazette*. But whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen, and Milliners. A Prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his Death, if he considered what numbers would be reduc'd to misery by that accident only: He would think it of mo-

ment

ment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his departure, the Honour done to him might be restrain'd to those of the Houshold of the Prince to whom it should be signify'd. He would think a general mourning to be in a less degree the same Ceremony which is practised in barbarous Nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a loss for many Months together, to guess at the character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-house: He ever ended a News-paper with this reflexion, *Well, I see all the Foreign Princes are in good Health,* If you asked, pray, Sir, what says the *Postman* from *Vienna?* he answered, *Make us thankful, the* German *Princes are all well:* What does he say from *Barcelona? He does not speak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen.* After very much inquiry, I found this man of universal Loyalty was a wholesale dealer in Silks and Ribbons: his way is, it seems, if he hires a Weaver, or Workman, to have it inserted in his Articles, 'That all this shall be well and truly 'performed, provided no foreign Potentate shall de'part this life within the Time above-mentioned.' It happens in all public Mournings, that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are during that folly either pinched with present want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expences (which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour) is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give Supplies to the Necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in Courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true honour, which one Court does to another on that occasion, loses its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Minister beholds the Court of a Nation (which flourishes in Riches and Plenty) lay aside, upon the loss of his Master, all marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though

though the Head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done his Master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradesman whom she has lost of her Family; and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, That we have lost one of the house of *Austria?* Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of Mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in Honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the Court which pays that veneration to their Friendship, and seems to express on such an occasion the sense of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by assuming the habit of Sorrow though in the full possession of Triumph and Royalty. R

No. 65. *Tuesday, May* 15.

——Demetri teque Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
Hor. Sat. 10. l. 1. v. 90.

Demetrius *and* Tigellius, *know your Place;*
Go hence and whine among the School-boy Race.

AFTER having at large explained what Wit is, and described the false Appearances of it, all that labour seems but an useless inquiry, without some time be spent in considering the application of it. The Seat of Wit, when one speaks as a man of the Town and the World, is the Play-house; I shall therefore fill this Paper with reflexions upon the use of it in that place. The Application of Wit in the Theatre has as strong an effect upon the manners of our Gentlemen, as the taste of it has upon the Writings

tings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the writings of such as have long had the general applause of a Nation; but I shall always make Reason, Truth and Nature the measures of Praise and Dispraise; if those are for me, the generality of opinion is of no consequence against me; if they are against me, the general opinion cannot long support me.

WITHOUT further Preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded Plays, and see whether they deserve the figure they at present bear in the imaginations of men, or not.

IN reflecting upon these works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective Play is most celebrated. The present paper shall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*. The received character of this Play is, That it is the pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the Characters of greatest consequence, and if these are low and mean, the reputation of the Play is very unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman should be honest in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Instead of this, our Hero in this piece is a direct knave in his designs, and a clown in his language. *Bellair* is his Admirer and Friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater wit than his said friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young Lady, whose Virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a Wife, and then she cannot but fall to his share, as he is an irresistible fine Gentleman. The Falshood to Mrs *Loveit*, and the Barbarity of triumphing over her anguish for losing him, is another instance of his Honesty, as well as his Good-nature. As to his fine Language; he calls the Orange-Woman, who it seems, is inclined to grow fat, *An Over-grown Jade, with a Flasket of Guts before her*; and salutes her with a pretty phrase of *How now, Double Tripe?* Upon the

the mention of a Country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he *will lay his Life ſhe is ſome aukward ill-faſhioned Country Toad, who not having above four Dozen of Hairs on her Head, has adorned her Baldneſs with a large white Fruz, that ſhe may look Sparkiſhly in the Fore-Front of the King's box at an old Play.* Unnatural mixture of ſenſeleſs common Place!

AS to the generoſity of his Temper, he tells his poor footman, *If he did not wait better*——he would turn him away, in the inſolent phraſe of, *I'll Uncaſe you.*

NOW for Mrs *Harriot*: She laughs at Obedience to an abſent Mother, whoſe Tenderneſs *Buſy* deſcribes to be very exquiſite, for *that ſhe is ſo pleaſed with finding* Harriot *again, that ſhe cannot chide her for being out of the way.* This witty Daughter, and fine Lady, has ſo little reſpect for this good Woman, that ſhe ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries, *In what Struggle is my poor Mother yonder? See, ſee, her head tottering, her Eyes ſtaring, and her under Lip trembling.* But all this is atoned for, becauſe *ſhe has more Wit, than is uſual in her Sex, and as much Malice, tho' ſhe is as wild as you would wiſh her, and has a Demureneſs in her Looks that makes it ſo ſurpriſing!* Then to recommend her as a fit Spouſe for his Hero, the Poet makes her ſpeak her ſenſe of Marriage very ingeniouſly: *I think*, ſays ſhe, *I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reaſonable Woman ſhould expect in an Huſband.* It is, methinks, unnatural, that we are not made to underſtand how ſhe that was bred under a ſilly pious old Mother, that would never truſt her out of her ſight, came to be ſo polite.

IT cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of every thing, which engages the attention of the ſober and valuable part of mankind, appears very well drawn in this Place: but it is denied, that it is neceſſary to the Character of a fine Gentleman, that he ſhould

ſhould in that manner trample upon all Order and Decency. As for the character of *Dorimant*, it is more of a Coxcomb than that of *Fopling*. He ſays of one of his Companions, that a good correſpondence between them is their mutual intereſt. Speaking of that Friend, he declares, their being much together *makes the Women think the better of his Underſtanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation. It makes him paſs upon ſome for a Man of very good Senſe, and me upon others for a very civil Perſon.*

THIS whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners, good Senſe, and common Honeſty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notion of Merit in this Comedy, I take the Shoemaker to be, in reality, the fine Gentleman of the Play; For it ſeems he is an Atheiſt, if we may depend upon his character as given by the Orange-woman, who is herſelf far from being the loweſt in the Play. She ſays of a Fine man who is *Dorimant*'s Companion, There *is not ſuch another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker.* His pretenſion to be the Hero of the *Drama* appears ſtill more in his own Deſcription of his way of Living with his Lady. *There is*, ſays he, *never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Motions; ſhe never inquires into mine. We ſpeak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and becauſe it is vulgar to Lie and Soak together, we have each of us our ſeveral Settle-Bed.* That of *Soaking together* is as good as if *Dormant* had ſpoken it himſelf; and, I think, ſince he puts human Nature in as ugly a form as the circumſtance will bear, and is a ſtanch Unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good Fortune beſtowed in the laſt Act.

TO ſpeak plainly in this whole Work, I think nothing but being loſt to a ſenſe of Innocence and Virtue can make any one ſee this Comedy, without ob-

ſerving more frequent occaſion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the ſame time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmoſt Corruption and Degeneracy. R

No. 66. *Wedneſday, May* 16.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo, & fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur Ungui. Hor. Od. 6. l. 3. v. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting Maid
Bound 'Prentice to the wanton Trade:
Ionian *Artiſts, at a mighty Price,*
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice,
What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtle Baits to lay;
And with an early hand they form the temper'd Clay
ROSCOMMON.

THE two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, though expreſſed without any Air of Gravity.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I TAKE the Freedom of aſking your Advice in behalf of a young Country Kinſwoman of mine who is lately come to Town, and under my care for her Education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how unformed a Creature it is. She comes to my hands juſt as Nature left her, half finiſhed, and without any acquired Improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your Papers. Dear Mr SPECTATOR, help me to make her comprehend the viſible Graces of Speech, and the dumb Eloquence

'of

'of Motion; for ſhe is at preſent a perfect ſtranger 'to both. She knows no way to expreſs herſelf but 'by her Tongue, and that always to ſignify her 'Meaning. Her Eyes ſerve her yet only to ſee 'with, and ſhe is utererly a Foreigner to the Lan-'guage of Looks and Glances. In this, I fancy 'you could help her better than any body. I have 'beſtowed two months in teaching her to ſigh when 'ſhe is not concerned, and to ſmile when ſhe is not 'pleaſed; and am aſhamed to own ſhe makes little 'or no improvement. Then ſhe is no more able 'now to walk, than ſhe was to go at a Year old. 'By Walking you will eaſily know I mean that re-'gular but eaſy Motion, which gives our perſons ſo 'irreſiſtible a Grace as if we moved to muſic, and is 'a kind of diſengaged Figure, or, if I may ſo ſpeak, 'recitative dancing. But the want of this I cannot 'blame in her, for I find ſhe has no ear, and means 'nothing by walking but to change her place. I 'could pardon too her Bluſhing, if ſhe knew how to 'carry herſelf in it, and if it did not manifeſtly in-'jure her complexion.

'THEY tell me you are a Perſon who have ſeen 'the World, and are a judge of fine breeding; 'which makes me ambitious of ſome inſtructions from 'you for her improvement: Which when you have 'favoured me with, I ſhall further adviſe with you 'about the Diſpoſal of this fair Foreſter in Marriage; 'for I will make it no ſecret to you, that her Per-'ſon and Education are to be her Fortune.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

CELIMENE.

SIR,

'BEING employ'd by *Celimene* to make up and 'ſend to you her Letter, I make bold to recom-'mend the caſe therein mentioned to your conſider-'ation,

'ation, becaufe fhe and I happen to differ a little in 'our Notions. I, who am a rough man, am afraid 'the young Girl is in a fair way to be fpoiled: 'Therefore pray, Mr SPECTATOR, let us have your 'opinion of this fine thing called *Fine-Breeding*; 'for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain 'thing called *Good Breeding.*'

Your moft humble Servant.

THE general miftake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take care of their perfons and neglect their minds; in our Sons we are fo intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you fhall fee a young Lady celebrated and admired in all the affemblies about Town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it arifes, That we frequently obferve a Man's Life is half fpent before he is taken notice of; and a Woman in the prime of her Years is out of fafhion and neglected. The boy I fhall confider upon fome other occafion, and at prefent ftick to the Girl: And I am the more inclined to this, becaufe I have feveral Letters which complain to me that my Female readers have not underftood me for fome days laft paft, and take themfelves to be unconcerned in the prefent turn of my Writings. When a Girl is fafely brought from her nurfe, before fhe is capable of forming one fimple notion of any thing in life, fhe is delivered to the hands of her Dancing-Mafter; and with a Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild thing is taught a fantaftical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breaft, and moving with her whole body; and all this under pain of never having an Hufband, if fhe fteps, looks or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to pafs between her and this Huf-

band

band, that she is every moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the Ornament of her person, as what must determine her Good and Ill in this Life; and she naturally thinks if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable Person is the main purpose of her Parents; to that is all their costs, to that is all their care directed; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our present numerous race of Coquettes. These Reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my advice on the subject of managing the wild thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed; the management of a young Lady's Person is not to be overlooked, but the erudition of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the Mind follow the appetites of the Body, or the body express the Virtues of the Mind.

CLEOMIRA dances with all the Elegances of Modesty imaginable; but her Eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her Thoughts, that she raises in her beholders Admiration and Good will, but no loose Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this case is, To make the Mind and Body improve together; and if possible, to make Gesture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Gesture. R

No. 67. *Thursday, May* 17.

Saltare elegantius quam necesse est probae. Salust.

Too fine a Dancer for a virtuous Woman.

L*UCIAN*, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Philosopher chiding his Friend for his being a

Lover of Dancing, and a Frequenter of Balls. The other undertakes the defence of his favourite diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the Goddess *Rhea*, and preserved the Life of *Jupiter* himself, from the cruelty of his father *Saturn*. He proceeds to shew, that it had been approved by the greatest men in all Ages; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *Fine Dancer* and says, That the graceful mien and great agility which he had acquired by that exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the Armies both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

He adds that *Pyrrhus* gained more Reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name, that by all his other actions; that the *Lacedæmonians*, who were the bravest People in *Greece*, gave great Encouragement to this Diversion, and made their *Hormus* (a dance much resembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Asia*: That there were still extant some *Thessalian* statues erected to the honour of their best dancers: And that he wondered how his Brother Philosopher could declare himself against the opinions of those two persons, whom he professed so much to admire, *Homer* and *Hesiod*; the latter of which compares Valour and Dancing together; and says, That *the Gods have bestow'd Fortitude on some Men, and on others a Disposition for Dancing.*

LASTLY, he puts him in mind that *Socrates*, (who, in the Judgment of *Apollo*, was the wisest of Men) was not only a professed admirer of this exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old Man.

THE Morose Philosopher is so much affected by these, and some other authorities, that he becomes a convert to his Friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the Examples of great Men; and, I think, I have sufficiently shewed that it is not below the Dignity of these my Speculations to take notice of the following Letter, which,

I suppose

I suppose, is sent me by some substantial Tradesman about *Change*.

SIR,

'I AM a Man in Years, and by an honest Industry 'in the world have acquired enough to give my 'children a liberal education, though I was an utter 'stranger to it myself. My eldest Daughter, a Girl 'of Sixteen, has for some time been under the tui'tion of Monsieur *Rigadoon*, a Dancing-Master in 'the City; and I was prevailed upon by her and 'her Mother to go last night to one of his Balls. I 'must own to you, Sir, that having never been at 'any such place before, I was very much pleased and 'surprised with that part of his entertainment which 'he called *French Dancing*. There were several 'young men and women whose limbs seemed to 'have no other motion, but purely what the music 'gave them. After this part was over, they began 'a Diversion which they call *Country-Dancing*, and 'wherein there were also some things not disagree'able, and divers *Emblematical Figures*, compos'd, 'as I guess, by wise men for the instruction of 'Youth.

'AMONG the rest, I observed one, which, I 'think, they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which, while 'the Woman flies the Man pursues her; but as soon 'as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to 'follow.

'THE Moral of this Dance does, I think, very 'aptly recommend Modesty and Discretion to the 'Female Sex.

'But as the best institutions are liable to corrup'tions, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great 'abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was a'mazed to see my Girl handed by, and handing 'young fellows with so much familiarity; and I 'could not have thought it had been in the Child.

They

'They very often made use of a most impudent and 'lascivious step called *Setting*, which I know not how 'to describe to you, but by telling you that it is 'the very reverse of *Back to Back.* At last an im-'pudent young dog bid the Fiddlers play a Dance 'called *Mol. Pately*, and after having made two or 'three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms 'in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above 'Ground in such manner, that I who sat upon one 'of the lowest Benches, saw further above her shoe 'than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could 'no longer endure these enormities; wherefore just 'as my Girl was going to be made a Whirligig, I 'ran in, seized on the Child, and carried her home.

'SIR, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I 'suppose this Diversion might be at first invented to 'keep up a good Understanding between young 'men and women, and so far I am not against it; 'but I shall never allow of these things. I know 'not what you will say to this case at present, but 'am sure that had you been with me you would 'have seen matter of great Speculation. I am

Yours, &c.

I Must confess I am afraid that my Correspondent had much reason to be a little out of humour at the Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those *kissing Dances* in which WILL HONEYCOMB assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a Minute on the Fair One's lips, or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of time.

I Am not able however to give my final Sentence against this Diversion; and am of Mr *Cowley*'s Opinion, that so much of Dancing, at least, as belongs to the behaviour and an handsome Carriage of the Body, is extremely useful, if not absoluteful necessary.

WE

WE generally form ſuch Ideas of People at firſt ſight, as we are hardly ever perſuaded to lay aſide afterwards: For this reaſon, a man would wiſh to have nothing diſagreeable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good Grace,

I Might add that a moderate Knowledge in the little rules of Good-breeding, gives a man ſome aſſurance, and make him eaſy in all companies. For want of this, I have ſeen a Profeſſor of a liberal Science at a loſs to ſalute a Lady; and a moſt excellent Mathematician not able to determine whether he ſhould ſtand or ſit while my Lord drank to him.

IT is the proper Buſineſs of a Dancing-Maſter to regulate theſe matters; tho' I take it to be a juſt obſervation, that unleſs you add ſomething of your own to what theſe fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themſelves, you will much ſooner get the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a well-bred Man.

AS for *Country Dancing*, it muſt indeed be confeſſed that the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this occaſion may ſometimes produce very dangerous conſequences; and I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts are ſo obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of muſic, the force of motion, and an handſome young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Uſe of all his Limbs.

BUT as this kind of Dance is the particular invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or leſs a proficient in it, I would not diſcountenance it; but rather ſuppoſe it may be practiſed innocently by others, as well as myſelf, who am often Partner to my Landlady's Eldeſt Daughter.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING heard a good Character of the Collection of Pictures which is to be expoſed to ſale on

Friday

Friday next; and concluding from the following Letter, that the perſon who collected them is a man of no unelegant taſte, I will be ſo much his Friend as to publiſh it, provided the Reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an Advertiſement.

From *the Three Chairs in the Piazza* Covent-Garden.

SIR, *May* 16, 1711.

'AS you are a SPECTATOR, I think we, who
' make it our buſineſs to exhibit any thing to
' public View, ought to apply ourſelves to you for
' your Approbation. I have travelled *Europe* to fur-
' niſh out a Show for you, and have brought with
' me what has been admired in every Country thro'
' which I paſſed. You have declared in many Pa-
' pers, that your greateſt delights, are thoſe of the
' Eye, which I do not doubt but I ſhall gratify with
' as beautiful Objects as yours ever beheld. If Caſ-
' tles, Foreſts, Ruins, fine Women, and Graceful
' Men, can pleaſe you, I dare promiſe you much
' ſatisfaction, if you will appear at my Auction on
' *Friday* next. A Sight is, I ſuppoſe, as grateful
' to a SPECTATOR, as a Treat to another Perſon,
' and therefore I hope you will pardon this Invita-
' tion from.

SIR, Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

I. GRAHAM.

No. 68. *Friday*, *May* 18.

Nos duo turba ſumus—— Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 355.

We Two are a Multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the Company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of Thoughts

Thoughts and Subjects would be ſtarted in diſcourſe; but inſtead of this, we find that converſation is never ſo much ſtraitned and confined as in numerous Aſſemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any Subject of Diſcourſe, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted aſſembly of Men and Women, the talk generally runs upon the Weather, Faſhions, News, and the like public Topics. In proportion, as converſation gets into Clubs and knots of Friends, it deſcends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between two perſons who are familiar and intimate Friends. On theſe occaſions, a man gives a looſe to every Paſſion and every Thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired opinions of Perſons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his ſentiments, and expoſes his whole Soul to the examination of his Friend.

TULLY was the firſt who obſerved, that Friendſhip improves Happineſs and abates Miſery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the Eſſayers upon Friendſhip, that have written ſince his time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely deſcribed other Advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendſhip; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient Author, whoſe book would be regarded by our Modern Wits as one of the moſt ſhining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philoſopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatiſe entitled *The Wiſdom of the Son of* Sirach. How finely has he deſcribed the art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour?

Behaviour? And laid down that precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, 'That we ſhould have many Well-wiſhers, but few 'Friends.' *Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair-ſpeaking Tongue will increaſe kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheleſs have but one Counſellor of a thouſand.* With what Prudence does he caution us in the choice of our Friends! And with what ſtrokes of Nature (I could almoſt ſay of Humour) has he deſcribed the Behaviour of a treacherous and ſelf-intereſted Friend; *If thou wouldſt get a Friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: For ſome Man is a Friend for his own occaſion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. And there is a Friend, who being turned to Enmity and Strife will diſcover thy Reproach.* Again, *ſome Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Proſperity he will be as thyſelf, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be brought low he will be againſt thee, and hide himſelf from thy Face.* What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following Verſe? *Separate thyſelf from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes one of thoſe Fruits of Friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general elogium of Friendſhip, which is very juſt as well as very ſublime. *A faithful Friend is a ſtrong Defence; and he that hath found ſuch an one, hath found a Treaſure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord ſhall find him. Whoſo feareth the Lord ſhall direct his Friendſhip aright; for as he is, ſo ſhall his Neighbour* (that is his friend) *be alſo.* I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleaſed me more, than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of life, to Expreſs the efficacy of Friendſhip in healing the Pains and anguiſh which naturally cleave to our Exiſtence

in

in this World; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last Sentence, that a virtuous Man shall as a blessing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another Saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; *Forsake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with Pleasure.* With what Strength of Allusion and force of Thought, has he described the Breaches and Violations of Friendship? *Whoso casteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away? and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendship. Tho' thou drawest a Sword at a Friend yet despair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: if thou hast opened thy Mouth against thy Friend fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or disclosing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for these things every Friend will depart.* We may observe in this and several other Precepts in this Author, those little familiar Instances and Illustrations which are so much admired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful instances of this Nature in the following Passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: *Whoso discovereth Secrets, loseth his Credit, and shall never find a Friend to his mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his Secrets, follow no more after him: For as a man hath destroyed his Enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe escaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.*

AMONG the several Qualifications of a good Friend, this wise Man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others

others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Difcretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitas*, a Pleafantnefs of Temper. If I were to give my opinion upon fuch an exhaufted fubject, I fhould join to thefe other qualifications a certain Æquability or Evennefs of behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendfhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a years Converfation; when on a fudden fome latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never difcovered or fufpected at his firft entering into an intimacy with him. There are feveral perfons who in fome certain periods of their Lives are inexpreffibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteftable, *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this fpecies in the following Epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum poffum vivere, nec fine te. Epig. 47. l. 12.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt fuch a touchy, tafty, pleafant Fellow;
Haft fo much wit, and mirth, and fpleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Friendfhip with one, who by thefe Changes and Viciffitudes of humour is fometimes amiable and fometimes odious: and as moft men are at fome Times in an admirable frame and Difpofition of Mind, it fhould be one of the greateft tafks of Wifdom to keep ourfelves well when we are fo, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our Character.
C

Saturday,

No. 69. *Tuesday, May* 19.

Hic segetis, illic veniunt felicius uvae:
Arborei foetus alibi atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabaei?
At Chalybis nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges aeternaque foedera certis
Imposuit Natura locis—— Virg. Geog. 1. v. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, *that with* Ceres *suits*;
That other loads the Trees with happy Fruits;
A fourth with Grass, unbidden, decks the Ground:
Thus Tmolus *is with yellow Saffron crown'd*;
India *black Ebon and white Iv'ry bears*;
And soft Idume *weeps her od'rous Tears*:
Thus Pontus *sends her bever Stones from far*;
And naked Spaniards *temper Steel for War*:
Epirus *for th'* Elean *Chariot breeds*
(*In hopes of Palms*) *a Race of running Steeds.*
This is th' original Contract; these the Laws
Impos'd by Nature, and by Nature's Cause. Dryden.

THERE is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an assembly of Countrymen and Foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporeum* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambassadors are in the Politic World; they negociate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence

between those wealthy Societies of men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a league with one of the *Czar* of *Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several Ministers of Commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different Languages: sometimes I am justled among a body of *Armenians*: sometimes I am lost in a croud of *Jews*; and sometimes make one in a groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Countryman he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

THOUGH I very frequently visit this busy Multitude of people, I am known to no-body there but my Friend Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some Money to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not versed in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

THIS grand scene of Business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public Solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public Stock; or in other words, raising estates for their own Families,

milies, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

NATURE ſeems to have taken a particular Care to diſſeminate her bleſſings among the different Regions of the World, with an eye to this mutual intercourſe and traffic among Mankind, that the Natives of the ſeveral parts of the Globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common intereſt. Almoſt every *Degree* produces ſomething peculiar to it. The food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the products of *Barbadoes*: the infuſion of a *China* Plant ſweetned with the pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippin* Iſlands give a flavour to our *European* bowls. The ſingle dreſs of a Woman of quality is often the product of an Hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different ends of the Earth. The ſcarf is ſent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade Petticoat riſes out of the mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indoſtan*.

IF we conſider our own Country in its natural Proſpect, without any of the benefits and advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable ſpot of Earth falls to our ſhare! Natural Hiſtorians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, beſides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nuts, with other delicacies of the like Nature; that our Climate of itſelf, and without the aſſiſtance of Art, can make no further advances towards a Plume than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a perfection than a Crab: That our Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are ſtrangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *Engliſh* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the traſh of our own Coun-

try, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffic more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the harvest of every Climate: Our Tables are stored with spices, and Oils, and Wines: our rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanship of *Japan:* our Morning's draught comes from the remotest corners of the Earth: we repair our bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Islands, our Hot-beds; The *Persians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chinese* our Potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare Necessaries of Life, but Traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which gave them birth; That our eyes are refreshed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our Palates are feasted with Fruits that rise between the Tropics.

FOR these Reasons there are not more useful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *English* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wool for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* Manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the fleeces of our Sheep.

WHEN I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down

down upon the wealthy concourſe of people with which that place is every day filled. In this caſe, how would he be ſurpriſed to hear all the Languages of *Europe* ſpoken in this little ſpot of his former Dominions, and to ſee ſo many private men, who in his time would have been the vaſſals of ſome powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the *Britiſh* territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: it has multiply'd the number of the Rich, made our Landed Eſtates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an acceſſion of other Eſtates as valuable as the Lands themſelves. C

No. 70. *Monday, May* 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 63.
Sometimes the vulgar ſee, and judge, aright.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are moſt in vogue among the common people of the Countries through which I paſſed; for it is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be univerſally taſted and approved by a multitude, tho' they are only the rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it ſome peculiar aptneſs to pleaſe and gratify the Mind of Man. Human Nature is the ſame in all reaſonable Creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongſt Readers of all qualities and conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by Monſieur *Boileau*, uſed to read all his Comedies to an old Woman who was his Houſe-keeper, as ſhe ſat with him at her work by the Chimny-Corner; and could foretel the ſucceſs of his Play at the Theatre,

atre, from the reception it met at its fire-side: for he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothick manner in Writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of Palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their Affectation or Ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same Paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear Beautiful to the most refined.

THE old Song of *Chevy-Chase* is the favourite Ballad of the common People of *England*, and *Ben Johnson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his Discourse of Poetry speaks of it in the following Words: *I never heard the old Song of* Piercy *and* Douglas, *that I found not my Heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude stile; which being so evil apparelled in the Dust and Cobweb of that uncivil Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Eloquence of* Pindar? For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my reader a Critic upon it, without any further Apology for so doing.

THE greatest Modern Critics have laid it down as a Rule, That an Heroic Poem should be founded

upon

upon ſome important precept of Morality, adapted to the conſtitution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this view. As *Greece* was a Collection of many Governments, who ſuffered very much among themſelves, and gave the *Perſian* Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealouſies and animoſities, *Homer*, in order to eſtabliſh among them an Union, which was ſo neceſſary for their ſafety, grounds his Poem upon the diſcords of the ſeveral *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a Confederacy againſt an *Aſiatic* Prince, and the ſeveral advantages which the enemy gained by ſuch their diſcords. At the time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the diſſenſions of the Barons, who were then ſo many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themſelves, or with their Neighbours, and produced unſpeakable calamities to the Country: The Poet, to deter men from ſuch unnatural contentions, deſcribes a bloody battle and dreadful ſcene of Death, occaſioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned in the Families of an *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Nobleman: That he deſigned this for the inſtruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four laſt Lines, in which, after the example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a Precept for the Benefit of his Readers.

God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twixt Noblemen may ceaſe.

The next Point obſerved by the greateſt Heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate Perſons and Actions, which do Honour to their Country: Thus *Virgil*'s Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer*'s a prince of *Greece*; and for this reaſon *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be juſtly derided

rided for having chosen the Expedition of the *Golden-Fleece*, and the *Wars of Thebes*, for the subjects of their Epic Writings.

THE Poet before us has not only found out an Hero in his own Country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The *English* are the first who take the Field, and the last who quit it. The *English* bring only Fifteen hundred to the battle, the *Scotch* Two thousand. The *English* keep the Field with Fifty-three: The *Scotch* retire with Fifty-five: All the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings receive the News of this fight, and of the great Mens Deaths who commanded in it.

> *This News was brought to* Edinburgh,
> *Where* Scotland's *King did reign,*
> *That brave Earl* Douglas *suddenly*
> *Was with an Arrow slain.*
>
> *O heavy News King* James *did say,*
> Scotland *can witness be,*
> *I have not any Captain more*
> *Of such Account as he.*
>
> *Like Tidings to King* Henry *came*
> *Within as short a Space,*
> *That* Piercy *of* Northumberland
> *Was slain in* Chevy-Chase.
>
> *Now God be with him, said our King,*
> *Sith 'twill no better be,*
> *I trust I have within my Realm*
> *Five hundred as good as he.*
>
> *Yet shall not* Scot *nor* Scotland *say*
> *But I will Vengeance take,*
> *And be revenged on them all*
> *For brave Lord* Piercy's *Sake.*

This

This Vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great Renown.

And of the rest of small Account
Did many Thousands die, &c.

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable Partiality to his Countrymen, he represents the *Scots* after a Manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company
Whose Armour shone like Gold.

His Sentiments and Actions are every Way suitable to an Hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an Earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the Combat: However, says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a Sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our Quarrel in single Fight.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, *so am I.*

But trust me, Piercy, *Pity it were,*
And great Offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless Men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And set our Men aside;
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy *said,*
By whom this is deny'd.

WHEN

WHEN these brave Men had distinguished themselves in the Battle and in a single Combat with each other, in the midst of a generous Parley, full of heroic Sentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his dying Words encourages his Men to revenge his Death, representing to them, as the most bitter Circumstances of it, that his Rival saw him fall.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an English *Bow,*
Which struck Earl Douglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow,

Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on my merry Men all,
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord Piercy *sees my Fall.*

Merry Men, in the Language of those Times, is no more than a chearful word for Companions and fellow-Soldiers. A passage in the Eleventh book of *Virgil's Æneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last Agonies instead of weeping over the Wound she had received, as one might have expected from a Warrior of her Sex, considers only (like the Hero of whom we are now speaking) how the Battle should be continued after her Death.

Tum sic expirans Accam ex æqualibus unam
Alloquitur; fida ante alias quæ sola Camillæ,
Quicum partiri curas; atque hæc ita fatur;
Hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc vulnus acerbum
Conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum:
Effuge, et hæc Turno mandata novissima perfer;
Succedat pugnæ, Trojanosque arceat urbe:
Jamque vale.——— Æn. 11. v. 820.

A gathering Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes;
And from her Cheeks the rosy Colour flies,

Then

Then turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with Pain.
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my Sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his Right.
Bear my last Words to *Turnus*, fly with Speed,
And bid him timely to my Charge succeed:
Repel the *Trojans*, and the Town relieve:
Farewel.——— DRYDEN.

TURNUS did not die in so heroic a Manner; though our Poet seems to have had his Eye upon *Turnus*'s speech in the last Verse,

Lord Piercy *sees my Fall.*
——*Vicisti, & victum tendere palmas*
Ausonii videre——— Aen. 12. v. 936.

The *Latian* Chiefs have seen me beg my Life.
DRYDEN.

EARL *Piercy*'s Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the simplicity of the Stile, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the Greatness of the Thought.

Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy *took*
The dead Man by the Hand,
And said, Earl Douglas *for thy Life*
Would I had lost my Land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy Sake;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Mischance did never take.

That beautiful Line, *Taking the dead Man by the Hand*, will put the Reader in mind of *Æneas*'s Behaviour towards *Lausus*, whom he himself had Slain as he came to the Rescue of his aged Father.

At vero vultum vidit morientis, & ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter; dextramque tetendit.
Aen. 10. v. 822.

The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead;
He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his Hand, and
said, *&c.* DRYDEN.

I shall take another Opportunity to consider the other Parts of this old Song.

No. 71. *Tuesday, May* 22.

——*Scribere jussit amor* Ovid. Epist. 4. v. 10.

Love bid me write.

THE intire Conquest of our Passions is so difficult a Work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult task, and only attempt to regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the ease, but also to the Pleasure of our Life; and that is refining our Passions to a greater Elegance, than we receive them from Nature. When the passion is Love, this work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated minds, by the mere Force and Dignity of the object. There are forms which naturally create respect in the beholders, and at once inflame and chastise the imagination. Such an Impression as this gives an immediate ambition to deserve, in order to please. This Cause and Effect are beautifully described by Mr *Dryden* in the Fable of *Cimon* and *Ephigenia*. After he has represented *Cimon* so stupid, that

He whistled as he went, for want of Thought,

he makes him fall into the following scene, and shews its

its Influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as Natural as Wonderful.

It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his way;
His Quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
Crept thro' the matted Grass a Crystal Flood,
By which an Alabaster Fountain stood:
And on the Margin of the Fount was laid,
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid,
Like Dian, *and her Nymphs, when, tir'd with Sport,*
To rest by cool Eurotas *they resort:*
The Dame herself the Goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her Purple Vest,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And even in Slumber a superior Grace:
Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr;
Her Bosom to the View was only bare:
The Fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose;
The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Repose.
The fool of Nature stood with stupid Eyes,
And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprise,
Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he stood, and, leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witness'd with an Idiot Laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring Sense
First found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his Clown-Accent, and his Country-Tone.

BUT lest this fine Description should be excepted against, as the Creation of that great Master, Mr *Dryden* and not an account of what has really ever happened in the World; I shall give you, *verbatim*, the Epistle of an enamoured Footman in the Country to his Mistress. Their Sirnames shall not be inserted, because their passion demands a greater respect than is due to their quality. *James* is servant in a great Family, and *Elizabeth* waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, some miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wrestler, and quarrelsome Cudgel-player; *Betty* a public Dancer at May-poles, a Romp at Stool-ball: He always following idle Women, she playing among the Peasants: He a country-Bully, she a country Coquette. But Love has made her constantly in her Mistress's chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a secret passion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a constant Waiter near his Master's Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it seems walked Ten mile to carry the angry Message, which gave occaasion to what follows.

To *ELISABETH*——

My Dear Betty, *May* 14, 1711.

'REMEMBER your bleeding Lover, who lies 'bleeding at the Wounds *Cupid* made with the 'Arrows he borrowed at the Eye of *Venus*, which 'is your sweet Person.

'NAY more, with the Token you sent me for 'my Love and Service offered to your sweet Per'son, which was your base respects to my ill condi'tions; when alas! there is no ill conditions in me, 'but quite contrary; all Love and Purity, espe'cially to your sweet Person; but all this I take as 'a Jest.

'BUT

'BUT the sad and dismal news which *Molly* 'brought me struck me to the Heart, which was, it 'seems, and is your ill Conditions for my Love and 'Respects to you.

'For she told me, if I came Forty times to you, 'you would not speak with me, which Words I am 'sure is a great Grief to me.

'NOW, my Dear, If I may not be permitted to 'your sweet Company, and to have the happiness 'of speaking with your sweet Person, I beg the Fa-'vour of you to accept of this my secret Mind and 'Thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my 'Breast; the which if you do not accept, I believe 'will go nigh to break my heart.

'FOR indeed, my Dear, I love you above all 'the Beauties I ever saw in all my life.

'THE young Gentleman, and my Master's 'Daughter, the *Londoner* that is come down to mar-'ry her, sat in the arbour most part of last night. 'Oh! dear *Betty*, must the Nightingales sing to 'those who marry for Money, and not to us true 'Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that we could meet 'this Night were we used to do in the Wood.

'NOW, my Dear, if I may not have the Bless-'sing of kissing your sweet Lips, I beg I may have 'the happiness of kissing your fair Hand, with a 'few Lines from your dear Self, presented by whom 'you please or think fit. I believe, if time would 'permit me, I could write all day; but the time 'being short, and Paper little, no more from your 'never-failing Lover till Death,

James——

POOR *James!* Since his Time and Paper were so short; I, that have more than I can use well of both, will put the sentiments of his kind Letter (the stile of which seems to be confused with scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not under-stand) into what he meant to express.

Dear Creature,

CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away his life in thinking of You? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the most beautiful Description that ever was made of her. All this kindness you return with an Accusation, that I do not love you: But the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the Certainty given me in your Message by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all Comfort. She says you will not see me: If you can have so much Cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the impression made by your fair Hand. I love you above all things, and, in my condition, what you look upon with indifference is to me the most exquisite Pleasure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for mercenary ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for fashion sake they courted those Solitudes, because they have heard Lovers do so. Oh *Betty!* could I hear those Rivulets murmur, and birds sing while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both servants, that there is any thing on earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till Death itself.

JAMES.

N. B. By the Words *Ill-Conditions*, JAMES means in a Woman *Coquetry*, in a Man *Inconstancy*. R

Wednesday,

No. 72. *Wednesday, May* 23.

——*Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos*
Stat fortuna Domus, & avi numerantur avorum.
Virg. Georg. 4. v. 208.

Th' immortal Line in sure Succession reigns,
The Fortune of the Family remains,
And Grandsires Grandsons the long List contains Dryden.

HAVING already given my Reader an Account of several extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my Reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the Public, as one of the greatest Curiosities in its kind.

A Friend of mine complaining of a Tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless Fellow, who neglected his Family, and spent most of his time over a Bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a Member oft he *Everlasting-Club*. So very odd a title raised my Curiosity to inquire into the Nature of a Club that had such a founding Name; upon which my Friend gave me the following account.

THE *Everlasting-Club* consists of a hundred Members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the Club sits day and night from one end of the Year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the *Everlasting-Club* never wants company; for tho' he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a Nooning, an Evening's Draught, or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

IT is a Maxim in this Club, that the Steward never dies; for as they ſucceed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which ſtands at the upper end of the table, 'till his ſucceſſor is in a readineſs to fill it; inſomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the Memory of Man.

THIS Club was inſtituted towards the end (or, as ſome of them ſay, about the middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *Great-Fire*, which burnt them out, and diſperſed them for ſeveral weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his Poſt till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring Houſe, (which was demoliſhed in order to ſtop the Fire;) and would not leave the chair at laſt, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the Club to withdraw himſelf. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his Ship becauſe he would not quit it without orders. It is ſaid that towards the cloſe of 1700, being the great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under conſideration whether they ſhould break up or continue their ſeſſion; but after many ſpeeches and debates, it was at length agreed to ſit out the other Century. This reſolution paſſed in a general Club *Nemine Contradicente*.

HAVING giving this ſhort account of the Inſtitution and Continuation of the *Everlaſting Club*, I ſhould here endeavour to ſay ſomething of the Manners and characters of its ſeveral Members, which I ſhall do according to the beſt Lights I have received in this matter.

IT appears by their Books in general, that, ſince their firſt inſtitution, they have ſmoked Fifty Tun of Tobacco, drank thirty thouſand Butts of Ale, one thouſand Hogſheads of Red Port, two hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of Small beer.

There

There has been likewiſe a great Conſumption of Cards. It is alſo ſaid, that they obſerve the law in *Ben Johnſon*'s Club, which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis eſto*) as well for the convenience of Lighting their Pipes, as to cure the dampneſs of the Club-room. They have an old Woman in the nature of the Veſtal, whoſe buſineſs it is to cheriſh and perpetuate the Fire which burns from Generation to Generation, and has ſeen the Glaſs-houſe fires in and out above an hundred times.

THE *Everlaſting Club* treats all other Clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upſtarts. Their ordinary diſcourſe (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon ſuch adventures as have paſſed in their own Aſſembly; of Members who have taken the glaſs in their turns for a Week together, without ſtirring out of the Club; of others who have ſmoked an hundred Pipes at a ſitting; of others who have not miſſed their morning's draught for twenty years together: ſometimes they ſpeak in raptures of a run of Ale in King *Charles*'s Reign; and ſometimes reflect with aſtoniſhment upon games at whiſk, which have been miraculouſly recovered by members of the ſociety, when in all human probability the caſe was deſperate.

THEY delight in ſeveral old Catches, which they ſing at all hours to encourage one another to moiſten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

THERE are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker, or elect a new one, ſettle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Neceſſaries.

THE Senior Member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the Grandfathers of ſome of the preſent ſitting Members.

No. 73. *Thursday, May 24.*

—— O Dea certe! Virg. Aen. 1. v. 332.

O Goddeſs! for no leſs you ſeem.

IT is very ſtrange to conſider, that a Creature like Man, who is ſenſible of ſo many weakneſſes and imperfections, ſhould be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Miſery, ſhould contend for Praiſe, and endeavour as much as poſſible to make themſelves Objects of Admiration.

BUT notwithſtanding Man's Eſſential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very conſiderable. If he looks upon himſelf in an abſtracted Light, he has not much to boaſt of; but if he conſiders himſelf with regard to others, he may find occaſion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues, at leaſt in the abſence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the Wiſe Man and the Fool. The firſt endeavours to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to outſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the ſenſe of his own infirmities, the laſt is lifted up by the diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other Men. The Wiſe Man conſiders what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wiſe Man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the Fool when he recommends himſelf to the applauſe of thoſe about him.

BUT however unreaſonable and abſurd this Paſſion for admiration may appear in ſuch a creature as Man, it is not wholly to be diſcouraged; ſince it often produces very good effects, not only as it reſtrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it puſhes him to actions which are

great

great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Consequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed.

IT is obſerved by *Cicero*, that men of the greateſt and the moſt ſhining parts are the moſt actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we ſhall find this principle of action ſtronger in Women than in Men.

THE Paſſion for Praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the Fair Sex, produces excellent effects in Women of ſenſe, who deſire to be admired for that only which deſerves admiration: and I think we may obſerve, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Courſe of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own ſex. How many inſtances have we of Chaſtity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Huſbands, which are the great qualities and atchievements of Womankind: as the making of War, the carrying on of Traffic, the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, are thoſe by which men grow famous, and get themſelves a Name.

BUT as this Paſſion for Admiration, when it works according to reaſon, improves the beautiful part of our ſpecies in every thing that is laudable; ſo nothing is more deſtructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to ſay, only regards the vain part of the Sex, whom for certain reaſons, which the Reader will hereafter ſee at large, I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Perſon. You ſee in every poſture of her Body, air of her Face, and motion of her Head, That it is her buſineſs and employment to gain adorers. For this reaſon your *Idols* appear in all public

public Places and Aſſemblies, in order to ſeduce men to their worſhip. The Play-houſe is very frequently filled with *Idols*; ſeveral of them are carried in proceſſion every Evening about the ring, and ſeveral of them ſet up their worſhip even in Churches. They are to be accoſted in the Language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their diſpoſal: Paradiſe is in their arms, and Eternity in every moment that you are preſent with them. Raptures, Tranſports, and Ecſtaſies are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tears, Prayers and broken Hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their ſmiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to deſpair. I ſhall only add under this head, that *Ovid*'s Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the forms of Worſhip which are made uſe of to an *Idol.*

IT would be as difficult a taſk to reckon up theſe different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton*'s was to number thoſe that were known in *Canaan*, and the lands adjoining. Moſt of them are worſhipped, like *Moloch*, in Fire and Flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to ſee their votaries cut and ſlaſhed, and ſhedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, muſt have treats and collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that ſome of them have been uſed by their incenſed Worſhippers like the *Chineſe Idols*, who are Whipped and Scourged when they refuſe to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I muſt here obſerve, that thoſe Idolaters who devote themſelves to the *Idols* I am here ſpeaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out becauſe they worſhip different *Idols*, theſe idolaters quarrel becauſe they worſhip the ſame.

THE intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the Wiſhes of the Idolater; as the one de-

ſires

fires to confine the Idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This humour of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of *Chaucer:* He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations: She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do you think was the Favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

THE behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the Moderns. She is worshipped once a Week by Candle-light, in the midst of a large Congregation, generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her presence. She asks a Question of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his Success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the same canonical hour that Day Sevennight.

AN *Idol* may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheosis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into a Woman.

OLD Age is likewise a great Decayer of your *Idol:* The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when her Worshippers are about her.

CONSIDERING therefore that in these and many other cases the *Woman* generally out-lives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this Paper, and desire my fair Readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; In order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dress, or Fashion, but from those inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

C

No. 74. *Friday, May 25.*

——*Pendent opera interrupta*—— Virg. Aen. 4. v. 88.

The Works unfinish'd and neglected lie.

IN my last *Monday*'s Paper I gave some general Instances of those beautiful Strokes which please the reader in the old Song of *Chevy Chase*; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and shew that the sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets: For which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several Passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of Poetical Genius, and by the same Copyings after Nature.

HAD this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some Readers; but it

it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the Sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude Stile and evil Apparel of this Antiquated Song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the Language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the Poets made use of in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, as the Reader will see in several of the following Quotations.

WHAT can be greater than either the Thought or the Expression in that Stanza.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl Piercy *took his Way;*
The Child may rue that was unborn
The Hunting of that Day!

This way of considering the misfortunes which this Battle would bring upon Posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the Battle, and lost their Fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future Battles which took their rise from this Quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of Thinking among the ancient Poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus. Hor. Od. 2. l. 1. v. 23.

Posterity, thinn'd by their Fathers Crimes,
Shall read, with Grief, the Story of their Times.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resem-

 ble

ble more the majestic Simplicity of the Ancients, than the following Stanzas?

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the Scotish *Woods*
Three Summers Days to take.
With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
All chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Echo shrill did make.

———*Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithæron*
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit. Ge
3. v. 43.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my Way;
Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*, open, and pursue the Pr
High *Epidaurus* urges on my Speed,
Fam'd for his Hills, and for his Horses Breed:
From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries reboun
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the So
DRYI

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas *come,*
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty Hundred Scotish *Spears,*
All marching in our Sight.
All Men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the River Tweed, *&c.*

The Country of the *Scotch* Warriors, described in these two last Verses, has a fine romantic Situation, and affords a couple of smooth Words for Verse. If the Reader compares the foregoing six Lines of the Song

Song with the following Latin Verse, he will see how much they are written in the Spirit of *Virgil.*

Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris; & spicula vibrant——
Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, & roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt:——qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque & flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.——
Æn. 11. v. 605. 7. 682, 712.

Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears
——*Præneste* sends a chosen Band,
With those who plow *Saturnia*'s Gabine Land:
Besides the succours which cold *Anien* yields;
The Rocks of *Hernicus*——Besides a Band,
That follow'd from *Velinum*'s dewy Land——
And Mountaineers that from *Severus* came:
And from the craggy cliffs of *Tetrica*;
And those where yellow *Tiber* takes his way;
And where *Himella*'s wanton Waters play:
Casperia sends her Arms, with those that lie
By *Fabaris*, and fruitful *Foruli*. DRYDEN.

But to proceed.

Earl Douglas *on a milk-white Steed,*
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold,

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus——

Our English *Archers bent their Bows,*
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots *they slew.*

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No Slackness there was found;

And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the Ground.
With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an English *Bow,*
Which struck Earl Douglas *to the Heart*
A deep and deadly Blow.

Æneas was wounded after the same Manner by an unknown Hand in the midst of a Parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum qua pulsa manu—— Æn. 12. v. 318.

Thus while he spake, unmindful of Defence,
A winged Arrow struck the pious Prince;
But whether from an human Hand it came,
Or hostile God is left unknown by Fame. Dryden.

But of all the descriptive Parts of this Song, there are none more beautiful than the four following Stanzas which have a great Force and Spirit in them, and are filled with very natural Circumstances. The Thought in the third Stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is such an one as would have shined in *Homer* or *Virgil.*

So thus did both these Nobles die,
Whose Courage none could stain:
An English *Archer then perceived*
The noble Earl was slain.
He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Unto the Head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his Shaft he set,
The Grey-goose Wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.
This Fight did last from break of Day
Till setting of the Sun;

For when they rung the Ev'ning Bell
The Battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that in the Catalogue of the Slain the Author has followed the Example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a long List of the Dead, but by diversifying it with little Characters of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas *there was slain*
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, *that from the Field*
One foot would never Fly:

Sir Charles Murrel *of* Ratcliff *too,*
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, *so well esteem'd*
Yet saved could not be.

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the Poem but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of *Virgil*.

——*Cadit & Ripheus justissimus unus*
Qui fuit in Teucris & servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est—— Æn. 2. v. 426.

Then *Ripheus* fell in the unequal Fight,
Just of his Word, observant of the Right:
Heav'n thought not so. Dryden.

In the Catalogue of the *English* who fell, *Witherington*'s Behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that Account which is given by him in the beginning of the Battle; tho' I am satisfied your little Buffoon Readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the Beauty of it: for which Reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington *was his Name,*
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry *our King for Shame,*
That e'er my Captain fought on foot
And I ſtood looking on.

We meet with the ſame Heroic Sentiments in *Virgil.*

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non ſumus——? Aen. 12. v. 229.

For Shame, *Rutilians*, can you bear the Sight
Of one expos'd for all, in ſingle fight?
Can we before the Face of Heav'n, confeſs
Our courage colder, or our Numbers leſs?
DRYDEN.

What can be more natural or more moving, than the Circumſtances in which he deſcribes the behaviour of thoſe Women who had loſt their Huſbands on this fatal Day?

Next Day did many Widows come
Their Huſbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail:

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were clad in Clay.

Thus we ſee how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally ariſe from the Subject, are always ſimple, and ſometimes exquiſitely noble; that the Language is often very ſounding, and that the whole is written with a true Poetical Spirit.

IF this Song had been written in the *Gothic* Manner, which is the delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the taſte of ſo many Ages, and have pleaſed the Readers of,

of all Ranks and Conditions. I ſhall only beg Pardon for ſuch a profuſion of *Latin* Quotations; which I ſhould not have made uſe of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too ſingular on ſuch a Subject, had not I ſupported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil*. C

No. 75. *Saturday*, *May* 26.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res.
Hor. Ep. 17. l. 1. v. 23.

All Fortune fitted Ariſtippus *well.* Creech.

IT was with ſome Mortification that I ſuffered the Rallery of a fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dorimant* a Clown. She was ſo unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible Taciturnity, and on that occaſion, with great freedom to conſider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Geſture of him who could pretend to judge ſo arrogantly of Gallantry. She is full of motion, janty and lively in her impertinence, and one of thoſe that commonly paſs, among the ignorant, for Perſons who have a great deal of humour. She had the Play of Sir *Fopling* in her hand, and after ſhe had ſaid it was happy for her there was not ſo charming a Creature as *Dorimant* now living, ſhe began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, ſome of his Speeches, *'Tis ſhe, that lovely Hair, that eaſy Shape, thoſe wanton Eyes, and all thoſe melting Charms about her Mouth, which* Medley *ſpoke of; I'll follow the Lottery and put in for a Prize with my friend* Bellair.

In Love the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

Then

Then turning over the Leaves, ſhe reads alternately, and ſpeaks,

And you and Loveit *to her Coſt ſha'l find*
I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.

Oh the fine Gentleman! But here, continues ſhe, is the Paſſage I admire moſt, where he begins to teaze *Loveit*, and mimick Sir *Fopling*: Oh the pretty Satire, in his reſolving to be a Coxcomb to pleaſe, ſince noiſe and nonſenſe have ſuch powerful Charms.

I, that I may Succeſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.

Then how like a Man of the Town, ſo Wild and Gay is that!

The Wiſe will find a Diff'rence in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Eſtate.

IT would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my temper to offer any oppoſition to ſo nimble a Speaker as my Fair Enemy is; but her Diſcourſe gave me very many Reflexions, when I had left her company, Among others, I could not but conſider, with ſome Attention, the falſe impreſſions the generality (the Fair Sex more eſpecially) have of what ſhould be intended, when they ſay a *Fine Gentleman*; and could not help revolving that ſubject in my thoughts, and ſettling, as it were, an idea of that character in my own Imagination.

NO Man ought to have the Eſteem of the reſt of the World, for any actions which are diſagreeable to thoſe maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives. What is oppoſite to the eternal rules of Reaſon and good Senſe, muſt be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confeſs, explain myſelf enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an inſtance of it, that he called the *Orange-Wench*, *Double-Tripe*: I ſhould

ſhould have ſhewed, that Humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may poſſibly have in common with the moſt Virtuous and Worthy amongſt us. When a Gentleman ſpeaks Coarſly, he has dreſſed himſelf clean to no purpoſe: The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted imagination, is a much greater offence againſt the Converſation of Gentlemen, than any negligence of dreſs imaginable. But this ſenſe of the matter is ſo far from being received among people even of condition, that *Vocifer* paſſes for a fine Gentleman. He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, Lewd, and Obſequious by turns, juſt as a little underſtanding and great impudence prompt him at the preſent moment. He paſſes among the ſilly part of our Women for a Man of Wit, becauſe he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a ſhrug, and confutes with a certain ſufficiency, in profeſſing ſuch and ſuch a thing is above his capacity. What makes his Character the pleaſanter is, that he is a profeſſed deluder of Women; and becauſe the empty Coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itſelf ſacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of fortune ſay, It is pity ſo fine a Gentleman as *Vocifer* is ſo great an Atheiſt. The crowds of ſuch inconſiderable Creatures, that infeſt all places of aſſembling, every Reader will have in his eye from his own obſervation; but would it not be worth conſidering what ſort of Figure a man who formed himſelf upon thoſe principles among us, which are agreeable to the dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of Life?

I hardly have obſerved any one fill his ſeveral Duties of Life better than *Ignotus*. All the under parts of his Behaviour and ſuch as are expoſed to common obſervation, have their riſe in him from great and noble

noble Motives. A firm and unſhaken expectation of another Life, makes him become this. Humanity and Good-nature, fortified by the ſenſe of Virtue, has the ſame effect upon him, as the neglect of all goodneſs has upon many others. Being firmly eſtabliſhed in all Matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes Mens Actions look eaſy appears in him with greater Beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellencies, he is perfectly maſter of them. This Temper of Mind leaves him under no neceſſity of ſtudying his air, and he has this peculiar diſtinction; that his Negligence is unaffected.

HE that can work himſelf into a Pleaſure in conſidering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its diſcontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman like eaſe. Such a one does not behold his Life as a ſhort, tranſient, perplexing ſtate, made up of trifling Pleaſures, and great Anxieties; but ſees it in quite another light; his Griefs are Momentary and his Joys Immortal. Reflexion upon Death is not a gloomy and ſad Thought of reſigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a ſhort Night followed by an endleſs Day. What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the Character of Genteel and agreeable. A man whoſe Fortune is Plentiful, ſhews an eaſe in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot aſſume. It is thus with the ſtate of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlaſting rules of Reaſon and Senſe, muſt have ſomething ſo inexpreſſibly graceful in his Words and Actions, that every circumſtance muſt become him. The change of perſons or things around him do not at all alter his Situation, but he looks diſintereſted in the occurrences with which others are diſtracted, becauſe the greateſt purpoſe of his Life is to maintain an indifference

both

both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman, is to be a Generous and a Brave man. What can make a man ſo much in conſtant Good-humour and Shine, as we call it, than to be ſupported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the beſt thing that could poſſibly befal him, or elſe he on whom it depends, would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all? R

No. 76. *Monday, May* 28.

Ut tu fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus.

Hor. Ep. 8. l. 1. v. 17.

As you your Fortune bear, we will bear you. Creech.

THERE is nothing ſo common, as to find a Man whom in the general obſervation of his Carriage, you take to be of an uniform temper, ſubject to ſuch unaccountable Starts of Humour and Paſſion, that he is as much unlike himſelf, and differs as much from the man you at firſt thought him, as any two diſtinct perſons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming ſome law of Life to ourſelves, or fixing ſome notion of things in general, which may affect us in ſuch manner as to create proper Habits both in our minds and bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us expoſed not only to an unbecoming Levity in our uſual Converſation, but alſo to the ſame inſtability in our Friendſhips, Intereſts, and Alliances. A man who is but a mere Spectator of what paſſes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any conſideration, is but an ill Judge of the ſecret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make ſuch viſible alterations in the ſame perſon: But at the ſame time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect

of ſuch Inconſiſtencies in the behaviour of men of the World, the Speculation muſt be in the utmoſt degree both diverting and inſtructive; yet to enjoy ſuch obſervations in the higheſt reliſh, he ought to be placed in a Poſt of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with ſome pieces of ſecret hiſtory, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me as a Curioſity. They are Memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond* of *France*. '*Pharamond*, 'ſays my Author, was a Prince of infinite Humani'ty and Generoſity, and at the ſame time the moſt 'pleaſant and facetious companion of his time. He 'had a peculiar taſte in him (which would have 'been unlucky in any Prince but himſelf,) he thought 'there could be no exquiſite pleaſure in converſation 'but among Equals: and would pleaſantly bewail 'himſelf that he always lived in a Croud, but was 'the only man in *France* that never could get into 'company. This turn of mind made him delight 'in Midnight Rambles, attended only with one per'ſon of his Bed-chamber: He would in theſe ex'curſions get acquainted with Men (whoſe temper he 'had a mind to try) and recommend them privately 'to the particular obſervation of his firſt Miniſter. 'He generally found himſelf neglected by his new 'Acquaintance as ſoon as they had Hopes of grow'ing great; and uſed on ſuch occaſions to remark, 'That it was a great injuſtice to tax Princes of for'getting themſelves in their high Fortunes, when 'there were ſo few that could with conſtancy bear 'the favour of their very Creatures.' My Author in theſe looſe Hints has one Paſſage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the uſual proofs he made of thoſe he had a mind to know throughly, and found him for his purpoſe: In Diſcourſe with him one day, he gave him opportunity of ſaying how much would ſatisfy

all

all his wishes. The Prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum, and spoke to him in this manner. " Sir, *You have twice what you desired, by " the Favour of* Pharamond; *but look to it, that you " are satisfied with it, for 'tis the last you shall ever " receive. I from this Moment consider you as mine; " and to make you truly so, I give you my Royal Word " you shall never be greater or less than you are at " present. Answer me not,* (concluded the Prince, " smiling) *but enjoy the Fortune I have put you in, " which is above my own Condition; for you have " hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.*

HIS Majesty having thus well chosen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoy'd alternately all the pleasures of an agreeable private man and a great and powerful Monarch; he gave himself, with his companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant; for he punished his Courtiers for their insolence and Folly, not by any act of public Disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their imaginations. If he observed a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words, and Actions had their interpretations; and his friend Monsieur *Eucrate* (for so he was called) having a great soul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and fear no artful use would be made of that freedom. It was no small Delight when they were in private to reflect upon all which had passed in public.

PHARAMOND would often, to satisfy a vain Fool of power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one whisper make him despise all his old friends and acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of men by long observation, that he would profess altering the whole Mass of Blood in some tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himself constant en-

tertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful cast of his eye and half a smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's Necks with as much eagerness as if they followed their real inclinations, and intended to Stifle one another. When he was in high Good-humour, he would lay the Scene with *Eucrate*, and on a Public Night exercise the passions of his whole Court. He was pleased to see an Haughty Beauty watch the looks of the Man she had long despised, from observation of his being taken notice of by *Pharamond*; and the Lover conceive higher hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the day before. In a Court where men speak affection in the strongest terms, and dislike in the faintest, it was a comical Mixture of incidents to see disguises thrown aside in one case and increased on the other, according as Favour or Disgrace attended the respective objects of Mens Approbation or Disesteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon the Meanness of Mankind used to say, 'As he could take away a Man's Five Senses 'he could give him an hundred. The Man in Dis'grace shall immediately lose all his natural endow'ments, and he that finds favour have the Attri'butes of an Angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the opinion of 'the lower part of his Court, but the Men them'selves shall think thus meanly or greatly of them'selves, as they are out, or in the good Graces of 'a Court.'

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, must have pleasures which no man else can ever have opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport: He made a noble and generous use of his observations; and did not regard his Ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his Kingdom: by this means the

the King appeared in every Officer of State: and no man had a participation of the Power, who had not a ſimilitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond*. R

No. 77. *Tueſday, May* 29.

Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quiſquam eſt tam prope tam proculque nobis.

Mart. Epig. 87. l. 1.

What Correſpondence can I hold with you,
Who are ſo near, and yet ſo diſtant too?

MY Friend WILL HONEYCOMB is one of thoſe ſort of Men who are very often abſent in Converſation, and what the *French* call *a reveur* and *a diſtrait*. A little before our Club-time the laſt Night we were walking together in *Somerſet* Garden, where WILL had picked up a ſmall pebble of ſo odd a make, that he ſaid he would preſent it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoſo*. After we had walked ſome time, I made a full ſtop with my face towards the Weſt, which WILL knowing to be my uſual method of aſking what's o'Clock, in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his Watch, and told me we had ſeven Minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great ſurpriſe, I ſaw him ſquir away his Watch a conſiderable way into the *Thames*, and with great ſedateneſs in his looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an averſion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Meſſenger of ill News, eſpecially when it comes too late to be uſeful, I left him to be convinced of his miſtake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on theſe little Abſences and Diſtractions in Mankind, and reſolving to make them the ſubject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Deſign, when I conſidered

confidered that there were very often blemifhes in the characters of Men of excellent Senfe; and helped to keep up the Reputation of that *Latin* Proverb, which Mr *Dryden* has tranflated in the following Lines:

Great Wit to Madnefs fure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.

MY Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I diftinguifh a man who is *Abfent*, becaufe he thinks of fomething elfe, from one who is abfent becaufe he thinks of nothing at all: The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of; but the Diftractions of the former may, I believe, be geneally accounted for from one of thefe reafons.

EITHER their Minds are wholly fixed on fome particular Science, which is often the cafe of Mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with fome violent Paffion, fuch as Anger, Fear, or Love, which ties the mind to fome diftant object; or, laftly, thefe diftractions proceed from a certain Vivacity and Ficklenefs in a man's temper, which while it raifes up infinite numbers of *Ideas* in the mind, is continually pufhing it on, without allowing it to reft on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of fuch a Man, which are feldom occafioned either by the Company he is in, or any of thofe objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis an even Wager that he is folving a Propofition in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazzette*, it is far from being impoffible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country-houfe.

AT the fame time that I am endeavouring to expofe this Weaknefs in others, I fhall readily confefs that I once laboured under the fame Infirmity myfelf. The Method I took to conquer it was a firm Refolution

Resolution to learn something from whatever I was was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those Starts of good Sense and Sruggles of unimproved Reason in the Conversation of a Clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished Orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a *Puppet-show* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in; for though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those Nods of Approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently shew that I am among them. Whereas Will Honeycomb, tho' a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying an hundred Things which he afterwards confesses with a well-bred frankness, were somewhat *mal a propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-house, where Will was standing in the midst of several Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an Account of the Person and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his Audience, he broke off his first Harangue, and proceeded thus,—— 'Why now there's my 'Friend (mentioning me by my Name) he is a fellow that thinks a great deal but never opens his 'Mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his 'short face into some Coffee-house about '*Change*. 'I was his Bail in the time of the *Popish-Plot*, when 'he was taken up for a Jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, re-

membring

membring the old Proverb, *Out of Sight out of Mind*, I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him with a great deal of good Humour, in what part of the World I had lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

MONSIEUR *Bruyere* has given us the Character of *an absent Man*, with a great deal of Humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present Paper.

'*MENALCAS* (says that excellent Author) 'comes down in the Morning, opens his door to 'go out, but shuts it again; because he perceives 'that he has his Night-cap on; and examining 'himself further finds that he is but half-shaved, 'that he has stuck his Sword on his right side, that 'his Stockings are about his heels, and that his 'shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed he 'goes to Court, comes into the drawing-room, and 'walking bolt-upright under a branch of candle-'sticks his Wig is caught up by one of them, and 'hangs dangling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall 'a laughing, but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any 'of them, and looks about for the person that is the 'jest of the company. Coming down to the Court-'gate he finds a Coach, which taking for his own 'he whips into it; and the Coachman drives off, 'not doubting but he carries his Master. As soon 'as he stops, *Menalcas* throws himself out of the 'Coach, crosses the Court, ascends the stair-case, 'and runs thro' all the chambers with the greatest 'familiarity, reposes himself on a Couch, and fan-'cies himself at home. The Master of the house at 'last comes in, *Menalcas* rises to receive him, and 'desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then 'talks again. The Gentleman of the house is tired 'and amazed; *Menalcas* is no less so, but is every 'moment in hopes that his impertinant Guest will

'at

'at laſt end his tedious Viſit. Night comes on, 'when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceived.

'WHEN he is playing at Backgammon, he calls 'for a full Glaſs of Wine and Water; 'tis his turn 'to throw, he has the box in one hand and his glaſs 'in the other, and being extremely dry, and un-'willing to loſe time, he ſwallows down both the 'dice, and at the ſame time throws his wine into the 'Tables. He writes a Letter, and flings the ſand 'into the Ink-bottle; he writes a ſecond, and miſ-'takes the Superſcription: A Nobleman receives 'one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: '*I would have you, honeſt* Jack, *immediately upon the 'Receipt of this, take in Hay enough to ſerve me the 'Winter.* His Farmer receives the other and is a-'mazed to ſee in it, *My Lord, I received your Grace's 'commands with an intire Submiſſion to*—If he is at an 'entertainment, you may ſee the pieces of bread con-'tinually multiplying round his plate: 'tis true the 'reſt of the Company want it, as well as their 'knives and forks, which *Menalcas* does not let 'them keep long. Sometimes in a Morning he puts 'his whole family in an hurry, and at laſt goes out 'without being able to ſtay for his Coach or Din-'ner; and for that day you may ſee him in every 'part of the Town, except the very place where he 'had appointed to be upon a buſineſs of importance. 'You would often take him for every thing that he 'is not; for a Fellow quite Stupid, for he hears 'nothing; for a Fool, for he talks to himſelf, and 'has an hundred grimaces and motions with his 'Head, which are altogether involuntary; for a 'proud Man, for he looks full upon you, and takes 'no notice of your ſaluting him: The truth on't is, 'his Eyes are open, but he makes no uſe of them, 'and neither ſees you, nor any man, nor any thing 'elſe: he came once from his Country-houſe, and 'his own Footman undertook to rob him, and ſuc-'ceeded: They held a flambeau to his Throat, and

'bid

'bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming 'home told his Friends that he had been robbed; 'they desire to know the Particulars, *Ask my Servants*, says *Menalcas*, *for they were with me.* X

No. 78. *Wednesday, May 30.*

Cum Talis sis, Utinam noster esses!

Cou'd we but call so great a Genius ours!

THE following Letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the Reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this Days Entertainment, but taking the sentence from the End of the *Cambridge* Letter, and placing it at the front of my Paper; to shew the Author I wish him my companion with as much earnestness as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

'I Send you the inclosed, to be inserted (if you 'think them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; 'in which so surprising a Genius appears, that it is 'no wonder if all mankind endeavours to get some-'what into a Paper which will always live.

'AS to the *Cambridge* Affair, the humour was 'really carried on in the way I describe it. How-'ever, you have a full Commission to put out or in, 'and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have 'already had the satisfaction of seeing you take 'that Liberty with some things I have before sent 'you.

'Go on, Sir, and prosper: You have the best 'Wishes of,

SIR,

Your very Affectionate

and Obliged Humble Servant.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Cambridge.*

'YOU well know it is of great Consequence to
' clear Titles, and it is of Importance that it
' be done in the proper Season; on which account
' this is to assure you, that the CLUB OF UGLY FA-
' CES was instituted originally at *CAMBRIDGE* in
' the merry Reign of King *Charles* II. As in great
' Bodies of men it is not difficult to find members e-
' nough for such a Club, so (I remember) it was
' then feared, upon their intention of dining toge-
' ther, that the Hall belonging to *CLARE-HALL*,
' the ugliest *then* in the Town, tho' *now* the neatest)
' would not be large enough HANDSOMELY to hold
' the Company. Invitations were made to great
' Numbers, but very few accepted them without
' much difficulty. ONE pleaded that being at *Lon-*
' *don* in a Bookseller's shop, a Lady going by with
' a great Belly longed to kiss him. HE had cer-
' tainly been excused, but that evidence appeared,
' That indeed one in *London* did pretend she longed
' to kiss him, but that it was only a *Pickpocket*, who
' during his kissing her stole away all his Money.
' ANOTHER would have got off by a dimple in his
' chin; but it was proved upon *him*, that he had, by
' coming into a room, made a Woman miscarry,
' and frightned two children into fits. A THIRD
' alledged, That he was taken by a Lady for ano-
' ther Gentleman, who was one of the handsomest
' in the University: but upon inquiry it was found
' that the Lady had actually lost one Eye, and the
' other was very much upon the Decline. A FOURTH
' produced Letters out of the Country in his vindi-
' cation, in which a Gentleman offered him his
' Daughter, who had lately fallen in Love with
' him, with a good Fortune: but it was made ap-
' pear that the young Lady was amorous, and had
' like to have run away with her Father's Coach-
' man,

'man, so that it was supposed, that her pretence of 'falling in love with him was only in order to be 'well married. It was pleasant to hear the several 'excuses which were made, insomuch that some 'made as much interest to be excused as they would 'from serving Sheriff; however at last the Society 'was formed, and proper officers were appointed; 'and the day was fix'd for the entertainment, which 'was in *Venison Season*. A pleasant *Fellow* of *King's College* (commonly called CRAB from his sour look, 'and the only man who did not pretend to get off) 'was nominated for Chaplain; and nothing was 'wanting but some one to sit in the Elbow-Chair, 'by way of PRESIDENT, at the upper end of the 'Table; and there the business stuck, for there was 'no contention for superiority *there*. This affair 'made so great a Noise, that the King, who was 'then at *Newmarket*, heard of it, and was pleased 'merrily and graciously to say, *He could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of Bucks*.

'I would desire you, Sir, to set this affair in a 'true light, that posterity may not be misled in so 'important a point: For when *the wise Man who shall write your true history* shall acquaint the World, 'That you had a DIPLOMA sent from the *Ugly Club at OXFORD*, and that by virtue of it you were 'admitted into it, what a learned Work will there 'be among *future Critics* about the original of that 'Club, which both Universities will contend so 'warmly for? and perhaps some hardy *Cantabrigian* 'Author may then boldly affirm, that the word *OXFORD* was an interpolation of some *Oxonian* instead 'of *CAMBRIDGE*. This affair will be best ad-'justed in your Life-time: but I hope your affec-'tion to your MOTHER will not make you partial to 'your AUNT.

'TO tell you, Sir, my own Opinion: Though I 'cannot find any ancient records of any acts of the '*Society of the Ugly Faces*, considered in a *public* capacity:

'pacity: yet in a *private* one they have certainly 'Antiquity on their side. I am persuaded they will 'hardly give place to the LOWNGERS, and the LOWN- 'GERS are of the same standing with the University 'itself.

'THO' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives 'to do Justice, yet I am commission'd to tell you, 'that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at '*CAMBRIDGE*; and I believe I may venture 'safely to deliver this as the Wish of our whole U- 'niversity.

To Mr SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH.

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and 'destitute Condition, know not to whom we 'should apply ourselves for relief, because there is 'hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, 'we speak it with Sorrow, even You yourself, whom 'we should suspect of such a practice the last of all 'mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having gi- 'ven us some cause of Complaint. We are descend- 'ed of ancient Families, and kept up our Dignity 'and Honour many years, till the Jack-sprat THAT 'supplanted us. How often have we found our- 'selves slighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and 'the Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we 'heard in one of the most polite and august Assem- 'blies in the Universe, to our great Mortification, 'these words, *That THAT That noble Lord urged*; 'which if one of us had had justice done, would have 'sounded nobler thus, *That WHICH that noble Lord 'urged.* Senates themselves, the Guardians of *Bri- 'tish* Liberty, have degraded us, and preferred 'THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given a- 'gainst us. In the very acts of Parliament, in which

'the utmoſt right ſhould be done to every *Body*, '*WORD*, and *Thing*, we find ourſelves often either 'not uſed, or uſed one inſtead of another. In the 'firſt and beſt Prayer Children are taught, they learn 'to miſuſe us: *Our Father WHICH art in Heaven*, 'ſhould be, *Our Father WHO art in Heaven*; and 'even a CONVOCATION after long debates, refuſed 'to conſent to an alteration of it. In our *general* '*Confeſſion* we ſay,—*Spare thou them, O God, WHICH* '*confeſs their Faults*, which ought to be, *WHO con-* '*feſs their Faults*. What Hopes then have we of 'having juſtice done us, when the Makers of our 'very Prayers and Laws, and the moſt learned in 'all faculties, ſeem to be in a confederacy againſt 'us, and our Enemies themſelves muſt be our 'Judges.

'THE *Spaniſh* Proverb ſays, *El ſabio muda conſe-* '*jo, el necio no*; i. e. *A wiſe Man changes his Mind*, '*a Fool never will*. So that we think YOU, Sir, a 'very proper perſon to addreſs to, ſince we know 'you to be capable of beingconvinced, and changing 'your judgment. You are well able to ſettle this 'Affair, and to you we ſubmit our Cauſe. We de- 'ſire you to aſſign the Buts and Bounds of each of 'us; and that for the future we may both enjoy 'our own. We would deſire to be heard by our 'Counſel, but that we fear in their very Pleadings 'they would betray our cauſe: beſides, we have 'been oppreſſed ſo many Years, that we can appear 'no other way, but *in forma pauperis*. All which 'conſidered, we hope you will be pleaſed to do that 'which to Right and Juſtice ſhall appertain.

R *And Your Petitioners*, &c.

Thurſday,

No. 79. *Thurſday, May 31.*

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.

Hor. Ep. 16. l. 1. v. 52.

The Good, for Virtue's ſake, abhor to ſin. Creech.

I HAVE received very many Letters of late from my Female Correſpondents, moſt of whom are very angry with me for abridging their Pleaſures, and looking ſeverely upon things, in themſelves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjuſt to me in this imputation: all that I contend for is, that thoſe Excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the ſecond Place, ſhould not precede more weighty Conſiderations. The heart of man deceives him in ſpite of the Lectures of half a life ſpent in diſcourſes on the ſubjection of Paſſion; and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman as Unfaithful to itſelf. If we grant an equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the minds of Women are leſs cultivated with Precepts, and conſequently may, without diſreſpect to them, be accounted more liable to Illuſion in caſes wherein natural inclination is out of the intereſt of Virtue. I ſhall take up my preſent Time in commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is poſſible fine Women may be miſtaken.

THE following Addreſs ſeems to have no other deſign in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what ſhe pleaſes for all me.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I Am Young and very much inclin'd to follow
'the paths of Innocence; but at the ſame time,

'as I have a plentiful Fortune, and am of Quality, 'I am unwilling to resign the Pleasures of Distinction, some little satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a 'Gentleman, whom I design to make my Husband. 'But I have a mind to put off entring into Matrimony till another Winter is over my head, which, '(whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the matter) I design to pass away in hearing Music, going 'to Plays, Visiting, and all other satisfactions which 'Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and 'Virtue, can procure for,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,

M. T.

'My Lover does not know I like him, therefore 'having no Engagements upon me, I think to stay 'and know whether I may not like any one else 'better.

I have heard WILL HONEYCOMB say, *A Woman seldom writes her Mind but in her Postscript.* I think this Gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager she pleases against her present Favourite, and can tell her that she will like Ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst man she ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those eyes with seeing, as control any Passion received by them only. It is from loving by sight that Coxcombs so frequently succeed with Women, and very often a Young Lady is bestowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her as Innocence itself, though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different Man in every Assembly she was in the whole year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable things, and not to rest only in the Forbearance of such as are Reproachful.

HOW far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination is *Eudosia!* *Eudosia* has all the arts of Life and good-breeding with so much Ease, that the Virtue of her conduct looks more like an instinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of Persons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accomplishments, to move ill or look aukward. That which was, at first, the Effect of Instruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudosia* to indulge a wrong Suggestion of Thought, as it would be for *Flavia* the fine Dancer to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

BUT the Misapprehensions People themselves have of their own state of Mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epistle from my charming Mistress *Hecatissa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the better Judge of the perfections of the Mind.

Mr SECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many 'Ladies, as well as myself, spend many hours 'more than we used at the glass, for want of the 'female Library of which you promised us a Cata-'logue. I hope, Sir, in the Choice of Authors for 'us, you will have a particular regard to Books of 'Devotion. What they are, and how many, must 'be your chief Care; for upon the propriety of such 'Writings depends a great deal. I have known 'those among us who think, if they every Morning 'and Evening spend an Hour in their Closet, and 'read over so many Prayers in six or seven Books 'of Devotion, all equally nonsensical with a sort 'of Warmth, (that might as well be raised by a 'glass of Wine, or a dram of Citron) they may all 'the rest of their time go on in whatever their par-'ticular passion leads them to. The beauteous *Phi-*

 '*lautia*,

'*lautia*, who is (in your Language) an *Idol*, is one 'of those Votaries; she has a very pretty furnished 'Closet, to which she retires at her appointed 'Hours: This is her Dressing-Room as well as 'Chapel; she has constantly before her a large 'Looking-glass, and upon the table, according to a 'very witty Author,

> *Together lie her Prayer-Book and Paint,*
> *At once t'improve the Sinner and the Saint.*

'IT must be a good Scene, if one could be present at it, to see this *Idol*, by turns lift up her eyes 'to Heaven, and steal glances at her own dear Person. It cannot be but a pleasing conflict between 'Vanity and Humiliation. When you are upon 'this Subject, choose Books which elevate the mind 'above the World, and give a pleasing indifference 'to little things in it. For want of such Instructions, I am apt to believe so many people take it 'in their heads to be sullen, cross and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the Affairs 'of this Life, when at the same time they betray 'their fondness for them by doing their Duty as a 'Task, and pouting and reading good Books for a 'Week together. Much of this I take to proceed 'from the Indiscretion of the Books themselves, 'whose very titles of Weekly Preparations, and 'such limited Godliness, lead people of ordinary 'capacities into great Errors, and raise in them a 'Mechanical Religion, intirely distinct from Morality. I know a Lady so given up to this sort of 'Devotion, that tho' she employ six or eight hours 'of the twenty four at Cards, she never misses one 'constant Hour of Prayer, for which time another 'holds her Cards, to which she returns with no little 'anxiousness till two or three in the morning. All 'these acts are but empty Shews, and, as it were, 'Compliments made to Virtue; the Mind is all the

'while

'while untouched with any true Pleasure in the Pur-'suit of it. From hence I presume it arises that so 'many people call themselves virtuous, from no o-'ther pretence to it but an absence of ill. There is '*Dulcianara* is the most insolent of all Creatures to 'her Friends and Domesticks, upon no other pre-'tence in Nature but that (as her silly phrase is) no 'one can say Black is her Eye. She has no secrets, 'forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak 'her Mind, and therefore she is impertinently blunt 'to all her Acquaintance, and unseasonably impe-'rious to all her Family. Dear Sir, be pleased to 'put such Books in our Hands, as may make our 'Virtue more inward, and convince some of us that 'in a mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is al-'ways accompanied with the Pity of it. This and 'other things are impatiently expected from you by 'our whole Sex; among the rest by,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,

R B. D

No. 80. *Friday, June* 1.

Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
Hor. Ep. 11. l. 1. v. 27.

Those that beyond-sea go, will sadly find,
They change their Climate only, not their Mind. Creech.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London,* two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta,* the other *Phillis.* A close intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable

inseparable Companions in all the little entertainments their tender Years were capable of: which innocent Happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs *Phillis* had an Head-dress on, which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoy'd the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their Speech and behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

THESE two Rivals for the reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in detraction from each other neither could fall upon terms, which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their Nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recal Admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon instances of Applause. The decencies to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins stifle their Resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the Torments of a

regulated

regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as is uſual, engaged in the Quarrel, and ſupported the ſeveral pretenſions of the Daughters with all that ill-choſen ſort of Expence which is common with people of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taſte. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were expoſed to the Examination of the Audience for ſuperiority of Beauty.

DURING this conſtant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at public Prayers ſmote the Heart of a gay *Weſt-Indian*, who appeared in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not diſtinguiſh between being fine and taudry. This *American* in a Summer-Iſland ſuit was too ſhining and too gay to be reſiſted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to ſee her rival diſpoſed of in a wealthy Marriage, while ſhe was only addreſſed to in a manner that ſhewed ſhe was the Admiration of all men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouſe in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the Ill-nature to enquire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned into ſlumbers by ſucceſſive hands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure thoſe repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying baits for any of condition of the ſame Iſland, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before ſhe died. She at laſt ſucceeded in her deſign, and was taken to wife by a Gentleman whoſe Eſtate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Huſband. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Occaſions on which theſe irreconcilable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in proceſs of

time

time it happened that a Ship put into the Iſland conſigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had directions to give her the Refuſal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did ſo, and *Phillis* was dreſſed in a few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and coſtly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languiſhed at the Sight, and could by no means come up to the Bravery of her Antagoniſt. She communicated her Anguiſh of Mind to a faithful Friend, who being an intereſt in the Wife of *Phillis*'s Merchant, procured a Remnant of the ſame Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took pains to appear in all public Places where ſhe was ſure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Inſult, and came to a public ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a petticoat of the ſame Brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. This drew the attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* ſwooned away, and was immediately convey'd to her Houſe. As ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf ſhe fled from her Huſband's Houſe, went on board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconſolable Deſpair at *Plymouth*.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the above melancholy Narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the Reader to peruſe the following Expoſtulation.

To Mr SPECTATOR.

The juſt Remonſtrance of affronted THAT.

‘THO' I deny not the Petition of Mr *Who* and *Which*, yet You ſhould not ſuffer them to be

‘ rude

'rude and to call honeſt People Names: for that 'bears very hard on ſome of thoſe Rules of Decen- 'cy, which you are juſtly famous for eſtabliſhing. 'They may find fault, and correct ſpeeches in the 'Senate and at the Bar: but let them try to get '*themſelves* ſo *often* and with ſo much *Eloquence* re- 'peated in a Sentence, as a great Orator doth fre- 'quently introduce me.

'MY Lords! (ſays he) with humble Submiſſion, '*That* that I ſay is this: that, *That* that that Gen- 'tleman has advanced, is not *That*, that he ſhould 'have proved to your Lordſhips. Let thoſe two 'queſtionary Petitioners try to do thus with their '*Who's* and their *Whiches*.

'WHAT great Advantage was I of to Mr *Dry- 'den* in his *Indian Emperor*,

You force me ſtill to anſwer You in That,

'to furniſh out a Rhyme to *Morat*? and what a poor 'Figure would Mr *Bayes* have made without his *E- 'gad and all That*? How can a judicious Man diſ- 'tinguiſh one thing from another, without ſaying, '*This here*, or *That there*? And how can a ſober 'Man without uſing the *Expletives* of Oaths (in 'which indeed the Rakes and Bullies have a great 'advantage over others) make a Diſcourſe of any 'tolerable Length, without *That is*; and if he be a 'very grave Man indeed, without *That is to ſay*? 'And how inſtructive as well as entertaining are 'thoſe uſual expreſſions, in the Mouths of great 'Men, *Such Things as That* and *the like of That*.

'I am not againſt reforming the Corruptions of 'Speech you mention, and own there are proper 'Seaſons for the Introduction of other Words be- 'ſides *That*; but I ſcorn as much to ſupply the 'place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every turn, as they

'are

'are *unequal* always to fill mine; and I expect good 'Language and civil Treatment, and hope to re-'ceive it for the future: *That*, that I shall only add 'is, that I am,

Yours,

R THAT.

THE

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